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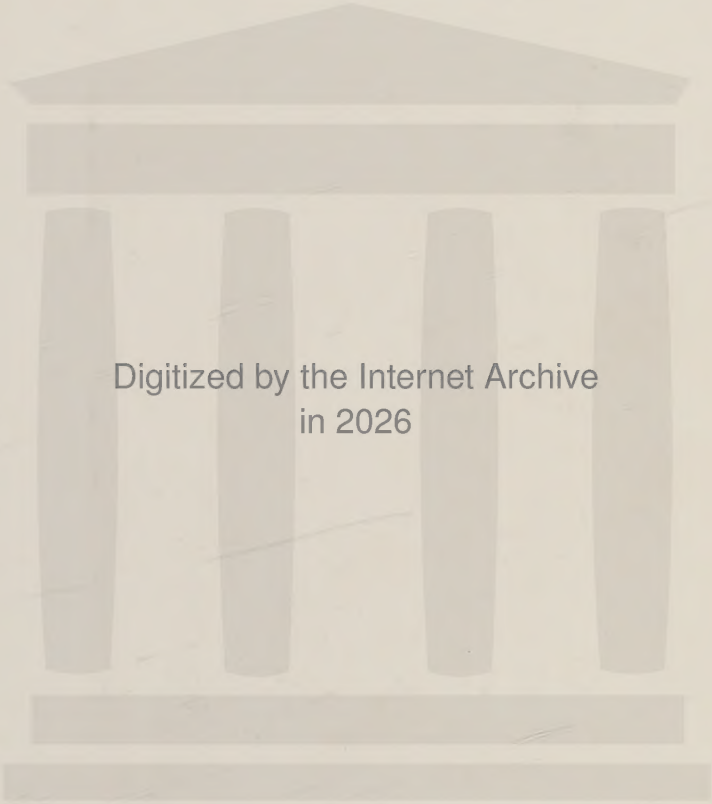
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HISTORIC HOUSES OF NEW JERSEY

BY W. JAY MILLS

WITH NUMEROUS PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY JOHN RAE & FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND RARE PRINTS

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

MORTIMER MILLS

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE

INSCRIBED

PREFACE

UNTIL now the State possessing the most inexhaustible supply of colonial, Revolutionary, and republican souvenirs has been almost neglected. Indeed, few of the original thirteen States can be compared with New Jersey in the number and importance of its landmarks. Her society, too, was as intellectual as that which sprang from the rocks of Puritanism, and it formed a brilliant pageant, rivalling the glittering line of the cavaliers. There is scarcely an acre of soil in the northern part of the State not once pressed by the foot of the Revolutionary soldier, and there are few of the many hundreds of dwellings which have survived the march of a century that did not shelter at one time or another some of the heroes of '76, or the colonial dames and daughters who played scarcely less potent parts in the drama of our struggle for freedom. This is the only book to tell the true story of the old houses of New Jersey, and such a record possesses deep significance for every American, as it has much more than a local or State interest.

Of the glowing and passionate pictures of early days little more than the frames and the sentiment lingering about them now remain. It has been the author's

pleasure to fill in the frames with the portraits and the scenes that history and tradition, as contained in family recollection, in unpublished letters, and in local records suggest. Anecdote and gossip have supplied him with many a side-light on the great figures and their stirring times, and their chronicler will be satisfied if his story shall make more real the facts with which fancy delights to play.

He believes he has used all diligence in the endeavor to make this book, within its scope, as complete and authentic as possible. To give a full list of the books consulted would be impracticable here; he may only extend his thanks to all who have aided him in his research, and especially to acknowledge the courtesy of the following men and women:

Mr. Edwin Manners, Colonel Edward A. Duer, Miss J. J. Boudinot, Mrs. Benjamin Schuyler Church, Miss Gertrude Parker Smith, Mrs. Susan Grand d'Hauteville, Mrs. Sydney N. Ogden, Miss C. Josephine Kingdon, Mrs. Oliphant Allison, Mr. Edward A. Stokes, Mr. David Murray, Miss Mary Clapier Coxe, Mr. James Buchanan, Mr. John B. Varick, Miss Sarah Van Santvoord, Mrs. Augusta Dahlgren, Mrs. Charles H. Conover, Mrs. Spencer Weart, Mr. Henry V. Condict, Mr. Francis B. Lee, Hon. John Whitehead, Colonel Richard F. Stevens, Mrs. Flavel McGee, Mrs. Emeline G. Pierson, Miss Elenore B. Green, Mrs. Thomas Sinnickson, Jr., Miss Julie Fouché, Miss Anne H. Wharton, Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Hale, Miss M. Antoinette Quimby, Miss Helen Vincent King, Mr. R. W. Woodward, Mr. Turner Brakeley, Miss Mary

S. Austin, Miss Edna Toffey, Hon. Warren R. Dix, Dr. Leonard Gordon, Miss Fox Waite, Mr. Richard G. Sip, Miss Annie North, Miss M. Louise Edge, Miss Adele Sweeny, Miss Kate McFarlane, Miss Grace E. Peters, Mr. John R. Stevenson, Mrs. Joseph Revere, Miss Hulda Brakeley, Miss Caroline Lalor, Miss Esther Burdick, Mrs. Susan Biddle, Miss Emily Paterson, and Mr. Livingston Montgomery.

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The initial letters and cover design were drawn especially for this volume by Edward Stratton Holloway.

PROSPECT HALL

JERSEY CITY

WHERE COLONEL RICHARD VARICK ENTERTAINED THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE AND HIS SON

AT the end of almost forgotten Essex Street, once the most aristocratic portion of Jersey City, there is still standing the imposing remains of Colonel Richard Varick's Prospect Hall, now fallen to the low estate of an Italian tenement-house. The old mansion, which is of red brick and formerly had a pitch roof, was erected in the year 1807 by the jolly anecdotal Paulus Hook ferry-keeper, Major Hunt, whom Washington Irving mentions in his gossipy "Salmagundi" as a good story-teller. It was sold by him about a year later to Colonel Richard Varick, of New York, who, with Anthony Dey and Jacob Radcliff, two prominent leaders of the New York bar, founded the little city of Jersey, which they fondly hoped would some day rival the great metropolis across the river.

Colonel Varick was one of the most interesting figures in our early history. He was General Washington's private and military secretary during the latter part of the Revolution and a member of his household, and previous

to that had acted in a like capacity for General Philip Schuyler. Later he was appointed inspector-general at West Point, on the staff of Benedict Arnold, and he held that position until taken into the personal service of Washington. In early life he married Maria Roosevelt, the eldest daughter of Isaac Roosevelt, the president of the Bank of New York and owner of the finest residence on Queen Street. After the war he became mayor of New York, and was in office during the city's brilliant period as the seat of government, successfully guiding its corporation into the new century.

His city dwelling was then on Broadway near Reade Street, but at the time he purchased Major Hunt's property he was living on Pine Street in a new and very pretentious mansion. Owing to his shrewdness and sagacity and the many emoluments of his office, he accumulated a vast fortune for those days,—estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. When he crossed the river to establish a home at Paulus Hook, it contained few houses of any size, with the exception of the Van Vorst manor on the water-front.

The simple Hunt house facing the bay he immediately enlarged and improved, until in point of elegance it surpassed many of the finest dwellings of Gotham. The proprietor of the "Frenchman's Garden"* at Bergen, André Michaux,—of whom a delightful fiction was current that he was the unfortunate Dauphin of Louis XVI., —was engaged to plan his garden, which ran to the water-

* The "Frenchman's Garden," a fashionable recreation spot for early New Yorkers, is now included in the present "Macpelah Cemetery."

JOHN · RAE

front. He must have succeeded admirably, for memories of the rare flowers in grotesquely shaped beds, and especially one long avenue of imported plum-trees, still linger in the minds of a few old Jersey citizens. It is said to have also contained the first of the Lombardy poplar-trees which were planted along the city's early streets.

Colonel Varick and his wife lived very quietly during most of their long residence in their new home. The coldest winter months they usually spent in New York. Sometimes in the summer they gave garden-parties to their city friends, who crossed the river in periaguas manned by negro ferry-men. Among the families known to have visited them were the Glovers, Waddington's, and Bensons,—all old Broadway neighbors. Occasionally they gave coaching-parties to the many quaint Dutch villages at little distances from Paulus Hook. These gay journeys were often made in Washington's great plum-colored coach embellished with silver, which his excellency had presented to Colonel Varick when leaving the city of New York for the new seat of government at Philadelphia. Some interesting mementos of this old coach are in Jersey City at the present day in the shape of mirror-frames fashioned from its mahogany side panels, and silver teaspoons made from the Washington arms and initials.

Generally speaking, there was little gayety at the Hall. After Mrs. Varick's death, which occurred before 1820, the colonel became more or less of a recluse, and the great door above the almost circular stoop was rarely opened except for old friends. In these latter years

there was no return to New York in the winter and the colonel and his small family of three black servants stoutly faced the terrors of those bleak seasons of long ago, when the few houses of the small city were at the entire mercy of the cold Atlantic winds, and the floating ice in the Hudson made communication with the opposite shore impossible. The two or three octogenarians who dimly remember Colonel Varick at this period of his life tell of him driving about the city streets or roads in an antique chaise drawn by an old white horse which seemed its match in age. He was never alone, but was always accompanied by "King Varick," his faithful body-servant, who had been with him through the Revolution. This pompous individual, who rightly earned his name, used to proudly boast that he belonged to the quality. He earned the open contempt of the early citizens by his haughty demeanor, and in the morning, after visiting the wharf for his marketing, would often be seen flying homeward pursued by a motley crew of fish-women and urchins whom he had incensed with his remarks.

Colonel Varick, accustomed as he was to the best society of his time, must have been disquieted by the class of people which came to reside permanently in the city for which he had predicted so brilliant a future. Before the thirties few good substantial families made their appearance, most of the inhabitants being of so very low an order that missionaries came over from New York, notably Dr. Barry, the early pastor of St. Matthew's church, to try and work reforms and abolish the bull-baiting and cock-fights which disgraced the

place. It was then considered unsafe for an unarmed man to be abroad at night, and a woman on foot after dark lost her reputation. A watch guarded the streets after the vesper hour, calling out at intervals the time of night and all's well.

The city of Jersey which Colonel Varick knew was very different from the large and constantly growing Jersey City of to-day. Grand Street, the principal thoroughfare, was a wide, shady avenue with great old trees on either side, whose interlacing branches nearly shut out the sky. Through it the heavy English mail-coaches, the successors of the old wooden flying machines, came from the North, South, and West. Their destination, the Lyons Hotel, later called the Hudson House, was quite a famous stopping-place for travellers, and afforded accommodation equal to any in the city of New York. Under the management of Joseph and William Lyons, some years before the establishment of Judge Lynch's Thatched Cottage Garden, it had a nicely laid out park before it with many little rustic summer-houses on the water-front. There guests tired after long and tedious stage-coach journeys could rest and enjoy the invigorating sea-breezes and the view of the beautiful shore line opposite.

It was from this old-time hostelry, a small portion of which is still standing, that the Marquis de Lafayette set out on his farewell tour of New Jersey. In its parlor, called the "Long Room," one hazy morning in September of the year 1824, he was introduced by Governor Williamson to the chief officers and leading citizens of the State. There was one among the many comprising

the distinguished gathering who needed no introduction, and that was Colonel Varick, whom the aged marquis joyfully embraced as an old friend, and presented with a souvenir from La Grange, in the shape of a valuable piece of Sèvres. The reception committee, following Colonel Varick's suggestion, had General Washington's coach brought out from the Varick stables to bear the old hero to Newark, and drawn by six white horses, with its cream brocade interior carefully dusted and its panels newly varnished, it is said to have made a most impressive appearance. General Lafayette left the city of Jersey with a promise to pay Colonel Varick a visit on his return journey, which promise he kept before bidding good-by to America.

An old resident who lived when a boy directly back of the Varick coach-house on Morris Street, then better known as "Dishwater Lane," remembers seeing the general and his son George Washington Lafayette walking through the Varick Garden when on their way to pay this memorable visit. He distinctly recollects the personal appearance of the aged Frenchman and his youthful son, and dwells on the curious crowd which followed them, eager to pay homage to the hero of the hour.

During the last years of Colonel Varick's life he was visited at Prospect Hall by many old friends, notably Josiah Hornblower, the inventor of the steam engine, who is said to have often stopped at the Lyons Hotel, and Baron Steuben, who dwelt with fond recollection on the scenes of half a century before, and talked over Hackensack, where the baron once purchased an estate

from the Zabriske family near Colonel Varick's birthplace. Upon his death, which occurred at Prospect Hall, July 30, 1831, his funeral service at the house was attended by one of the largest gatherings of distinguished Americans the city has ever held. He was buried from the Dutch Church on Nassau Street, New York City. Owing to the honor of his having been for over thirty years the president of the Society of the Cincinnati, that organization wore mourning-badges for a period of thirty days. His heir and nephew, who inherited his Jersey City property, was noted for his many vagaries, such as dumping his uncle's library of law books into the water at the foot of Bay Street, selling Washington's coach for junk to a blacksmith on Greene Street, much to the indignation of his neighbors, and burning a large collection of valuable papers and letters. He resided in the old hall for many years, and after his decease it passed out of the family's possession to become a boarding-house and share the fate of many noble mansions of the period.

THE WHITE HOUSE

JERSEY CITY

WHERE AARON BURR IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE ARRANGED HIS MEMOIRS

IT is but a short walk from Prospect Hall to the northwest corner of Sussex and Hudson Streets, where stood almost intact until a few years ago a three-story brick house partly surrounded by the ghostly remains of an old garden in the shape of three dead trees, which with the aid of a venerable high brick wall helped to shut the house away from the chance passer-by. It is not very likely that it ever attracted any one's curiosity, although there was something of an air of quiet mystery about it, and few knew or cared that it was once the shelter of the famous Aaron Burr.

To Jersey City, in the summer of 1830, according to Burr's biographers, who only mention the fact briefly, the tired practitioner, weary of the din and heat of New York and a multitude of troubles, came to enjoy the pleasures of a comparatively retired situation. This house was then locally called the "White House," for its white color, which made it almost as much of a water-front landmark as the Edge windmill, loved by so many by-

gone generations of sailors entering the harbor. It must have afforded him a refuge very much to his taste, for he remained there for the best part of the following three years.

The White House was then owned by Colonel Varick, and rented by him to a Mrs. Hedden, who at his solicitation gave lodging to his old Revolutionary comrade. Mrs. Hedden was a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, and it is a most curious coincidence that once before in her life she had been the housekeeper of another famous and much maligned man, Thomas Paine, then living in the little house on Columbia Street, where he died.*

The dwelling was very near the park of the Lyons Hotel, and had a fine situation. From its front windows a view of the panorama of passing merchantmen, frigates, and sailing craft was ever before the eye; and on fair days the inmates only needed to gaze from them to learn the hour from St. Paul's church clock, that antique mediator of the affairs of men, which was consulted alike by the merchant prince and the poorest clerk in his counting-house, the gay Broadway gallant and the beautiful belle of "North River Society;" in fact, all the world of old New York. Hudson Street was then a leafy thoroughfare like Grand Street, and there on sunny afternoons a stately figure in an old Continental blue coat could be seen walking to and fro, taking his constitutional, seemingly lost in thought. An interested audience of children, quaint little figures in nankeen suits and cotton print gowns, curiously watched

* Columbia Street, New York City, is now Grove Street.

the old gentleman, and always stopped their play when he came out of the Hedden garden by the front wicket gate.

In 1830 the city of Jersey, or Paulus Hook, as most of its residents still continued to call it, was experiencing its first real and long-expected boom, owing to the many improvements taking place under the plans of the "Jersey Associates." Towards the close of that year the citizens were priding themselves on the establishment of a post-office, as all their letters had formerly been taken to New York or Newark, and also the opening of a shore route for stage-coaches to Paterson. It then received a great stimulus from an influx of good families, which before that time had held aloof from the place. Cadwallader D. Colden,* a descendant of a famous Knickerbocker family, and, like Colonel Varick, a former mayor of New York City, left his Kinderhook summer villa for a house on Greene Street. He was interested in the construction of the Morris Canal, and that is the reason given for his having brought his family away from their long-established home. The Seeman brothers,

* Cadwallader D. Colden in early life formed an intimacy with Robert Fulton which grew into an affection almost fraternal. Before he came to reside in the city of Jersey he is said to have frequently crossed the river, neglecting his extensive law practice, to spend hours with him at the Fulton factory on Morgan Street, where the celebrated "Clermont" was built.

Colden was related to a large number of the most prominent New York and New Jersey families, and many of them found their way to his Greene Street residence to visit him. He was very fond of society and the theatre, and his portrait was in the painting of the interior of the Park Theatre done by John Searle for William Bayard, Esq., in 1822.

sons of another well-known New York family, also arrived about this time. The wedding of one of these brothers to a young lady of Morris Street is still remembered. Barrels of wood sprinkled with oil burned on top of all the high sand-hills along the present Montgomery Street in honor of the celebration, and so much merriment did the wedding occasion that those who did not succeed in obtaining entrance to the rather small house danced in the street rather than give up their share of the fun. Liberal refreshments were passed to them through the windows. Then there were the newly arrived Schuyler family from Belleville, the Kissams and Townsends from New York, as well as the Deys, Wards, Dodds, and a few others of note.

Very little is known of Aaron Burr's life in the primitive city. A few old residents who gazed upon him in their childhood remember little details about him. One tells of a black body-servant called "Kester" who waited on him, and another states that he arranged his memoirs in the White House. This seems to be corroborated by the fact that Mrs. Hedden used to drive away those same little children who watched Burr on his promenades when they raised their shrill childish voices to too high a pitch by her garden wall. While there Burr mingled freely with the best people, although he was generally ostracised in New York. As his character has been much maligned, it is only fair to him to state that he won the respect and undying regard of his landlady, who vigorously defended him to any of the neighborhood who dared asperse his name in her presence. During the last year of his stay he began his courtship of

Madame Jumel, who had previously played such an important part in his life and that of his rival in her affections, Alexander Hamilton. Burr has been much defamed for his treatment of the noted old French beauty; and although his sins were many, something of the best side of his nature, which acrimony and an almost world-wide unpopularity have so deadened, is shown in the fact that she always spoke well of him in her last years. Although it is not generally known, shortly before her death she offered her magnificent home, still standing at Washington Heights, New York, to a son of Alexander Hamilton's, to make some amends for her husband's unfortunate injury to that family.

In the several biographies of Aaron Burr there is but one mention of his life in Jersey City, and that is in the following interesting anecdote given in the memoirs which were partly arranged by himself and finished by J. Parton. It reads:

"A little adventure which he had in one of these last years will serve to show how completely he retained the youthful spring of his spirits and muscles when old men generally are willing prisoners of the arm-chair and chimney-corner. He was still living at Jersey City when Fanny Kemble and her father played their first engagement in New York. They created, as many will remember, a 'sensation,' and the newspapers teemed with articles laudatory to their acting. Burr, who took a lively interest in all that was passing, went to see them perform in the play of the Hunchback, accompanied by a young gentleman, a student at law, to whom I am indebted for the story. At that period the ferry-boats stopped running soon after dark, and Burr engaged some boatmen to be in waiting at the dock to row them back to Jersey after the play was over.*

* The Jersey City ferry-boats did not run after dark until 1834.

"The theatre (the Park Theatre) was densely crowded. It was whispered about that Aaron Burr was present, and he was the target of a thousand eagerly curious eyes. . . . Meanwhile the weather had changed, and by the time they reached their boat an exceedingly violent storm of wind and rain was raging, and it was very dark. The waves dashed against the wharf in a manner that was not at all inviting to the younger of the two adventurers, who advised Burr not to cross.

"'Why!' exclaimed the old gentleman, as he sprang lightly into the boat, 'you are not afraid of a little salt water, are you? This is the fun of the thing. The adventure is the best of all.'

"His companion embarked, and they pushed off. The waves broke over the boat and drenched them both to the skin in the first five minutes. On they went, against wind, waves, and tide, and after an hour's hard rowing, Burr all the while in hilarious spirits, they reached the shore. Such a tough, merry, indomitable old man was Aaron Burr on the verge of fourscore!"

A few years after this adventure, and some time after Burr had closed his eyes on the world in the old Richmond House* at Mersereau's Ferry, now Port Richmond, Mrs. Holden gave up her home in Jersey City, and it passed into the hands of Charles Durrant, who, tradition says, was the first man to ascend in a balloon in New Jersey.

The White House was destroyed a few years ago by a drug manufacturer, and a frame structure now stands on the site of the old garden. Along the Sussex Street side a portion of the high wall still remains. No longer

* The Richmond House was the homestead of Judge David Mersereau until 1820. It was erected shortly after the Revolution, on the site of a British fort, and is still standing in Port Richmond to-day. The old knocker that Aaron Burr used embellishes the great hall door, and the chamber where he died has been little changed.

giant trees guard it from the garish sunlight, and its time-stained bricks gaze almost reproachfully at the passer-by. Perhaps it knows that behind it once stood a shelter of Aaron Burr that history has been content to let pass away unnoticed and forgotten.

THE VAN VORST MANSION

JERSEY CITY

WHOSE KITCHEN STEP WAS "A CORNER-STONE OF LIBERTY"

AS Jersey City grew and spread its arms out into the salty meadows, a Dr. Barrow, of New York City, purchased a tract of land on its outskirts, where he erected two large Ionic houses, one for himself, and the other, so tradition says, for Cornelius Van Vorst, who became the owner soon after its completion. In style of architecture they were very imposing, and although their environment has greatly changed since their erection in the late thirties, one at least, the Van Vorst Mansion, which has been occupied for nearly half a century by the well-known Edge family, still retains an air of distinction.

In the days of the "courtly Cornelius" this old mansion enjoyed great local fame for the generous hospitality which greeted those fortunate ones who crossed its portals. Its beautiful garden, now only a memory, was a source of pride to the Jerseyites of yesterday. There,

shaded by dusky box and tall rose bushes, reposed the most interesting kitchen step in America, whose history we are coming to. The Van Vorst family took great pleasure in the renown of their garden. During the first summer of Queen Victoria's reign boxes of rare flowers and shrubs found their way from Wayne Street to Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, as small tokens of admiration from an American gentleman to England's sovereign. Like attentions were bestowed upon other famous people, notably Martin Van Buren, who was then President.

Cornelius Van Vorst was a descendant of the old Patroons. His father, "Faddy" Van Vorst, was quite a noted figure in the society of colonial days, partly owing to his ownership of a private race-course at Harsimus, then the delight of the sporting gentlemen of old New York. It must have been from "Faddy," of whom it is recorded that he was a lover of fine horses and fine clothes, that Cornelius Van Vorst obtained his taste for lavish display, unusual at a time when everywhere in the Northern States the manner of living was comparatively simple. The interior of his mansion, with its immense square rooms, engaged the attention of the first artisans of the country. The wide entrance hall was tiled with marble, the walls were hung with damask papers from France, the window glasses and chandeliers imported from Venice, and the doors embellished with solid silver trimmings, all of which reminders of past elegance still remain in the house.

There, some distance from Jersey City proper, and partly surrounded by luxuriant bog-land and narrow

strips of forest, crowned by the hills of Bergen, the family flourished in something of the style of that vanished race known as the old Southern planters. It is said of Cornelius Van Vorst that he was very fond of the people of the South; and although it is a strange fact, it is true, nevertheless, that many residents below the Mason and Dixon line found their way to Jersey City both before and after the Civil War. Among the most prominent were the Bacots, of South Carolina, one of whom married into another branch of the Van Vorst family, and the Greenes, of Virginia, who brought quite a retinue of "niggers" with them. One old-time Kentuckian, who was beautiful and distinguished enough to be a rival of Sally Ward, "the queen of the South" in her own city, remembers distinctly the appearance of the Van Vorst Mansion and its large garden in the year 1850, as viewed from a window of one of the old omnibuses, then the popular mode of conveyance in the city. She tells of later visiting its curiosity, the kitchen step, which used to attract so many people to the Van Vorst garden gate, where, sad to relate, most of them were refused admission by the gardener.

Very little has been written of this famous stone, though it was the pedestal of the Bowling Green lead equestrian statue of King George III., which "Tory pride and folly" raised in the year 1770. The *New York Journal*, of May 31 of that year, mentions the fact briefly that "the ship 'Britannia' has arrived with statues of his Majesty and Mr. Pitt, now Earl of Chatham." A few months later the first statue was erected at the foot of Broadway, on Bowling Green, but the aristocratic

features of his Majesty, under their covering of gold-leaf, did not give much pleasure to the patriotic portion of the city's inhabitants. His countenance, which they at first thought "simpering and idiotic," began to look tyrannical under the glow of independence, and in the summer of 1776, the opening of the Revolution, the "Sons of Freedom," unable longer to endure its gilded glory, assembled a band of patriotic citizens and hacked it to pieces with clubs and hatchets. General Washington greatly disapproved of this riotous mêlée, and directed in his general orders that such affairs "shall be avoided by the soldiery and left to be executed by proper authority."

Lead was very scarce in that first year of the war, and all the portions of his Royal Highness's noble effigy were collected and transported to Litchfield, Connecticut, where the ladies of the town, assisted by Colonel Wegglesworth's regiment, converted them into bullets. The soldiers that assisted on this occasion are open to the imputation of laziness, for, according to Governor Walcott's unique list of the number made, "forty-two thousand" are credited to the ladies, and three hundred to the regiment.

Where the base of the statue, a stone of Portland marble about five and a half feet long and four inches thick, then disappeared to is not known. A few years later it found its way to Paulus Hook as the gravestone of Major John Smith, of the British army, who was buried near the site of the old St. Matthew's, on Sussex Street, the first English church of the city of Jersey. When this street was levelled by the Jersey Associates in 1804,

the gravestone was upturned by some workmen, who sold it to the father of Cornelius Van Vorst. He is said to have used it as a kitchen step for the old Van Vorst Mansion on the water-front. At his death it passed into the possession of his son, who appreciated its interest by making it one of the attractions of his garden, so noted in the by-gone annals of old Jersey City. Shortly before Cornelius Van Vorst sold his Jersey City property to the Edge family, he received an offer of a large sum of money for his kitchen step from a descendant of Major Smith, whose grave it had marked for a few peaceful years. The offer was declined, as he preferred to keep in America his "corner-stone of liberty," as he was wont to call it. On his removal from his mansion he had had it dug out of the ground and sent to the New York Historical Society, in whose rooms all that remains of the gilded statue of George III. can be viewed to-day by the public. It still bears the marks of his Majesty's steed and the epitaph of Major Smith, which is as follows:

"In the memory of Major John Smith,
of the XLII., or Royal Highland Regiment,
who died 25 July, 1768,
in the 48th year of his age
This stone is erected
By the brave officers of that Regiment.
His bravery, generosity, and humanity during an
honorable service of 29 years
endeared him to the soldiers, to his acquaintances, and
Friends."

This is, indeed, a noble chronicle to mark the headstone of any brave soldier, and reading it we cannot help

thinking kindly of the redcoat who once slept under the shadow of England's most cordially hated king.

Among the traditions of the Van Vorst Mansion, there is one repeated, without much foundation, that Henry Clay once stopped there. Henry Clay might have visited in Jersey City for a short time when on his way to New York, as there were several among the city's Southern colony whom he numbered among his friends; but they themselves surely would have known of it. The old Kentuckian previously mentioned became well acquainted with him in the days before the war, when the South's most distinguished son was a frequent guest of the Gault House in its golden-time under Major Throckmorton's *régime*, and he tells delightful stories of him standing in the Gault House hall at dinner-hour and whispering to a merry audience the social status of the ladies as they descended the stairs, learned by the color of the stockings which showed above their satin-slippered feet; and again of the kisses he demanded from every maiden and matron of his near acquaintance when he returned to the hotel after a fortnight's absence at Ashland; but she has no recollection that he ever came to Jersey City, and she surely would have known and treasured the remembrance.

The Edge family, who succeeded the Van Vorst's, are descended from the owners of the oft-written-of and pictured Edge windmill,* a quaint landmark of the early

* The Edge windmill was erected by Isaac Edge in 1806. According to family tradition it was sent in portions from Derbyshire, England, by his father, as a present in appreciation of his son's success in the New World. Miss M. Louise Edge has in her possession one of the old

city, destroyed in 1839 to make room for the New Jersey Railroad tracks. The interior as well as the exterior of their home has an air of stateliness which is rivalled by few houses in New Jersey, and the many antiques and historical souvenirs it contains give it some degree of the fame it once had when its now destroyed garden possessed a "corner-stone of liberty."

ledgers used by Isaac Edge. The accounts were kept in English currency until 1816, and many of the entries are very interesting. During the war of 1812 flour was sold at the mill for eighteen dollars per barrel, and in New York City bread brought as high as three shillings a loaf.

THE PRIOR HOUSE

JERSEY CITY

WHERE "LIGHT-HORSE HARRY" AND HIS TROOP STOPPED FOR REFRESHMENT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PAULUS HOOK

OUT on the Wayne Street marshes, a quarter of a mile from the Van Vorst Mansion, there stood until a few years ago an "unhonored and unsung" Dutch dwelling which played an important part in the history of the Revolution. Just above it, on the highest of the Bergen hills, General Washington often spent hours gazing through his spy-glass at the movements of the shipping in New York harbor when the British were in possession of that city, and he, as well as many other prominent American generals, occupied it as a temporary head-quarters during the different periods of the war.

The house, as well as the mill which stood beside it on Bergen Creek, was erected in the year 1760 by Jacob Prior, a resident of Bergen, who ground all the corn of the locality, and at flood-tide floated it on his scows to New York to be sold in the markets. It is not known whether he was a patriot or a loyalist. Unfortunately, many of the inhabitants of the Jersey frontier were apt

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to change their allegiance as occasion demanded. His dwelling was of rock cut from the primitive Bergen quarry and stones found in the vicinity. It was two stories and a half high, and had a thatched roof. We know that the fireplaces were embellished with delft Scripture tiles, and the second story, where the sleeping apartments were, was reached by a primitive oaken ladder, for many of the well-worn tiles and the old ladder itself were in the collection of historical souvenirs formed by the late John F. Mills, of New York. A gun made in the reign of Queen Anne, and bearing the name of Prior on a silver plate, was found under one of the boards of the first story floor when the house was being dismantled. How it came there is a mystery It is now owned by a resident of Jersey City Heights, who prizes it as a link to the Bergen village of that early period.

From the beginning of the war until our army's retreat to the Delaware, General Mercer, the veteran of Du Quesne, who fell covered with glory at Princeton, and General Greene, his successor in command of the Jersey shore, and the commander-in-chief of the army, often shared the miller's hospitality when in the vicinity. In 1779 Lord Stirling established his head-quarters there for a short while, and in the gray dawn of August 19, a memorable summer's day of that year, Major Lee, the famous "Light-Horse Harry," stopped there with his tired troop of men for a few minutes before his brilliant capture of Paulus Hook, over which Congress waxed so jubilant, and of which Alexander Hamilton wrote in no extravagant terms

as "one of the most daring and insolent assaults to be found in the records of chivalry."

British commanders, too, frequently stopped there when it was not in the possession of the Americans; and the poor miller and his wife could not have ground their flour with much pleasure, owing to the thought that some foraging expedition might be nearing their dwelling to steal the fruit of their labor before it could be safely secreted.

After the Revolution the "mill house" became a great winter-time rendezvous for the lads and lassies of Bergen Town, who came to skate on the frozen mill-stream. About the wide fireplace in the living-room the Mercelis family, relations of Jacob Prior, and then owners of the mill, passed many a jug of hot milk and many a delft plate piled high with "kockjes" or jumbles to companies of merry guests.

The boys of the thinly settled Paulus Hook also made many excursions there in both winter and summer. In the latter season the luscious apples in the orchard of the adjoining farm proved a great attraction. This farm was then owned by Aaron Vanderbilt, a first cousin of the father of William H. Vanderbilt, "Old Commodore Vanderbilt," who founded the world-renowned Vanderbilt fortune, and who was then running his new steamboat "Bellona" from New York to Brunswick; where connecting post-chaises took passengers to Trenton and Philadelphia.*

* This advertisement appeared in the New York papers of 1819:

"The Vice-President's steamboat Nautilus will leave New York every day (Sundays excepted) from Whitehall Wharf, at eleven o'clock

Aaron Vanderbilt is said to have had a very irascible temper, aggravated no doubt by the frequent robberies of his fine "Baldwins" and "Monmouth Reds," and many were the wild chases he gave the urchins of his day, which, tradition almost laughingly says, resulted in his catching "neerie a one." Every fall-time after futile attempts at punishment he vowed vengeance on the boys when he caught them skating there the next winter; but when the winter came he had always fortunately forgotten about his past injuries, and allowed them to skate in peace.

In 1837, when the cut was made for the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Commodore Vanderbilt's steamboat "Bellona" and connecting post-chaises were the forerunners, the Bergen Creek, which supplied the inmates of the mill with a means of living, was filled in, and they sold the Prior property to the Kingsford family, the first makers of Kingsford starch. But the filling in of the creek did not seriously affect the skating, for the low meadows were still there to be flooded and frozen over in the winter-time, and, as the little city of Jersey grew, they were frequented by the young people. All the best element of the city skated there in the thirties and forties, even to the young ladies of Madame Parabeau's Select School, which then occupied the Lyceum Building, afterwards tenanted by "Hasbrouck's Institute."

A.M. From her the passengers will be received without delay into the superior fast-sailing steamboat Bellona, Capt. Vanderbilt, for New Brunswick, from thence in Post chaises to Trenton, where they lodge, and arrive next morning at ten o'clock in Philadelphia, with the commodious and fast sailing steamboat, Philadelphia, Capt. Jenkins."

One of the young ladies, who climbed the heights of Parnassus as well as the heights of Bergen, wrote in a farewell to Jersey, published about this time, a stanza on the meadow skating-pond, which began:

> "No more shall we skate on the beautiful lake,
> O'er which Washington's banners once floated afar;
> No more shall we loiter, and then homeward take
> Our way 'neath the jewel-like first gleaming star."

The calling of the flooded Jersey meadows a lake is rather a bold stretch of the imagination, but the poetic license of the time gave a very wide latitude to all sentimental writers, and the young lady in question wanted to do honor to the town whose "sweet vesper bells" and "fair groves" she was on the verge of leaving forever.

The mill itself was destroyed in 1838, but the dwelling which had sheltered so many American and British officers, notably the dark-faced young Lee, "the pet of the army," on the dawn of his great military success, stood until the year 1880, when Benjamin Mills, then its owner, began the improvement of the section of the city included in the Mills map.

CASTLE POINT

HOBOKEN

WHERE COLONEL JOHN STEVENS PLANNED "HOBUCK, THE BEAUTIFUL," THE PLEASURE RESORT OF EARLY NEW YORK

ON the highest eminence of "Point Castile," whose "greene and white cliffes" were supposed to be "copper or silver mynes" by the followers of Henry Hudson, on his memorable voyage up the river which bears his name, Colonel John Stevens, the famous inventor, built a handsome mansion soon after his purchase of Hobuck Island, in 1784, and called it the Castle. By many of his generation John Stevens was looked upon as a mild madman, so far ahead was he of his age, and his purchase of such a large area of land as Hobuck Island created a sensation in the society of the times. Hobuck Island, or Hoboken Island, formed the largest part of the confiscated Bayard estate, and was much sought after when it was noised about that it was to be put upon the market. That noble gentleman, Baron Steuben, set his heart on obtaining it for the services he had rendered the government during the Revolution, and wrote to Governor Livingston for right of pre-emption;

but Colonel Stevens was ahead of him, and became the owner of the whole property in March, 1783, for the sum of eighteen thousand three hundred and sixty pounds.

The Stevens residence, mentioned by newspapers of the day as "Stevens Villa," was one of the most noted American homes of the last century, frequented as it was by the wealth and fashion of New York City, and indeed of the whole country. Mrs. John Stevens, *née* Rachel Cox, the first lady of the Castle, was a daughter of the charming Mrs. John Cox, of "Bloomsbury Court," near Trenton, whose family of beautiful girls made a series of the most brilliant matches recorded in the annals of old New Jersey and Philadelphia society. The lovely Coxes, as they were sometimes called, were noted for their vivacity and high spirits, and after reading their letters, many of which have been published in historical works, we can readily believe it. It was Sarah Cox,* a younger sister of Mrs. Stevens, who wrote to a friend before going to a Washington Birthnight ball, that she would take two pairs of shoes, for, she says, "I danced one pair nearly out at the last assembly, and I am sure if I could do that when it had nothing to do with the President, what shall I do when I have his presence to inspire me?"

While on a visit to his future wife's home in Southern Jersey, Colonel Stevens's attention is said to have been first attracted to steamboat navigation, which came so near giving him a greater fame than Robert Fulton. Driving along the Delaware, near Burlington, in 1787, he saw John Fitch's boat pass up the river against the

* Sarah Cox became the wife of Dr. John Redman Coxe, of Philadelphia.

tide. His interest was so excited that he whipped up his horse and followed the boat in his chaise to its landing, where he closely examined the engines and the mechanism of the pushing paddles. After years of labor in his workshop at Hoboken, he constructed a small open boat worked by steam, far in advance of Fitch's idea. It was such a decided success that he was encouraged to go on and build the "Phœnix," a large boat after his own plan and model. She was completed but a few days after the world renowned "Clermont," designed by Fulton.

Of Colonel Stevens's first steamboat an interesting description has come down to us from the pen of the late Frederick De Peyster, of New York. He wrote:

"In the month of May, 1804, accompanied by a friend, I went to walk in the Battery. As we entered the gate from Broadway we saw what in those days was considered a crowd running towards the river. On inquiry, we were informed that 'Jack Stevens' (John Cox Stevens), son of Colonel John Stevens, was going over to Hoboken in a queer sort of boat. On reaching the bulkhead by which the Battery was then bounded, we saw lying against it a vessel about the size of a Whitehall row-boat, in which was a small engine, but there was no visible means of propulsion. The vessel was speedily under way, my late, much valued friend, Commodore Stevens, acting as coxswain, and, I presume, the smutty-looking person who filled the duties of the engineer, fireman, and crew was his more practical brother, Robert L. Stevens."

Although Colonel Stevens's inventions occupied nearly all his time at this period, he still found leisure to devote to the improvement of his large estate, and in this he is said to have been greatly helped by the taste and good judgment of his wife. Their castle of a simple colonial style of architecture contained over twenty rooms, and

it was Colonel Stevens's boast that each of its windows afforded a prospect of surpassing beauty. Both the New Jersey and New York shore lines above the harbor presented a very rural appearance in those days. Back of the slim line of wharves were low houses and church spires, and stretches of green fields and undulating meadow-lands rolled away into a gradually rising and wilder landscape. Mrs. John Adams had a few years before this period written that the country about her home, in what is now Varick Street, between Charlton and Vandam Streets, New York City, could be compared to hills and vales of lovely Devonshire, and the views from the higher eminence of Castle Point must have been superb.

In 1804, following in the lead of "The Jersey Associates," the owners of near-by Paulus Hook, Colonel Stevens mapped out a part of his land and launched the enterprise under the name of "The New City of Hoboken." Lots were offered at public auction at the Tontine Coffee-House, in the city of New York, and general interest was aroused in a spot which subsequently became the most famous pleasure ground in the United States, and the delight of the poet, the artist, the actor, and the dreamer of old New York.

So much was written about "Hoboken, the Beautiful" in the first half of the last century that it became almost world renowned. In those summers of its popularity the gentleman and the toiler crossed over the Hudson's sparkling waters in the comfortable boat "Fairy Queen," from Canal Street, to enjoy the Hoboken scenery and the then delightful walks and forest glades cooled by ocean breezes.

Amusements and refreshments of almost endless variety were at the call of every visitor. There was the wonderful circular railway called the "Aerial Ways," an improvement, originated by Colonel Stevens, over the "Montagnes Russes" in the gardens of Beaujon and Tivoli, France. A visitor wrote that it was pleasantly situated under a clump of tall forest trees. "There," he said, "you might observe a gay young gallant handing to seat some timid blushing miss and gently folding in the stray portions of her airy drapery, while he plants himself by her side; and away they wheel round and round, until the fair one gently whispers 'enough.' They now descend and retire beneath the surrounding foliage, to whisper (all very sweet no doubt) of bright days to come, while their envied seat is again wheeling in rapid revolution another fond and fluttering pair."

Then there was "the green" in front of the old "76 House," a building which had been a granary in the time of the Bayards. There the mountebanks lured the passers-by to their gayly colored booths, and one could view the wax figures from Paris, and a camera obscura. From "the green" one started on the river walk, which led past the gardens of Castle Point and the Castle itself. Wier and Smillie and many other artists have left us pictures of it. Engravings are still to be found in print-shops, although the beauties of Hoboken are forgotten. If the departing stranger desired a souvenir of the place, he could obtain it at the china shop on Washington Street, where the sum of ten cents would purchase a Clew's Staffordshire plate as blue as lapis-lazuli, and embellished with a fine view of the Castle. Many

found their way there, for the mansion of the owner of Hoboken was considered a handsome piece of architecture, and there are enough "Castle Point plates" in existence to warrant the belief that they were very popular.

In those bright days, when the Castle was in the heyday of its glory and Hoboken a place of poetic beauty, the lovely sisters of Mrs. Stevens, then matrons with families of their own, often came to visit her. We cannot help wishing they had left us some letters describing the gay doings at the Castle, as their early letters are so full of interest. Susan, the merry girl who wrote of going prepared to Washington's Birthnight ball with two pairs of slippers, could have amusingly written of the great hoax of the famous baloon ascension, which through judicious advertising drew crowds to witness the ascension of a "lady," who proved to be a much enraged tabby-cat. She could have also ably told of a great Fourth of July celebration, when hundreds of sky-rockets and other fireworks were set off in the garden, and of the dance which followed at the Castle, the New York guests coming across the water in barges decorated with lanterns, like their ancestors used to go to the pleasure gardens of Old England half a century before.

Hoboken as a pleasure resort, and the early Castle itself, are now but memories. The present Castle was erected about 1845, and is a familiar landmark to the millions who cross the New York and Jersey City ferries to the railroad termini. Rising out of a grove of old trees, it is a most imposing building, and it is pleasing to think that it is always to be owned by a Stevens and can

come to a serene old age, smiling on generation after generation. Its interior is very elaborate, containing a tapestry chamber and several rooms in early English style. It has always been the abode of gracious hospitality, and many distinguished people have been entertained there. The late Mrs. Martha Bayard Stevens dearly loved its many treasures and was never happier than when followed by old Peter, an aged Stevens slave, who died recently, she led the privileged guest through the elegant rooms, showing her famous old silver, the Martha Washington relics, and the collections of waistcoats, laces, and the ecclesiastical embroideries. The Stevens home to-day does not miss the wide strip of pebbly beach, now profaned by huge piers and warehouses, the immortal river walk, which has disappeared, where old New York came to promenade and recruit its wasted energy, and the forgotten green where the weary rested and sipped their sangaree punch and strong waters. These all belong to another period, but it can ever look proudly on the great institute which the wealth given by Hoboken helped the family to establish, almost on the spot where Colonel John Stevens, the planner of the forgotten "Hoboken, the Beautiful" had his workshop and conducted his mechanical experiments.

ASTOR VILLA

HOBOKEN

WHERE JOHN JACOB ASTOR THE FIRST ENTERTAINED THE LITERATI OF THE COUNTRY

ACCORDING to the New York City directories, 1828 was the year that John Jacob Astor, the richest American of his day, became a resident of Hoboken. Previous to that time, during the erection of the Astor Villa, still standing in a rather dilapidated condition at the corner of Washington and Second Streets, he occasionally stopped at the famous boarding-house of the Misses Van Buskirk, on the water-front, which is said to have obtained a finer patronage than any of the other hostelries of this old-time resort. The "old maids Van Buskirk," as the irreverent called them, in their black silk gowns and white mull caps, doing the honors of their parlors, were well-remembered figures by many of the last generation of Hoboken frequenters, now passed away. They were ideal boarding-house mistresses of the old school, when boarding-house keeping was the one remunerative recourse for reduced gentlewomen; and the pride they took in the fare they gave their patrons, the trimness of their garden, and the skill they exhibited

in preserving fruits and making pastries, gave them high recommendation in the eyes of all lovers of comfort and good living.

The situation of the Astor Villa was very fine. It was partly surrounded by a large garden, filled by the millionaire with curious foliage, shrubs, and flowers, brought to him from abroad as presents by the captains of his fleet of merchantmen. From its front windows an unobstructed view of the "76 House" and "the green" could be obtained, and there the old gentleman would sometimes resort of an afternoon to enjoy the festive scene and the constantly changing parade along the river-walk. He is remembered as mingling freely with the forgotten throng of pleasure-seekers. Often he would pause in his rambles to acknowledge the obsequious greeting of one of his army of humble servitors; sometimes he stopped to converse with one of his friends, and again he would journey the whole length of the river-walk lost in thought and scowling at every passer-by.

One of his favorite resting-spots was a bench by a group of currant bushes at the side of the "76 House." There, fanned by the sea breezes, he frequently sipped his favorite beverages and shut his eyes to enjoy the pleasant pastime of day-dreaming. The soft shadows would play on his wrinkled face, subduing and tranquillizing the hard features, and the world would pass by and whisper, "There sits the great Astor dozing!"

Madame Jumel, a noted figure in early New York, when a very old woman, used to tell with great glee a story of how she refused to return one of Astor's bows

when she met him one summer's day on the Hoboken green. "You would not imagine, my dear," she used to say to the one who is responsible for the anecdote, "that I snubbed the great Astor, but I did; and there was many a home in New York in those days to which all his money would not have admitted him." But most likely Astor cared very little for the snubs of a few aristocratic Gothamites of that day, for his own world of commerce and finance bowed and cringed to him, and the care and multiplication of his fortune was his one grand passion.

Comparatively little is known of Astor's life in Hoboken, although few private citizens have had more written about them, both true and untrue, than he has had. There is a tradition that his motive in coming there was to obtain a legal residence in New Jersey. This perhaps is true, but he must have found it very agreeable, for he occupied his handsome brick-and-wood villa for the best part of the succeeding three years, until his departure upon a European trip. It must often have occurred to the Crœsus of his day, as he sat playing checkers under the shade of the large chestnut-tree in his garden, that he had been wonderfully successful in the checker game of life, from the time he opened a toy-store in a shanty on Pearl Street, throughout his career, until he became the possessor of millions.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, the brilliant poet and wit, of whom Astor was fond enough to leave him a remembrance in his will, spent much of his time at the villa at this period, although he did not enter his employment as a clerk until some years later.

There, for all we know, on the Villa's porch, with the shore line of New York before him, he may have composed that beautiful description of that city's harbor in "Fanny," which begins:

> "Sparkling in golden light his own romantic bay,
> Tall spire and glittering roof and battlement,
> And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
> Green isle and circling shore are blended there
> In wild beauty. When life is old
> And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
> Its memory of this."

One standing by the Hoboken water-front to-day and gazing at the great metropolis cannot help feeling something of the charm of this early picture, which is indeed a painting in words!

Washington Irving and Martin Van Buren when in New York City often crossed the Stevens Ferry to visit him. Hoboken was a town which pleased them both, for they were very fond of the old Dutch settlements on the Jersey shore, and it was from the Van Horne family, who lived in the "House of the Four Chimneys," still standing in Communipaw, that Irving obtained much of his matter on early Dutch customs for "A Knickerbocker's History of New York." Some writers have even gone so far as to state that the book itself was written in the homestead, but a careful perusal of Irving's letters shows this to be a fiction.

The millionaire and his author friend, Washington Irving, used to be constantly seen driving or walking

together in the vicinity of Hoboken. They were very popular in a score of nearby old Dutch households, and it is a noteworthy fact that they distributed many bright silver dollar pieces to proud mothers displaying infants bearing their appellations.

Hoboken in John Jacob Astor's time was a great resort for the theatrical world, and to its sylvan solitudes many jaded Thespians came to recuperate before the evening performance. In the shady "Turtle Grove," made memorable by the feasts of the "Turtle Club," Lover's walk, and the wood of fir-trees by Sibyl's cave, the chance frequenter was always sure to run across some actor deep in his play-book, and speaking unconsciously a telling passage, with only the fleeting birds and whispering leaves to voice approval.

Many a tragedy queen and king (for it was the tragedies which held the boards the longest at the theatres in those days) Astor asked over to his villa, for those whose fathers knew him intimately say he was passionately fond of the society of the inhabitants of the mimic world, and the happiest moments of his life were passed in the pit of the theatre. He and his friend John K. Beekman were the joint proprietors of the old Park Theatre at one time, and were often referred to by the wits as the "Theatre Jacks."

Few people passing the villa to-day, although unchanged in structure, with the exception of an additional story and modern roof, would ever dream that it was once the home of a man so noted as John Jacob Astor the first, but it is nevertheless true, and perhaps it was his best-loved residence, though he built much grander

houses in after years. When he first came to Hoboken he had just retired in a slight measure from the strain of money-getting to enjoy his fortune, and this summer resort was, as a forgotten poet once wrote of it,—

> "A place of rest with swaying trees,
> A lovely garden by the sea."

HIGHWOOD

WEEHAWKEN

WHERE "THE GREAT LITTLE DICKENS" WAS FEASTED BY JAMES GORE KING

DURING the summer of 1832, the cholera year, when scared New Yorkers were dosing themselves with Dr. De Kay's famous prescription of port-wine and Dr. Rhinelander's equally famous one of brandy as preventives, James Gore King, the noted New York banker, and seventeenth president of the Chamber of Commerce, removed his family to his then only partly completed country-seat on the woody crest of the Palisades at Weehawken.

The house, a severely plain two-storied structure, though large and roomy, was surrounded by one hundred and eighty acres of land lying between the Bull's Ferry Road and the river, and the adjoining Stevens estate on the south. After several years spent in beautifying a naturally fine situation, the place became one of the most noted residences in America, and was always visited by distinguished foreigners when stopping in New York.

James Gore King, was the third son of Rufus King, the eminent statesman. He attended school in London

and Paris, and was graduated from Harvard in 1810. In early life he married Sally Gracie, a New York belle, and daughter of the distinguished Archibald Gracie. His brother, Charles King, who became president of Columbia College, also married into the same family, uniting his fortunes with those of another daughter, Eliza Gracie. At one time in his career he virtually controlled the operations of Wall Street, and earned for himself the soubriquet of "The Almighty of Wall Street."

Instead of improving his large area of land at a great expenditure at one time, Mr. King went about it judiciously, and continued adorning and enlarging his gardens almost up to the time of his death in 1851. His wise plan seems to have attracted considerable notice. In an old number of the *Merchant's Magazine and Commercial Review*, Freeman Hunt wrote that Lord Ashburton, when visiting the United States, was greatly charmed with Highwood and the "sensible manner" in which Mr. King had laid out his grounds.

Many New Yorkers whose names are rocks in its social history were frequenters of Mr. King's New Jersey home in the first half of the last century. His most intimate friend for a long period of years was Daniel Webster, who could often be found at Highwood, when away from his New England home. Among the tinselled names associated with the mansion is that of Madame Brugiere,—a forgotten queen of New York society, who was a welcome guest of the Kings. At her pretentious residence, No. 30 Broadway, on the Bowling Green, the first fancy dress ball was given in the United States. The invitations to

this affair were printed on strongly scented paper, and, as a wit has said, "the town was in a flutter of perfume for a week." Her lovely daughters, Eloise, Nathalie, and Juliet, were poetically called, "the Graces of Broadway." Among the most frequent guests could be mentioned the name of Nicholas Biddle, "The King of Philadelphia." He often brought his family from the Quaker City to sojourn with his old friend.

In the spring of 1842, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens were the social lions of New York City, they several times crossed the river to be entertained at Highwood. It has been said that the old merchant prince, who was a great admirer of the English author, was one of the planners of the famous "Boz Ball," which was given at that place of memories, the Park Theatre, on St. Valentine's night of the same year. Everybody who was anybody in the "upper ten thousand" attended, and the tableaux vivants which appeared on the stage from time to time during the evening were fine enough to furnish food for conversation many months afterwards. Subscribers to the ball who were prevented from attending in some instances sold their tickets for sums ranging from twenty-five to fifty dollars.

Reading over a portion of a list of the fashionable world who were there, one truly realizes that the metropolis is a city of kaleidoscopic changes, for few of the oftenest-printed New York names of to-day appear.

An old blue-blooded dame, of ancient lineage, who used to reside in one of the grand old mansions facing St. John's Park, wrote not many years ago in some reminiscences on old New York, that all the old families

were dead, and their descendants crushed on the rocks of adversity. The many forgotten ones who shone at the "Boz Ball" proves her lament to have been far from whimsically pessimistic.*

Although Dickens wrote that the Americans were by nature "frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate," and he had many proofs of all these qualities while in their midst, his mind was not above petty ridicule. Time has killed the sting of his famous description of an American reception, given to the world in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and in it we can see to-day only a very mirthful picture of the "Boz Ball," and the entertainments arranged for him which succeeded it.

Many of the celebrities who visited our country in the early days of the nineteenth century have been criticised for their lack of good breeding. Frances Anne Kemble, better known as Fanny Kemble, was received at all the best houses in New York City during her triumphant engagement at the Park Theatre in 1832. Three years after that date the publication of her Journal created a veritable sensation when her former friends learned her true opinion of them and read her strictures on their dress, habits, and manners.

Another woman not as noted, but guilty of greater vituperation, was the garrulous Mrs. Trollope. In her

* The Schuylers, Aymars, Colts, Leadbeaters, Randolphs, Lydigs, Lords, Hamiltons, Hunters, Bancrofts, and Ericssons were among the aristocratic families who resided on St. John's Park. They all possessed keys to its gates, from which the public were rigorously excluded. During the first year of its existence it was cultivated and tended by the negro servants of several prominent families of Trinity Parish.

"Domestic Life of the Americans," written from observations in the newly-settled western country, she characterized America with a caustic goose-quill.

Philip Hone, the distinguished New York City mayor, whose diary is as well known to all true Knickerbockers as that of the celebrated Pepys, gives an interesting glimpse of Highwood in an account of a farewell breakfast given there to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens on June 8, 1842, before their departure for England. He says:

"We had a breakfast worthy of the entertainers and the entertained; and such strawberries and cream! . . . The house and the grounds and the view and the libraries and the conservatories were all more beautiful than I have ever seen them."

On the King estate was a wild ravine where a stream known by the name "Awiehawken" dashed over a part of the famous duel ground,* which has been called the most interesting spot in the county of Hudson." There handsome young Philip Hamilton in the dawn of his manhood fell by the hand of George Eacker three years before his father met a like fate from Aaron Burr. His second on that occasion was his cousin Philip Church, who had recently returned from England with his father, where he had been studying at Eton. These two grand-

* Captain Deas owned the property on which the duel ground was situated. It is said of him that he always kept some member of his household watching from the Deas homestead for the appearance of possible duelists, and when any were sighted he himself would rush to the duel ground, and, according to Mr. Winfield, in his "History of Hudson County," by his *suaviter in modo* or *fortiter in re*, often healed wounded honor and established peace.

sons of General Philip Schuyler are said to have been strikingly alike in personal appearance, and their remarkable attachment, which led them to be seen constantly together, is one of the pleasantest memories in the annals of the society of the period. There, too, came many a hasty man of honor who fared better than the unfortunate Hamiltons,—De Witt Clinton, Richard Riker, whom the wits in "The Croakers" accused of shooting his own toes, Commodore Perry, Captain Heath, and many others of a list too long to enumerate.

Above the duel ground, nestling among a fine grove of ancient oak-trees, was a little tavern, or way-house, called the "Boliver Inn," which should go down in history with the spot it gazed upon. The passing farmer or market woman always stopped at its bar for a "boliver," or large double schooner of cider, sold for the small sum of a penny, and many times in the early dawn when the rising sun was tinting the cliffs of Weehawken and gilding the oak-trees an aggrieved gentleman and his second would appear at the door and rouse a sleepy landlady to get them a breakfast.

This is not the famous inn, or Mountain Pavilion, as it was called, at the top of the Hackensack Road, where Daniel Webster sometimes boarded in the summer-time, "to live in heaven," as he used to declare. That was quite a fashionable hostelry in its day, and greatly frequented by the wealthy residents of New York, who came there to enjoy the air and the view.

Much has been written about the glorious view, which led James Gore King and many other New Yorkers to purchase summer homes in Weehawken. Verses are to

be found in many old papers and periodicals of the period. A wit in the *New York Mirror* of July 7, 1832, wrote the following squib on it, which is interesting enough to be preserved:

"Let Willis tell, in glittering prose,
Of Paris and its tempting shows;
Let Irving, while his fancy glows,
Praise Spain, renowned—romantic!
Let Cooper write, until it palls,
Of Venice, and her marble walls,
Her dungeons, bridges, and canals,
Enough to make one frantic!

"Let *voyageurs* Mac-Adamize,
With books, the Alps that climb the skies,
And ne'er forget, in any wise,
Geneva's lake and city;
And poor old Rome—the proud, the great,
Fallen—fallen from her high estate,
No cockney sees, but he must prate
About her—what a pity!

"Of travellers there is no lack,
God knows—each one of them a hack,
Who ride to write, and then go back
And publish a long story
Chiefly about themselves; but each
Or in dispraise or praise, with breach
Of truth on either side, will preach
About some place's glory.

"For me—who never saw the sun
His course o'er other regions run,
Than those whose franchise well was won
By blood of patriot martyrs—

Fair fertile France may smile in vain ;
Nor will I seek thy ruins, Spain ;
Albion, thy freedom I disdain,
With all thy monarch's charters.

"Better I love the river's side,
Where Hudson's sounding waters glide,
And with their full majestic tide
To the great sea keep flowing :
Weehawk, I loved thy frowning height,
Since first I saw, with fond delight,
The wave beneath thee rushing bright,
And the new Rome still growing."

After Alexander Hamilton's death a monument to his memory was erected on the King estate by the St. Andrews Society of the State of New York, which stood until a short while ago. In the past it was a spot of great interest to the morbidly sentimental and romantic. Young maidens and old maidens came over from pleasure excursions at Hoboken and the "Elysian Fields" to view it, and old Federalists who had known Hamilton often spent hours by its side in mournful contemplation. A quaint story is told of two old gentlemen, who are remembered as making frequent journeys there. One was an American and the other a Frenchman, and when not talking of Hamilton they always seemed to be wrangling over the respective merits of Washington and Napoleon. "Great man, Washington, Pierre," one would say ; and the other would always answer, "Yea, great Washington ; but, ah ! my Napoleon !"—and so year after year they fought a senile battle of long standing neither ever won. Highwood

was destroyed by fire several years ago, and the beautiful estate of the distinguished King family would be only a memory but for the name of the "great little Dickens," who was feasted there.

THE SIP MANOR

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS

WHERE LORD CORNWALLIS STOPPED WHEN IN BERGEN

N the heart of Bergen, the oldest European settlement in New Jersey, and now a part of Jersey City, is the ancient Sip homestead, which has weathered the storms of two and a half centuries. It was erected in the year 1666, by Claas Ariance Sip, and still remains in the possession of one of his male descendants, having been held by the family with a large grant of surrounding land under Dutch, English, and American rule.

Gazing at it to-day, although a city has grown up around it and modern houses built on the site of its garden almost shut out the sunlight from its genial door-way, one with any imagination is sure to obtain some slight impression of the past. This "town of the hills," as its inhabitants called it, was then the home of a hospitable, kindly race of Dutchmen, living in the midst of plenty in the simple manner of their Holland ancestors.

During the Revolutionary War Bergen was frequently

visited by the foraging parties in search of provisions.* Marshy Bergen Neck was the scene of General Wayne's unfortunate expedition to capture a herd of cattle belonging to the British, upon which disaster the gallant and equally witty Major André wrote his satirical poem entitled, "The Cow Chase," whose opening verses ridiculing Wayne—a tanner by trade—were on the lips of every Tory wag who saw *Remington's Gazette* of December 13, 1780. They read:

* Provisions were not the only things sought by the Bergen foraging parties. To aid the sufferings of the American troops in the winter of 1777, Governor Livingston made the following suggestion in an issue of the *New Jersey Gazette* for December of that year. "I am afraid that while we are employed in furnishing our battalions with clothing, we forget the county of Bergen, which alone is sufficient amply to provide them with winter waistcoats and breeches from the redundance and superfluity of certain woollen habits, which are at present applied to no kind of use whatsoever. It is well known that the rural ladies in that part of New Jersey pride themselves in an incredible number of petticoats, which, like house furniture, are displayed by way of ostentation for many years before they are decreed to invest the bodies of the fair proprietors. Till that period they are never worn, but neatly piled up on each side of an immense escritoire, the top of which is decorated with a most capacious brass-clasped Bible, seldom read. What I would, therefore, humbly propose to our superiors is to make prize of these future female habiliments and, after proper transformation, immediately apply them to screen from the inclemencies of the weather those gallant males who are now fighting for the liberties of their country. And to clear this measure from every imputation of injustice, I have only to observe that the generality of the women in that county, having for above a century *worn the breeches*, it is highly reasonable that the men should now, and especially upon so important an occasion, make booty of the petticoats."

"To drive the kine one summer morn,
The tanner took his way,
The calf shall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

"And Wayne descending steers shall know,
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind in ev'ry low
The tanning of his hide.

"Yet Bergen cows shall ruminate,
Unconscious in the stall,
What mighty means were used to get
And lose them after all."

In 1776, almost four years before this event, the august Lord Cornwallis and a troop of redcoats passed through Bergen and supped and spent a night under the low sloping roof of the old Sip Manor, waited on, no doubt, during their stay by the sweet-faced daughters of the house of Sip, for there are traditions in many Bergen Neck families that the marauding British soldiers when visiting farm-houses generally would not permit the black household slaves to wait upon them. Cornwallis probably had some difficulty in making his unwilling hosts understand him, for at the time of the Revolution few of the inhabitants of Bergen spoke English, and even as late as 1820 there were many who had not mastered the language. It is well they could not, for he is said to have been on the trail of General Washington, whom he did not succeed in capturing.

Life in the old Sip home in this last century, although primitive, could not have failed to be happy. The soil

was rich, crops were abundant, and there were many guilders, rix dollars, and double and single stivers in the secret drawer of the carved wood "kos," or chest, containing the most treasured of the family possessions. Skating parties by daylight, or at night when the moon was high, husking bees, and the playing of old Holland games were the winter-time amusements of the young people. Occasionally in the spring and summer months the young men would row their sweethearts across the river to New York to view the "Stadt Huys," the "Vlye Market," and the "Common," where the great ladies paraded in silk and satin gowns made by the skilful New York "mantua-makers" and wonderful to the eyes of the simple Dutch maiden, who spun and dyed her "linsey-woolsey" petticoats by the home fireside.

Very often, so quaint old records say, there were fights with the Paulus Hook ferry-keeper, who wished every one to patronize his flat-bottomed boat, called a "pirouge" or "periagua," and many a frail craft bearing its happy freight of young people, or some frugal vrouw taking her garden produce to sell to the tavern-keepers, was wished ill-luck on its perilous voyage.

The good huysvrouws' first accomplishments were their skill in cookery and the rearing of their families in the way they should go. The groetmoeders, like their groetmoeders in Holland, took great delight in their flower-gardens, and Bergen was a land of sweetness in the summer-time. The Dutch garden of the eighteenth century in Bergen differed very little from its sister across the river. They both had the same plots of flowers in the shape of stars, crescents, and circles,

bound by the shrub dear to the hearts of our ancestors, which an old writer has so aptly called "the gallant boxwood." The hausbloemen themselves were the same as those which grew in the neighboring English gardens. An old lady of Bergen, who used to work in her half-acre "sweet plot," sheltered by a great black silk calash to preserve her complexion from the bright sunlight of those mornings of yesterday, once compiled a list of the flowers which flourished in her mother's garden, and, besides the loved tulip, it contained ragged-robins, lady's-slippers, prince's-feather, Canterbury-bells, love-in-the-mist, sweet-phœbus, mourning-brides, and many other of the quaintly named flowers of "merrie England" once to be found in any old-fashioned garden.

The Sip garden was famous in the annals of old Bergen and contained all these beautiful and fragrant inmates, and many more besides. Governor Peter Stuyvesant is said to have admired its large variety of flowers when drinking spiced wine under the shade of of a willow within its borders. He was generally chary of his praise, and knew what a garden ought to be, as he kept many a score of negroes at work on his own fine gardens surrounding White Hall at the Battery and his manor on the Bouwerie.

Many of the trees surrounding the Sip homestead had interesting histories. General Lafayette, when visiting Colonel Varick and making a tour of Bergen, once planted two elm-trees close to the house, and these stood until a few years ago, when they were cut down, owing to the annoying pests of small bugs which frequented

them in the summer-time. The gnarled and aged willow under which Governor Stuyvesant sat was also destroyed when the site for the house close by was opened. It had a further history in the tale which has come down to us that Lord Cornwallis hanged three spies from its branches the morning he left Bergen after his stay with the Sip family.

In later years Judge Peter Sip, the grandfather of the present owner, Mr. Richard G. Sip, often entertained Mayor Golden, of New York, under its melancholy foliage at a friendly game of chess or cards.

One of the pleasantest customs of the Sip Manor and many of the homes of Bergen was the nightly gathering of the family to keep "schemeravard," or twilight. While the last light lingered in the sky, or perhaps by the glow of a bayberry candle, the old people and the young people would draw the black settle close to the fire and talk over the events of the day.

In the summer-time they met under the sloping roof of the "back stoop," covered with the trumpet-flower and honeysuckle vines. It was then each told of joys and sorrows, and asked advice for the morrow. As the light faded, groetvader and groetmoder grew reminiscent of the land of dykes and windmills beyond the sea.

We can picture them there that night after the scarlet line of Cornwallis's army had grown blurred and indistinct in the brown of the King's Highway. Are those tears in the eyes of Lysbet and Annetje as they whisper over the fate of the poor spies lying cold and stiff on pallets of dead leaves in the garden, and do they smile when they tell of the admiring looks the handsome

young redcoats gave them? We shall not know, for "schemeravard" is deepening, and the darkness will soon completely hide them.

When we look again they have vanished, for they are only the ghosts of memories of those once fair Bergen maidens who are "in den Hease outslopen," as the Bergenites used to say for those who sleep in God.

APPLE-TREE HOUSE

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS

WHERE LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON ATE UNDER THE SHADE OF AN APPLE-TREE

ABOUT a hundred yards away from the Sip Manor, and just off Bergen Square, on what is now known as Academy Street, is an imposing stone dwelling, covered with aged ivy vines. It used to be called, by the early residents of Bergen, Apple-tree House, owing to the fact that Generals Lafayette and Washington dined under the shade of a great old apple-tree in its orchard when planning the retreat through the Jerseys.

The house was then owned by Hartman Van Wagenen, a member of a prominent Bergen family, whose descendants retain it to-day. At the time of its erection, in the seventeenth century, it was one of the largest buildings in the village, and although slightly modernized in the first half of the nineteenth century, is still a fine specimen of an old Dutch homestead. General Washington often stopped in Bergen during the first year of the war. There is a tradition that he presented a lace handkerchief to a member of the Van Winkle family when

visiting the Stuyvesant tavern, at the foot of Glenwood Avenue. This time-kissed dwelling to-day, peering from behind aged vines and gnarled shrubs, seems to call out to the passers-by, "Look at me, I am the last tragic bit of the Bergen of true Dutchmen." The Tuers and Dey houses are also said to have been visited by him, as well as the famous "Three Pigeons Inn," which the brave Sergeant Champe rode past on his wild-goose chase after the deserter Benedict Arnold. But there is abundant proof that Washington did stop with Lafayette at the Apple-tree House, and there are many mute relics in existence, cut from the wood of the tree which sheltered them, that would tell us the story if they could.

Nothing is known to-day of the manner Van Wagenen entertained his distinguished guests. Presumably one of the dishes that his "black wenches" served them was the delicacy of oyster-crabs stewed in wine, a Bergen viand of which, according to an early resident of Paulus Hook, by the name of Granny Cutter, Washington was very fond. This quaint character, a market-gardener's daughter, who died many years ago, and is only dimly remembered by the oldest citizens, used to relate how, on the day of the Father of his Country's inauguration as first President of the United States, she spent the morning securing oyster-crabs, which were ordered for the great chief's dinner. Many other interesting tales she told, which are still repeated, of the time she sold her cock-a-nee-nee, or taffy sticks, under the hazlenut-trees which grew on the site of the City Hall of New York. The spot was then a gathering-place for dealers of all kinds. Peddlers of knick-nacks,

flower-women with stands of growing plants, and fruit-venders. Bananas were practically introduced to New Yorkers there, the fruit selling for one dollar a dozen.

The Van Wagenen apple-tree obtained quite a sentimental interest in the succeeding years. It was blown down and uprooted by the great gale of September 3, 1821, which did much damage to the farms throughout the State. People came from all over the surrounding country to obtain pieces of its wood, to be made into treasured souvenirs. Many trinkets were whittled out of its branches by the clever youths of Bergen, and numerous must have been the apple-tree presents exchanged at the following Kerstija, or Christmas-time.

In 1824, when General Lafayette had arrived in America and was the hero of the hour, several of the public-spirited citizens decided to present him with a cane cut from the wood of the famous apple-tree, when he passed through Bergen on his Jersey tour. He reached the junction of the five roads about noon-time of the twenty-third of September of that year, followed by his suite and a cavalcade of prominent New Jersey officials. His coach, drawn by six white horses, was the famous vehicle presented by General Washington to Mayor Varick, and his approach was the signal for the loud cheering of a large majority of the inhabitants of Bergen, who had assembled to welcome him and see their cane presented by good Dominie Cornelison, the pastor of the old Bergen church.

Wander back o'er the years with me and gaze on the forgotten company. The multitude of Dutch people in their primitive dress thronging the roadways and perched

on farm wagons and the roof and balcony of the Half-Way House, where the sign of the White Swan swung on its rusty hinges; the soldiers in their brilliant uniforms with brass buttons flashing when the sun finally burst through the dark clouds; stately Governor Williamson on his large bay horse; and then the grand old Lafayette, bowing right and left and gracefully acknowledging the salute of the humblest urchin there. Now Dominie Cornelison steps forward with the cane, which has been elegantly mounted with gold, and bears this inscription: "Shaded the hero and his friend Washington in 1779; presented by the corporation of Bergen in 1824," and a silence falls on the crowd as he begins the following address:

"General,—In behalf of my fellow-citizens I bid you a hearty and cordial welcome to the town of Bergen, a place through which you travelled during our Revolutionary struggles for liberty and independence. Associated with our illustrious Washington, your example inspired courage and patriotism in the heart of every true American. You, sir, left your abode of ease, affluence, and happiness, to endure the hardships and privations of the camp. To enumerate your martial deeds is at this time unnecessary, yet they awaken and call forth our warmest gratitude. As a tribute of esteem and veneration, permit me, sir, to ask the favor of your acceptance of this small token of respect, taken from an apple-tree under which you once dined and which once afforded you a shelter from the piercing rays of noonday; and although it possesses no healing virtue, may it still be a support. And may you, sir, after ending a life of usefulness and piety, be admitted into the regions of everlasting joy and felicity."

Draw nearer now, as the marquis is voicing his thanks in low and rather quavering tones, and all will want to remember hearing the great man speak, although a few

present are not very familiar with any but their own Holland tongue. Very soon all will be over, and in the words of some faithful reporter on the *Sentinel of Freedom*, "the cavalcade now resumes its march under the loud and hearty cheers of the inhabitants of the ancient village."

Over the dusty road with its many bridges it slowly creeps through meadow and bogland filled with autumnal flowers and foliage, on to Newark, where, filling the common, a vast concourse is assembled, and gayly dressed girls stand by a decorated floral bower, ready to sing these verses, composed for the occasion by a local poet:

"Welcome! Freedom's favorite son,
Welcome! friend of Washington;
For though his sun in glory's set,
His spirit welcomes Lafayette.

"Welcome! Friend in adverse hours,
Welcome! to fair Freedom's bower;
Thy deeds her sons will ne'er forget,
Ten millions welcome Lafayette."

On Lafayette's return from his Jersey tour he is said to have visited Apple-tree House, and from the many trees in old Dutch gardens credited to his planting, he must have spent at least a day with different admirers in Bergen.

RETIREMENT HALL

GREENVILLE

WHERE PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY, THE SON OF GEORGE III., IS SAID TO HAVE DINED

IN old Pamrapaugh, a scattered Dutch settlement frequently visited by hunting-parties from New York City during the eighteenth century, a Captain Thomas Brown, who had won some distinction in the French wars, built, in the year 1760, a large mansion, costing many thousand pounds, which was one of the finest dwellings in New Jersey.

Tradition says Captain Brown was the son of English parents residing in Bergen County. While still a young man he married Anna Van Buskirk, a great heiress, who inherited from her parents, Lawrence and Feytie Van Buskirk, a large portion of a tract of land situated at old Minarchquay (commonly called Pamrapaugh), now Greenville, about three miles south of Jersey City, extending from New York to Newark Bay. It was on the choicest portion of this land, some years after his wife's decease, that Captain Brown erected his great mansion, which, with its immense rooms, wide double galleries, and profusion of English and French furniture,

silver plate, and other luxuries, became quite noted, notwithstanding a rather isolated situation. Travellers of distinction journeying between New York and Philadelphia were generally entertained at its hospitable board, and in the spring and fall it was always the scene of extensive hospitality.

There is a halo of uncanny mystery around the career of Captain Brown, for he was one of the principal slave-dealers of the New World. Shipload upon shipload of human freight are known to have been confined in the underground cellar of Retirement Hall, and many of the old manacles and chains were in place in its walls until a few years ago. Search among the records of colonial slave-dealers reveals very little about him. The one bright spot in his life, looking at us from this sombre page of history, is the marriage of his only daughter and heiress, in October, 1772, to Andrew Gautier, a member of a prominent New York family.*

Oh, those picturesque early weddings of the long ago! In this instance the bridegroom was seventeen, and the bride a year younger. A quaint pair they must have made: the youthful bridegroom in his white velvet suit, embroidered with gold, and white silk stockings, then the costume generally worn by the bridegrooms of the gentry, and the timid and shrinking bride just escaped from the nursery and the care of her black mammy, in the stiff brocade gown with wide panniers, and the high head-dress of the period. If we look back over

* Andrew Gautier was then in his early teens, and had recently been a student at King's College.

that long vista of years we can perhaps obtain a glimpse of the wedding-company leaving Old St. Paul's, then New St. Paul's on Broadway, where the dust of Captain Brown is now resting in the vault of the Ten Eyck's. Many a good old Huguenot family, whose ancestors had walked the quaint and crooked streets of La Rochelle, was present, for the Gautiers had once been prominent members of L'Église du St. Esprit, the famous Huguenot Church on Pine Street, New York City. We can see members of the proud Le Roy family, whose descendants have held conspicuous social positions in New York for two centuries; the Freneaus, De Lanceys, Allaires, and Pintards, all so closely allied with ties of blood and friendship; the Vincents, Jays, Auboyneaus, Jouneaus, Neaus, Droilets, and many other ghostly figures bearing prominent names, which the dust of years have hidden, in that forgotten company. Ladies in wide silken beflowered gowns, and gentlemen in satin small clothes and beruffled coats, entering gilded or mahogany coaches for their ride to Whitehall, where Captain Brown's periaguas are in waiting to bear them across the bay to the feast prepared at Retirement Hall.

In the immense kitchen, separated from the house proper by a distance of several feet, another feast is said to have been prepared at a later date for the gay little midshipman who afterwards became William IV., then in New York under Admiral Digby.

Tradition says that it occurred one stormy evening. Several boats full of redcoats, one of them containing the young prince, having left the Black Horse or the

Rose and Crown,* the famous Tory resorts on Staten Island, were driven by a squall over towards the Communipaw shore, and made for the little wharf near Retirement Hall, where they demanded refreshment.

Prince William Henry, the third son of George III., was the hero of the hour among the British and Tories on his landing in New York in September, 1781. The arrival of a son of the sovereign gave them fresh hope of subduing the erring colonists. Fêtes and dances marked his arrival in the city, the fairest belles taught him to skate on the Collect pond, and a writer of the time has pictured him followed every step he took by Tory entertainers and Hessians singing high Dutch tunes and dancing rigadoons.

It is not known whether Captain Brown was at home to receive his unwelcome guests, but he must have groaned on hearing of the occurrence, for he was one of the few notable exceptions in Bergen County who had espoused the patriot side. Tales have been told that during the war many a fugitive from the British found shelter in his dark and mouldy slave cellars when hotly pursued, and that he frequently made contributions of money to the cause.

Several years before peace was proclaimed Captain Brown was stricken with paralysis, and had to be helped about by a body-servant. Out on his great wide galleries he spent much of his time watching for the white

* The Rose and Crown tavern, which stood at New Dorp, Staten Island, until the last decade, was for a time, in the summer of 1776, the head-quarters of no less a personage than General Howe. The Black Horse, which remains near by, sheltered his staff.

sails of the ships which never came, for his West Indian trade had been ruined by the hostilities with the mother-country. He died in 1782, as peace was returning to a devastated land. Five years later his little heiress, Mrs. Andrew Gautier, closed her eyes on the world that had beamed so benignly at her when she became a bride at sixteen. Retirement Hall was retained by members of the Gautier family until 1829, and then passed into other hands.* During the latter part of the past century it had rather an evil reputation, several of the families who had leases of it declaring that the figure of an old man always looking to sea constantly haunted its front galleries at midnight, and strange noises like groans and the clanking of chains often emanated from its cellars. Although modernized from time to time, it still retains much of its old-time aspect. It has been occupied for the past few years by the Greenville Yacht Club, but the owners, the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, are contemplating its removal.

* The Gautier family in New York City were descended from the Gautiers of Saint Blancard, in the Province of Lanquedoc, France.

THE PARSONAGE

NEWARK

WHERE ALL NEWARK SOUGHT COMFORT DURING THE DARK DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION

AT the corner of Broad and William Streets there formerly stood an old vine-covered building with massive walls and wide window-sills, which perhaps in its day was the best loved and most venerated residence in New Jersey. It is now but a fading memory to the oldest Newark residents, for it was destroyed in 1835, just one century after its erection. Few to-day remember the stories which cluster about it and form one of the most interesting portions of the history of the old borough.

Into its wide old hall, which echoed to the tread of hundreds of famous people before and during the Revolution, a sad-faced divine in black velvet elegance, leading by the hand a laughing girl in wedding finery, came one bright morning in the long ago, when it was a new dwelling and its history a blank page. They were the Rev. Aaron Burr * and his lady, as we read of them in

* President Burr, at the time of his marriage, was in his thirty-third year, and his bride had just reached nineteen. She was a New Eng-

old records, and to this new home had come on their honeymoon.

The Rev. Aaron Burr was at that time the president of the infant College of New Jersey. It had been recently removed to Newark from Elizabethtown. His young wife, Esther, fourteen years his junior, was the daughter of the noted Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who subsequently, like his distinguished son-in-law, became the head of New Jersey's seat of learning. Tradition asserts that the marriage created much excitement in the sparsely populated village of that day, and a faint echo of it has lived until the present century in a letter of one of the students of the college, who wrote home to his "mammy" that he could not tell "Mrs. Burr's qualities and properties, although he had heard she was a very valuable lady."

In one of the second-story rooms of the old house this "valuable lady" became the mother of the famous Aaron Burr, and the happy woman holding him as an infant could never have dreamed of his meteoric career in which misfortune and a degree of greatness were so strangely mingled. The Burrs lived in the Parsonage until the removal of the College of New Jersey to Princetown, in 1756, and its next occupant was David Brainard, a younger brother of the famous missionary Brainard. He seems to have tarried in Newark only a short while. After him came the Rev. Alexander

land beauty, and is said to have been singularly lovely in both mind and body. She died at the age of twenty-five, outliving her husband one year, and leaving two children, Sarah and Aaron, both born in Newark.

Macwhorter, a young merry-eyed Scotchman, once a student in the college, and then fresh from the tutelage of the Rev. William Tennent,* the Monmouth divine who had become famous through his death-trance and journey to heaven, which he vowed had occurred when ill in New Brunswick. During the first years of Macwhorter's pastorate, Newark and the adjoining Elizabethtown, from their nearness to New York City and the Staten Island shore, were the common grounds for foraging parties of both armies. The minister in those thrilling times was a much more important personage in the New Jersey communities than nowadays. As newspapers were scarce, and many of his parishioners had not enjoyed the advantages of the simple course of education then in vogue, he was generally looked to for news of the army. From his high pulpit on Sabbath mornings he cautioned and counselled about worldly as well as spiritual matters, and during the week his house was generally overrun with his flock, ofttimes seeking advice on the most trivial of every-day affairs; in fact, he was the good and benign ruler of the neighborhood.

Many were the timorous ones who hastened to the Parsonage to be under the sheltering wing of Dominie Macwhorter's family when it was noised abroad that the British were approaching. Under their protection they felt as secure as they would have been behind the portals

* While completing his studies at Freehold, under the guidance of the Rev. William Tennent, Alexander Macwhorter met his fate in the person of Mary Cumming, a daughter of a poor but highly respectable merchant of that town.

of a secret closet, and there was a famous one in Newark in the old Wheeler Mansion, a portion of which is still standing on Mulberry Street. The dominie was seldom at home, for he was a chaplain in the army, and assisted at the council of war which decided on the memorable crossing of the Delaware.

As early as 1775 he visited a district in North Carolina to win over the people in that part of the South unfriendly to the Revolution, and so persuasive was his eloquence that he made many converts.

Newark, in the Revolutionary period, had few houses and inhabitants, yet it was already known as a beautiful and luxuriant country. In a letter written by Colonel Israel Shreve, a young officer then at Wyoming, to Miss Mima Baldwin, a daughter of one of its prominent families, he speaks of it as "a very pleasant and agreeable village, where they truly enjoy the innocent pleasures of true friends, whose company are more near and dear than all other." Another interesting epistle which has come down to us from a private, Caleb Miller, who wrote to his mother from Chatham, tells of a longing to hear the Newark church-bells, which, he says, "have a sweeter tone than any he has heard hereabouts," and hopes the day will soon come when "he can feel the green covering of his native village." We cannot help wishing that this young man of a religious and somewhat sentimental turn of mind had left us some description of the true Dominie Macwhorter and the Parsonage he knew.

During the first part of the war Macwhorter was for a short time the chaplain of General Knox's army at

White Plains. The jovial and good-natured Mrs. Knox, always becoming so devotedly attached to every one she admitted to her friendship, longed for his council and sympathy at a later period when at Pluckamin. It was there she lost her young daughter, Julia,* whom the elders of the Dutch Church refused a sepulture in their church-yard, considering the fact of the Knoxs being members of the Congregational Church of New England sufficient to warrant their un-Christian-like action.

General Knox and many other famous commanders passed nights at the Parsonage when in the vicinity of Newark, and in the low dining-room, where Mrs. Burr used to listen to the laughter of the young Aaron, at a later date, General Washington and Governor Livingston, the "Don Quixote of the Jerseys," met to talk over affairs of state.

From what can be learned of the Rev. Alexander Macwhorter's life during the war, his fortunes were at a pretty low ebb, but he obtained his reward after peace was proclaimed, and the great building which his parishioners erected for him on the "home lott" of Robert Treat, the chief founder of Newark, was one of the largest and most beautiful churches in New Jersey. A recent writer says of it:

* The grave of Julia Knox is about twenty-five feet west of the Reformed Dutch Church in Pluckamin. A tombstone is still to be seen bearing the following almost illegible inscription: "Under this stone are deposited the Remains of Julia Knox, an infant who died the second of July, 1779. She was the second daughter of Henry and Lucy Knox, of Boston, in New England."

"It stands to-day a noble evidence of the Christian zeal of the good men and women who, nearly a century ago, built it; and it is a grand and appropriately situated monument to the memory of those most worthy and estimable persons who rocked the community in its cradle."*

The good dominie lovingly watched it every day during its erection, and even selected the trees in the Newark woodland to be felled and used for the interior. After it was permanently opened for public worship in January, 1791, never was a parson so busy joining hands in marriage as this brave divine in the succeeding months of spring; and it has been written that he never could leave his home of an evening so many were the happy young couples who rode from distant farms on horseback to have him marry them. To give a list of the people united in the Parsonage afterwards becoming distinguished, one would need to recite a good portion of New Jersey's history. As the famous historian Mrs. Lamb once wrote of it, "In no other house in New Jersey were so many people made happy or miserable."

* The Rev. Dr. Macwhorter's description of his church when first completed has come down to us. He said of it: "Its dimensions are one hundred feet in length, including the steeple, which projects eight feet. The steeple is two hundred and four feet high. Two tiers of windows, five in a tier, are on each side; an elegant large Venetian window is in the rear behind the pulpit, and the whole is furnished in the inside in the most handsome manner in the Doric order."

FRENCHMEN'S PLACE

NEWARK

WHERE THE GREAT STATESMAN TALLEYRAND ENJOYED THE DELIGHTS OF JERSEY'S GARDEN-SPOT

ALMOST across the way from the Parsonage was a long, two-storied dwelling, shaded by several old trees, of which very little has been written, although for about six months it was the home of no less a personage than his Princely Highness the Bishop of Autun, better known in America as Monsieur de Talleyrand.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, destined to become one of the world's most renowned diplomatists, was at the time a member of the large fraternity of France's expatriates living in America. In February of the year 1794, the passage of the Alien Bill forcing him to leave England, he sailed for New York City, where he engaged in a mercantile business for a short period. John Barker Church, Alexander Hamilton's brother-in-law, then a prominent figure in the London social world, furnished him with the money to reach our shores and keep him while here. At Down House, on the Thames near Windsor, and at the Churchs' London residence in

historic Sackville Street he had been a welcome guest, and was something of a lion at the card-parties given by the fashionable Mrs. Church. It is related of him that he enjoyed sitting at a table where his slight deformity of a club-foot could not be noticed, and on such occasions his wit and repartee were always more brilliant.

Talleyrand won the regard of the hospitable Churches, and when he left London the following letter, written by Mrs. Church, introducing him to her friends Mr. and Mrs. Breck of Philadelphia, reposed in his portmanteau:

"London, Feb. 4, 1794.

"An abscence of ten years has not impaired the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Breck's civilities nor the hospitality with which they received me when a stranger at Boston, knowing them to be what I describe I request that Mess. de Tallyrand and de Beaumer may be of the number of those admitted to the pleasure of their acquaintance. Europe has seldom parted with persons of more information, and who go more inclined to appreciate the merits and manners of your countrymen. I am, therefore, anxious that they should have admittance to your family. These gentlemen intend to reside in America till France is at peace, when they may be restored to that eminence from which the unfortunate events in that country have deprived them. They were members of the constituent assembly; the advocates of Moderate Liberty, and friends of our suffering friend, Lafayette.

"Will you excuse my taking this liberty, but I really so well know the goodness of your heart that I fear an apology would displease you. Mr. Church unites in compliments with me. Your old friend and acquaintance.

"Angelica Church.

"Pray recall me to Mrs. Breck's remembrance. I wish I could be useful to her here and that she would command me."

After giving up his business in New York City he proceeded to the capital, then the genial City of Brotherly Love, ever kind to foreigners, and established himself in Oellers's famous tavern on Chestnut Street, where he made himself known to the leading citizens, who lost no time in their haste to entertain so great a celebrity.

William Cobbett wrote of him at that time as being on intimate terms with Thomas Jefferson, the head of the French faction, and all the Frenchmen in the city. He became somewhat of a meddler in our national affairs, and his liking for political controversy brought him only the poor reward of ostracization from the government circles. In the fall of that year he arrived in Newark, where he was destined to remain for some time. Who knows but that the peaceful town, bright with summer garniture, may have brought to the mind of the ci-devant bishop pictures of early days at St. Sulpice, or Rheims, and so lured him to stay awhile.

The house which he there occupied was near the southeast corner of Broad and Fair Streets, and subsequently became known as the David Alling house, where fine furniture was made, especially that "beautiful sofa and most elegant sideboard of an entirely new pattern," designed for Lafayette's rooms in the home of Judge Elisha Boudinot on the occasion of the old Revolutionary general's farewell visit to Newark.

In the thirties, according to a local paper, it was a two-story-and-a-half brick structure, surrounded by a garden which extended to a small Revolutionary shanty on the corner, and a portion of it remained standing until quite recently. During the period Monsieur de

Talleyrand spent there it was kept by a French *émigré*, whose name is lost to posterity. All that is known of him being the fact that he boarded several of his exiled countrymen and that his house was designated by the townspeople as Frenchmen's Place.

Newark in 1794, from the accounts which have come down to us, was a very different place from the little village of Revolutionary days, with its few primitive and scattered dwellings. It was the chief market centre of the State, and was rapidly becoming noted for the number of wealthy and cultured families drawn there by a charmingly rural situation, coupled with many of the advantages of large towns and cities. Travellers who passed through it and recorded their experiences in diaries dwelt with rapture on its wide roads, its orchards and gardens, and, above all, the advanced state of its society.

Among the families then most prominent were the Burnets, Ogdens, Plumes, Boudinots, Morrises, Lawrences, Ten Broecks, Brownes, Bruens, Huntingtons, Coes, and Johnsons. Captain Porter, the father of Admiral Porter, spent a summer about this time with the Gouverneur family at their homestead on the Passaic, and becoming so enamoured with the village, came there for several succeeding summers, braving the fat mosquitoes, which Washington Irving wrote of so wittily,*

* In "Memorandums for a Tour to be entitled 'The Stranger in New Jersey, or Cockney Travelling,'" included in the "Salmagundi Papers," Newark is mentioned as follows:

"Newark—noted for its fine breed of fat mosquitoes—sting through the thickest boots—Archy Gifford and his man Caliban—jolly fat fellows—a knowing traveller always judges everything by the innkeepers and

and later, Peter I. Van Berckel, Minister Plenipotentiary from the states of Holland, became one of its inhabitants. There were several distinguished English residents, notably a youth visiting the Farren family, who is said to have been a near relative of the famous actress of that name, and Colonel Hawke, a descendant of Admiral Hawke. Francis Rabineau, a miniature-painter of some note, also resided there. Fox-hunts and dances were the principal amusements of the gentry; and we must not forget theatricals, for several times the boys of the Academy, assisted by the young ladies of the town, essayed the *rôles* of Mrs. Ichabod's comedies, which in the latter years of the eighteenth century won so much applause at the old Greenwich Street Theatre in New York City.

One quaint custom, often bringing provincial France to the mind of Talleyrand and his fellow-boarders at Frenchmen's Place, was the keeping of a town shepherd, who could be seen almost any day with his many flocks of sheep and guardian dogs in Orange Grove, Lover's Walk, or on the common in the heart of the village.

History has left us no record of what the brilliant grand seigneur thought of the fox-hunting Newarkers, but he must have been as well received there as in Philadelphia, for George Washington wrote to the Marquis

waiters—set down Newark people all fat as butter—learned dissertation on Archy Gifford's green coat, with philosophical reasons why the Newarkites wear red worsted nightcaps, and turn their noses to the south when the wind blows—Newark Academy full of windows—sunshine excellent to make little boys grow."

of Lansdowne, in the latter part of August of that year, "I hear that the general reception he has met with is such to compensate him, as far as the state of our society will permit, for what he has abandoned on quitting Europe." No doubt the dowagers and maids of Newark of that time were glad of Monsieur de Talleyrand's presence among them, for then, as now, a title carried a certain amount of lustre, and many a fair Jersey daughter could have sung with the country girl in a comic song of the time, called "The Marquis Ragadouz,"—

> "Oh, mind your p's and mind your q's,
> Here comes the Marquis Ragadouz.
> Of all the dandies whom I know,
> I much prefer him for a beau."

But whatever heart Monsieur de Talleyrand possessed was safe in France, and while the Newark citizens were paying court to him his mind was no doubt dreaming and planning the future coups of statesmanship which made him so famous in after years as the chief adviser of many a *régime*.

While in Newark Monsieur de Talleyrand most likely prosecuted those studies of American institutions and commerce which resulted in his widely read essay, "Une Mémoire sur les Relations Commerciales des États Unis Vers, 1797," published in France when he was one of the shining lights of Madame de Staël's famous salon. It is said he invested some of his meagre wealth in a commercial enterprise when in America, by taking shares in a trading vessel's cargo going to the West Indies. It is to be hoped that the vessel was not the "Black Prince,"

fitted out by a Mr. Camp, a merchant of Newark, which sailed away about this time with so many Jersey fortunes to be swallowed up by the treacherous sea.

Before Monsieur de Talleyrand bade good-by to Jersey's garden-spot, it is traditionally asserted that the picturesque dreamer and explorer François Auguste, Viscount de Châteaubriand, came over from Philadelphia to see him, but it seems doubtful that a man of Talleyrand's crafty nature, of whom Napoleon once said that "he treated his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends, and his friends as if they were to become his enemies," could have been pleasing enough to the young and poetical Châteaubriand, to draw him from the fascinating Quaker City.

It is said that Monsieur de Talleyrand taught a French school during his stay in Newark; but this does not seem to agree with the fact that he and his friends at the Frenchmen's Place kept a stable of horses, and, according to a Newark Frenchman known to the last generation, that Talleyrand wore a diamond in his shirt-front as large as a pea. At any rate, he was a fascinating figure in the city's early history, when Broad Street was truly the garden-spot of New Jersey.

THE DECATUR HOUSE

NEWARK

WHERE COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR CAME TO TAKE PART IN THE NEWARK FOX-HUNTS

HE grand old mansion facing Military Park, recently acquired by the Essex Club from the estate of the Peters family, was erected in the early part of the last century, and was once the home of John Decatur, brother of the famous Commodore Stephen Decatur. There the hero of Tripoli, when on leaves of absence, several times came to enjoy old-time Newark hospitality and share in the delights of the chase.

Newark, with its miles of gently undulating farmlands along the Passaic, which trade and modern enterprise had not then desecrated, was an ideal fox-hunting country for long over half a century after the Revolution, and the sport was indulged in to a greater extent in this vicinity than anywhere else in New Jersey. Many of the prominent families kept their own coursers. Young ladies took delight in their hard-won trophies, and from the frequency those one-time favorites, "The Jockey Club, or a Sketch of the Manners of the Age," and "The Female Jockey Club," were advertised in

early newspapers, they must have found their way into every pretentious library.

The Gifford tavern, with its gaudy sign-board of hunters and hounds hanging over the northeast corner of the present Broad and Market Streets, was a great rendezvous for the sporting element of the town. There many Southerners, especially from Virginia, came up to spend a month or two, bringing their families, and Archy Gifford,* the jolly landlord, was as well known in Westmoreland and Fairfax Counties as many a greater man of his generation. By the wide fireplace in the table-room, over mint juleps, mugs of brister beer, or bowls of hot toddy, many of the large meets were talked over and arranged, and it is safe to say that John Decatur always led in the discussions, as he was one of Newark's greatest devotees of the sport. In the assembly-room the hunt balls were held. These affairs must have rivalled the famous assemblies of Philadelphia, which met in the Pantheon room of Oellers's tavern. The latter were so strictly conducted that no stranger was admitted without a ticket signed by one of the managers, and no gentlemen allowed to enter in "boots, colored stockings, or undress." A Pemberton Ramsey, of Eliza-

* Archer Gifford is said to have been a near relative of the Gifford who was host of the College Inn at Princetown, which flourished in the beginning of the past century. That forgotten landlord was a noted wag in his day, and also a poetical dabbler. His advertisements in old papers are always in verse, and his quaint sign-board which used to hang outside of his tavern, and was in existence until a few years ago, bore the following amusing inscription :

"Kind traveller, come rest your shins—
At this the peer of college inns."

bethtown, wrote to a friend in New York of his having attended one of the Newark assemblies a week before the death of "the Immortal Washington." He found "a fine company present," and one lady by the name of Runyon—who, shades of scandal! was said to be the daughter of a tailor—"wore a shocking low-cut but fashionable bodice." There, also, in the afternoons, I. Mitchell, the town dancing-master, gave instruction in the terpsichorean art. Dancing was more difficult in those days of intricate fancy steps than at present. In an old early eighteenth century copy of Wood's *Newark Gazette and New Jersey Advertiser* (which was the first paper printed in Newark with the exception of Hugh Gaine's one issue of his *Gazette*, published on September 28, 1776, when he was in hiding from the British of New York) there appears this quaint advertisement:

"DANCING.

"The subscriber returns his unfeigned thanks to his former employers, and friends in general, for favors and encouragements already received, and informs them that he will open his class on Monday the 9th of May next in Gifford's Assembly Room, where he will as formerly teach Dancing serious and comic—

"Such ladies and gentlemen, as wish to employ him for their improvement in the polite and fashionable accomplishment of song singing, will be waited upon at their own lodgings.

"I. MITCHELL."

One cannot help wishing that he could have obtained a peep at one of the classes in "serious and comic dancing," for no doubt the ladies in their tight frocks, and the gentlemen in their equally tight breeches, looked

as grotesque as the figures in the ludicrous prints called "Waltzing," sold in great numbers at the time the "Salmagundi Papers" were mildly terrorizing North River society.

In the summer and fall-time large house-parties used to be held at the Decatur mansion, the guests coming from all over the country by stage-coach, or in great private vehicles. The drivers, footmen, and postilions in their gayly colored liveries must have been a sight well worth gazing on. A servant who ran away from his master in the nearby small city of Jersey, in 1820, and was advertised for in Newark, wore what would now be considered a comic opera attire of blue roundabout jacket, blue pantaloons, pink striped vest, yellow short trousers, and a pair of Wellington boots.

Although Commodore Decatur was more noted as a hero than as a huntsman, his brother John was reputed to be the finest mount in Sussex County, and many anecdotes were related in his day of his prowess in the hunting-field. One of these, regarding a run with a Mr. Williamson, I have taken from some anonymous reminiscences in an old daily paper, to show the keen interest in fox-hunting at that time:

"Upon the occasion of a fox-chase which terminated on the farm of the late Henry L. Parkhurst, of Elizabethtown, both arriving at the death, Decatur, instead of undertaking to decapitate Reynard at the nether end with a knife, with the aid of a good set of teeth detached the brush, much to the disappointment of his friend Williamson, obtaining the brush or tail of Reynard, which is considered the highest point of honor with sportsmen."

We cannot help looking back at the gay meets at Newark in which the Cortlandts, Schuylers, Rutherfords, Jays, Porters, Kimballs, Kearneys, Roosevelts, Patersons, of the surrounding summer colonies, and so many of the residents and members of the French coteries of Elizabethtown took part, without something of a spirit of exhilaration if we dwell long on the picture. The crowd of ladies and gentlemen on mettlesome horses, starting from the pump by the Gifford tavern on a mild canter, and then dashing off at full gallop over High Street westward through field and woodland, past the old Ogden place, rising out of leafy elms and spiked poplars like some nobleman's seat with its terraced grounds, on whose balustrades proud peacocks strutted.

Yoicks! yoicks! we hear them call, and then comes the echo of a horn, almost flute-like in the distance. The whipper-in cracks his whip, the dogs are in full cry, the horses are headed in another direction, and the whole of the scarlet-coated company gallops off into the sunlit distance.

There is a tradition that the wide hall of the Decatur House held the brushes of two hundred foxes; and it may be true, as the halls of all the great houses of Newark always contained the sporting trophies of the different members of the family. On the lawn were several cannon-balls given to his brother as presents by Commodore Stephen Decatur. They remained as garden embellishments during the ownership of the house by the well-known Condit family.

PETERSBOROUGH

NEWARK

WHERE COLONEL PETER SCHUYLER, A HERO OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, RIVALLED IN HIS MODE OF LIVING THE SCHUYLERS OF ALBANY

HE Passaic River, sometimes called the Avon of New Jersey, formerly held many old homesteads on its banks, interesting in their histories. A few of them, sombre and melancholy tragedies in rotting timber and weather-stained brick, still repose above its once silvery waters, now polluted by refuse from the great factories of Newark and Paterson, but most of them are remodelled or are destroyed and forgotten.

One among the former, whose original grandeur is still a memory, is fair Petersborough, the home of Colonel Peter Schuyler. It was erected about 1735, of bricks imported from Holland, and in its day was the finest of all the residences facing the Passaic.

Colonel Peter Schuyler was famed in the Canadian campaigns against the French and was a son of Arent Schuyler, the first owner of the Schuyler plantation in New Jersey. He was also a nephew of Peter Schuyler, mayor of Albany, who, when in England, became a

favorite at the court of good Queen Anne. It is recorded that he so ingratiated himself in the royal lady's favor that she offered to knight him, and presented him with a velvet-lined trunk of plate and some diamond ornaments. The title he refused, quaintly expressing himself that it might make his ladies vain, but the plate and diamonds he accepted, and portions of the gift are still in the possession of his descendants.

In Arent Schuyler's time the famous Schuyler copper-mines were discovered. An old slave, who was ploughing not far from the first homestead, which is still standing in a modernized condition, turned up a heavy green stone, and, wondering at its oddity, took it to his master. Schuyler sent it to New York for analyzation, and it was found to contain a large percentage of copper. This find opened up a great source of wealth to the family. Like the good fairy in the tale, Schuyler told his slave to wish for three things which were possible, and he would procure them for him. The poor old negro asked, first, that he might always live with his master; secondly, that he might have all the tobacco he could smoke; and thirdly, that he might have a gaudy banyan or dressing-gown like his master's. "Oh, ask for something of value," Schuyler said to him, so the story goes; and the black man, after hesitating a few minutes, replied, "Well, give me a little more tobacco."

John Schuyler, Peter's brother, inherited the Schuyler homestead and copper-mines at New Barbadoes Neck.*

* The first steam-engine west of the Hudson River was erected here. It was a Newcommen engine, and, according to Dr. Franklin, cost one thousand pounds. It was in use in 1755, and destroyed at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

He had machinery brought from England to facilitate operations, and shipped great quantities of ore to Bristol, to be made into copper pans and kettles. Most likely many of them found their way again to the Colonies and were used by the good housewives of New Jersey.

There are traditions that the Schuyler brothers were often called by the neighboring residents, the "Schuyler Kings." From the luxury with which they were surrounded, and their elegant style of living, they rivalled their famous Albany cousins, and even their sovereign, George II., who was more frugal in expenditure than many a rich commoner of his reign.

Petersborough proper, like noblemen's seats of the period, was surrounded by many smaller buildings, including, so an old description says, "An overseer's house, coach-house, boat-house, greenhouse, ice-house, stables, barns, negro quarters, and summer-houses." The large park was stocked with deer and rare varieties of game, and the gardens were filled with shrubs and trees imported from England.

Elegant furniture and articles of virtue graced the interior of Petersborough. But few known pieces remain to testify to its departed grandeur. In the rooms of the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark, there is a most curious and interesting portrait of Colonel Peter Schuyler, painted very much in the early manner of Benjamin West, and dubbed "the Portrait with the Spectre." Standing directly in front of it one sees a grand and noble-looking man in the uniform of the "Jersey Blues," with a face that is calm and benign. Viewing it at an angle, this face is entirely obliterated

and in its place is a youth's face, lean and ferret-like, of a gray hue, which matches his wig and piercing eyes. There is something very unreal and ghostly about it, so much so that even the librarian, who has it for a constant companion, declares that nothing would induce her to remain in the room alone with it after dusk.

It has been said that Colonel Peter Schuyler once lived at Elizabethtown ; and this may be true, as he owned the large residence there which had formerly belonged to Governor Philip Carteret. This mansion was sold to him, or his father,—historians differ on the point,—by Colonel Richard Townley, who married Elizabeth Carteret after the death of the governor. Peter Schuyler converted it into a tavern, and as " The Ship" it became a noted gathering-place for the aristocrats of the beautiful town named after the lovely wife of Sir George Carteret, of whom the indefatigable gossiper, Samuel Pepys, wrote in his diary as a most virtuous lady.

Great entertainments took place at Petersborough in its early days, but none could have been more interesting than the welcome-home fête which occurred there when the aged hero returned from Quebec, in 1757, a prisoner of war on parole. His brave qualities and his goodness to the men under his command in the disastrous northern campaign were lauded to the skies, and wherever he went in the months following he was greeted with plaudits as flattering as those lines presented to him by a young lady of Princetown :

> " Welcome, Schuyler, every shepherd sings,
> See, for thy brows, the laurel is prepared."

Colonel Peter Schuyler had one child, a daughter, who married Archibald Kennedy, Earl of Casselis and a gentleman of great wealth. He was the owner of the estate known as "the Duke's Farm," at Ahasimus, and a fine mansion on Broadway, New York City. After Schuyler's death, in 1762, Petersborough came into his possession, and became widely known in Revolutionary times as Kennedy's farm.

Archibald Kennedy was very intimate with the Kearney family, who lived at the old Kearney manor house close by. This aged homestead is now owned by a descendant of the Kearney family, Mrs. Susan Grand d'Hauteville, of the Chateau d'Hauteville, par Veley, France, who has carefully preserved its interior and exterior as she knew it in her youth. He is also said to have been an intimate friend of John Rutherford, who built the recently destroyed Egerston Manor at Boiling Springs, now Rutherford, one of the greatest seats of hospitality in New Jersey.*

After the war, Kennedy's farm was cut up and sold off in small portions, and to-day the beauty of the spot where Colonel Peter Schuyler rivalled the Schuylers of Albany in his elegant mode of living has entirely disappeared.

* Egerston Manor, of Rutherford, New Jersey, was named after a family seat of the Rutherfords, in Scotland. It was much frequented by Chief Justice John Jay when in search of relaxation from his judicial labors.

COCKLOFT HALL

NEWARK

WHERE GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE ENTERTAINED THE FAMOUS "SALMAGUNDI SET"

NOT far from Petersborough there stood until about 1850 a venerable mansion, beloved by the reading world as Cockloft Hall. There Christopher Cockloft, Aunt Charity, and the whole of the interesting Cockloft family were created by Irving and his friends in the early days of the last century.

The walls are all that remain of the old dwelling, and they are embedded in a comparatively modern building, bearing little resemblance to the historic "country box," called Mount Pleasant, willed by a member of the Gouverneur family to Gouverneur Kemble, the intimate of Washington Irving and host of the famous "Salmagundi Set."

Old Cockloft Hall, so charmingly described in the "Salmagundi Papers," was erected previous to the year 1750, by Nicholas Gouverneur, a gentleman prominent in New York and New Jersey, and George Washington is said to have stopped there when in the vicinity during the Revolution. It was a two-storied structure of im-

mense width, surrounded by terraced lawns sloping to the river. Nicholas Gouverneur * had accumulated wealth in a mercantile business, and was a man of exceptional taste, from the tales of the ornature of his home. Some of his account-books are in possession of the Whiting family, who now occupy the Hall. He was very fond of the feathered tribe. Over the front door, facing the river, there was a large glass aviary containing several scores of the then rare canary birds. The great entrance hall itself was papered with the rich and beautiful tropical bird paper still to be seen in a few old houses here and abroad.

In the Chinese drawing-room, or in the summer-house, whose three windows looked inland, that the proprietor, as Irving says, "may have all the views of his own land and be beholden to no man for a prospect," many of those laughable papers on "North River Society," were planned and written. When they appeared they delighted and terrorized the society of the young metropolis. The contributors to the "good natured villany," were James Kirke Paulding, under the name of Langstaff, and Washington and William Irving, who figured in its pages as Anthony Evergreen and William Wizard respectively. These wits were helped in their work by the criticisms of the other members of the ancient club of Gotham, which included the owner of Cockloft Hall, dubbed the Patroon, Henry Brevoort, Jr., and oftentimes other of Irving's friends.

We can imagine how glad this group of young literati

* Nicholas Gouverneur was a grandson of the Abraham Gouverneur who married the daughter of Governor Jacob Leslie, of New York.

were to leave their offices in dingy New York buildings on Saturday afternoons in the summer-time and seek Kemble's peaceful retreat on the Passaic. The interesting Paulding, who in his later career became Secretary of the Navy, must have been thinking of his many happy journeys there when he wrote the introduction to his little squib called "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," for the following lines bring a picture of them very vividly before us:

"Now crossed they noble Hudson's tide,
In steamboat, young Columbia's pride,
And meet it is the poet say
They paid no ferriage by the way.
Through Jersey City straight they wend,
And Bergen hill-tops slow ascend,
Whence he who is possessed of eyes
A gallant prospect often spies.
Far off the noiseless ocean rolled,
A pure expanse of burnished gold,
And nearer spread a various view
Of objects beautiful and new;
Fair Hackensack, Passaic smooth,
Whose gentle murmurs sweetly soothe;
And Newark Bay, and Arthur's Sound;
And many an island spread around
Like fat green turtles fast asleep
O'er the still surface of the deep.
And Gotham might you see, whose spires
Shone in the sun like meteor fires.
The vessels lay all side by side,
And spread a leafless forest wide;
And now and then the Yo heave O!
Borne on the breeze, all sad and slow,
Seemed like the requiem of trade,
Low in its grave forever laid."

Oh, those pleasant journeys of the long ago! We can hear the gay voices of the merry party on the coach-top. How they must have enjoyed the flora and fauna of the wide sweep of country beyond Bergen Hill. The Swartwout brothers,* a few years later, spent a vast fortune improving these marshlands in hopes of making it a great home market garden for New York! Did the fair Matilda Hoffman,† whom Irving loved so devotedly at this time, and whose untimely death doomed him to walk life's pathway alone, ever sit beside him? There is no one alive who can truly answer us now. The road to Newark at that time was called by many waggish travellers the "road to Venice," there were so many bridges to cross and mires and pools to sink into. When the mud-bespattered road finally landed them at the Hall, they indulged in "madcap pranks" and "juvenile orgies" for the rest of the afternoon. Irving's nephew and biographer, Mr. Pierre M. Irving, tells us

* John and Samuel Swartwout purchased over four thousand acres of marshland back of Bergen Hill in 1815. In three years they spent about three hundred thousand dollars in fighting the tides and improving the land for an enormous vegetable garden. The venture was anything but a success, and proved the financial ruin of the two brothers, who were prominent in early New York.

† Matilda Hoffman was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer of New York, under whose guidance Washington Irving read law, and in whose family he was very intimate. "Fair Matilda," for whom Irving formed such a serious attachment, was noted for her ethereal beauty, her sweet nature, and cultured mind. Her death, which occurred in his young manhood, wrecked his whole life, but did not dry up the sweet springs of his nature, and, as one writer has said, failed to harm his generous and beautiful soul.

that at the age of sixty-six Washington Irving exclaimed to Gouverneur Kemble, in alluding to their scenes of past jollity, "That we should have ever lived to be two such respectable old gentlemen!"

However interesting Irving and his friends may be to us, we can only associate them with Cockloft Hall through the fact that they peopled it with so many odd and entertaining characters. Who wants to think that his Pindar Cockloft, spending his life in writing epigrams and elegies, and then hiding them in his chests and chair bottoms, did not exist, and that old Aunt Charity, who died in "antiquated virginity" from an attack of the fidgets over a pension Française which she could not investigate and get to the bottom of, never rustled through Cockloft parlors and distributed her "yerb" teas from "famous wormwood down to gentle balm"?

In many of the "Salmagundi Papers" there are descriptions of the aged abode of the Cockloft family, and from what is known of the old dwelling, "which groaned whenever the wind blew," they could not have been entirely the work of a brilliant imagination. We are told that Cousin Christopher had a great propensity to save everything that bore the stamp of family antiquity, and from the vast quantity of old furniture in the house when Irving and his friends visited it, some one in the departed Gouverneur family was very much like him in that respect.

Old Cæsar, the faithful servant, who ruled his crochety master, most likely had a prototype, and it is known that the Gouverneur stable held a great chariot, almost the

duplicate of the one owned by the Cocklofts, "made in the last French war, and drawn by old horses indubitably foaled in Noah's ark!"

As the "Salmagundi Papers" made the place famous, it is no more than fair to Launcelot Langstaff to close this chapter with a few of his own descriptions of the once famous spot. He says,—

"The mansion appears to have been consecrated to the jolly god, and teems with monuments sacred to conviviality. Every chest of drawers, clothes-press, and cabinet is decorated with enormous china punch-bowls, which Mrs. Cockloft has paraded with much ostentation, particularly in her favorite red damask bedchamber, in which a projector might, with great satisfaction, practise his experiments on fleets, diving-bells, and submarine boats.

"My allotted chamber in the Hall is the same that was occupied in days of yore by my honored uncle John. The room exhibits many memorials which recall to my remembrance the solid excellence and amiable eccentricities of that gallant old lad. Over the mantel-piece hangs the portrait of a young lady dressed in a flaring, long-waisted, blue silk gown; beflowered and befurbelowed and becuffed in a most abundant manner; she holds in one hand a book, which she very complaisantly neglects, to turn and smile on the spectator; in the other a flower, which I hope, for the honor of Dame Nature, was the sole production of the painter's imagination; and a little behind her is something tied to a blue riband; but whether a little dog, a monkey, or a pigeon must be left to the judgment of future commentators.—This little damsel, tradition says, was my uncle John's third flame; and he would have infallibly run away with her could he have persuaded her into the measure; but at that time ladies were not so easily run away with as Columbine; and my uncle, failing in the point, took a lucky thought, and with great gallantry ran off with her picture, which he conveyed in triumph to Cockloft Hall and hung it in his bedchamber as a monument of his enterprising spirit."

Writing of his cousin Christopher's famous cherry-tree, which stood until a few years ago, he says,—

"Another object of his peculiar affection is an old English cherry-tree, which leans against a corner of the Hall; and whether the house supports it, or it supports the house, would be, I believe, a question of some difficulty to decide. It is held sacred by friend Christopher because he planted and reared it himself, and had once well-nigh broken his neck by a fall from one of its branches. This is one of his favorite stories, and there is reason to believe that if the tree was out of the way, the old gentleman would forget the whole of the affair—which would be a great pity. . . .

"He often contemplates it in a half-melancholy, half-moralizing humor. 'Together,' he says, 'have we flourished, and together shall we wither away; a few years, and both our heads will be laid low, and perhaps my mouldering bones may one day or other mingle with the dust of the tree I have planted.'"

Poor old gentleman! little did his chronicler dream that it would outlive his own unwhitened hair, and shade for many years a new Cockloft Hall, a child of the beautiful retreat of the Salmagundi set.

LIBERTY HALL

ELIZABETH

WHERE SUSANNAH LIVINGSTON SAVED THE GOVERNOR'S STATE PAPERS BY ACTING FOR THE BRITISH

FOLLOWING the Newark Road to Old Elizabethtown, and swerving off into Livingston Lane until the Morris turnpike road is reached, there are few houses of any pretentions until one comes to the well-preserved mansion and estate of William Livingston, a New York lawyer, who became New Jersey's famous Revolutionary governor.

The hundreds of trees this worthy imported from France and England and planted with his own hands are now grown to mammoth giants. In his own time he would sit on his "piazzy" and lament that they gave him very little shade, and were small adornment to his home. If he could see them to-day he would be content, for in their proud virility, standing on well-kept lawns, and interlacing their branches over one of the most beautiful bits of roadway in America, they rival many of the noble armies of trees about the storied homes abroad. Liberty Hall was erected in the year 1772, and at outbreak of the troubles with England received its name.

JOHN RAE
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It is traditionally related that William Livingston selected Elizabethtown for his permanent residence owing to the advanced state of its society, the greater portion of which was rich and cultured. This no doubt influenced him somewhat, but at the time he removed there with his family his finances were at a very low ebb, and he himself wrote to a friend that he sought the country in justice to his children.

William Livingston was intensely patriotic, and a story is told that he forbade his daughters the pleasure of tea-drinking after the mother-country's tax on that luxury. His second daughter, Susannah, was a famous wit, and the originator of the hackneyed Revolutionary bon-mot * about scarlet fever being caught from the coats of the British. She often concocted a beverage of the Chinese herb on the sly, colored it with strawberries, and told her "deceived papa" that she had taken to drinking strawberry-tea.

The "Livingston graces," as the three eldest Livingston girls, Sarah, Susan, and Kitty, were sometimes called, were general favorites in New York and Jersey society. They drew so many gallant cavaliers and venturesome belles to Liberty Hall, where they were buried in a sequestered part of the globe, as they expressed it, that the governor, who prided himself on being a simple Jersey farmer, had to occasionally read to the gay companies

* In New York City at the time of the British evacuation, while conversing with Major Upham, one of Lord Dorchester's aids, she expressed the hope that the redcoats would soon depart; "for," said she, "among our incarcerated belles the scarlet fever must rage until you are gone."

his poem on the choice of a rural life, in which he asks to be delivered

> "From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
> Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars."

Nor did the graces languish for want of company in their own neighborhood, for the young men of Francis Barber's academy often rode over from the village to see them. One of its pupils, a blue-eyed and fair-haired boy from the West Indies, by the name of Alexander Hamilton, brought letters of introduction to their father, became a member of their household, and entered into a close intimacy with them lasting through life.

In the April of 1774 Sarah, the eldest daughter, was married, in the great parlor of Liberty Hall, to John Jay, a rising young lawyer of New York. She was a great beauty, and shared her husband's later triumphs in France, Spain, New York City, and Philadelphia. When presented at the French Court, Marie Antoinette is said to have taken her hand, a mark of great condescension, and gazed ardently into her eyes, remarking that she was one of the fairest women she had ever looked upon; which can be believed after studying the many portraits and prints of her in existence. It is recorded that the brilliancy of her complexion gave rise to much speculation in Revolutionary society. Even the French Minister, Monsieur Gerard, went so far as to lay a wager with Don Juan de Miralles, the brilliant soldier of fortune who died at the Ford Mansion in Morristown, that her color was artificial. A scheme was laid and a test performed, and the not over-gallant Frenchman lost his bet.

The honey-moon of the Jays was rudely interrupted by the troubles with the mother-country, and one month after their marriage we find the young husband attending the first meeting of the citizens of New York, called there to consult on measures proper to be pursued in consequence of the late extraordinary advices received from England. The struggle for American independence was in sight, and John Jay and his brilliant father-in-law were soon to be conspicuous actors on the stage.

Some time after William Franklin, the last of Jersey's royal governors, had been deposed, and William Livingston at the head of the affairs of state was flitting hither and thither over the country, the British troops began the first of their long series of foraging expeditions in the vicinity of Elizabethtown and Newark. These raids eventually led the Livingston family to desert their Hall for a retreat in Parsippany, spelt in old newspapers Parcipany, farther away from the hostile neighborhood. Throughout the long war the governor saw comparatively little of his dear ones, due to his active service requiring him to be much of his time in the saddle. To add to the uneasiness of his family, a large reward was offered by the Tories for his capture, and many were his hair-breath escapes.

All through those dreary summers and drearier winters Liberty Hall was not deserted altogether, for it was occasionally visited by raiding parties, and now and then served as a shelter for some passing troop. Between the needs of the two armies almost everything the house contained was either pillaged or destroyed, and when the family again ventured to return to it as an abode, in

1779, gentle Mrs. Livingston was in despair for the necessities of life, while Susan wrote to her friends in her usually sprightly fashion, bemoaning the household's sad fate, and declaring that even the "window-panes and hinges" had been taken away.

It was in the latter part of the same winter that this brave and charming girl, whose early life had more than its share of romance, saved her father's despatches and correspondence with Washington and minor officials from the hands of the redcoats by exhibiting her talents as an actress. No one knows whether the moon was full or the night dark and misty when two British regiments, one thousand strong, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stirling, found their way from Crane's Landing, on the outskirts of the town, through February slush, to the home of the rebel governor, hoping to surprise and capture him in bed. The tale has come down to us that the first division arrived after midnight, and awoke the startled family from their slumbers only to find that their intended victim, having learned of the plot, had prudently left his dwelling some hours before their coming. Angered and infuriated, they rushed through the rooms, commanding the trembling family to search for his despatches. It was then that Susan rose so bravely to that occasion, leading them into every nook and corner but the right one, where the papers lay carefully folded in a little secretary, and pleading with them to spare a lady's private correspondence when they at last arrived at its locked cover. "If you will leave it shut," she said to the officer in charge, wringing her hands, "I will promise to give up my father's papers;" and the red-

coat and his companions, beguiled by her pretty face, and scenting some romance, followed her with his men to the library, where from the highest book-shelf she took down quantities and quantities of old law-briefs, neatly tied up and important-looking, which the eager men stuffed into their forage-bags, in the belief that they were securing enough matter to turn the whole rebel army topsy-turvy.

After they had all left with their bulky burdens of paper, and the great hall door was again locked, we can imagine how the clever Susan must have been hugged and congratulated on the success of her ruse, and if we could have gazed on the finale of the comedy we would have most likely seen an excited girl in one of those gayly flowered night-robes the wealthy belles of New Jersey wore at that time, pirouetting through the Hall in the gray dawn of the coming day.

In later years, after the exciting times of the war were over, Liberty Hall was visited by many distinguished Americans, among them Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Morris, who stopped there on their way to New York for the President's inauguration festivities.

At the beginning of the next century Susannah's daughter hoodwinked her mother in the same room where she herself had acted so cleverly before the British, and eloped from a window with her true love, William Henry Harrison, then not approved of by the family, but who afterwards became the ninth President of the United States.

Some time later the mansion passed out of the possession of the Livingstons and fell into the hands of

strangers. Fate, not content with giving it such an interesting history, connected it with another romantic episode, for it was purchased by Lord Bolingbroke. This nobleman ran away from England with the young daughter of Baron Hompasch, and dragged an honored name in the dust by leaving a forlorn wife in London.

When it was again for sale, Mrs. McKean, the daughter of the governor's brother, acquired it. She was at that time a widow, and subsequently married Count Niemcewicz, a Polish *littérateur*. In her time the mansion was slightly modernized by an additional story and a new wing, but its venerable appearance was not destroyed. She changed its name to Ursina, which is still retained by its present occupant, John Kean, the great-grandnephew of the governor, but to the chance frequenters who revere the past it will ever be Liberty Hall, the home of the patriot William Livingston and his family, and especially the charming graces,* Sarah, Susan, and Kitty, who were so distinguished for their beauty, wit, and vivacity in the days of the colonies and the young republic.

* Susannah Livingston married John Cleves Symmes, a Justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court.

Kitty Livingston married Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore, and after his decease became the wife of John Livingston, of Livingston Manor.

BOXWOOD HALL

ELIZABETH

WHERE GENERAL WASHINGTON MET THE COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS AND LUNCHED ON THE DAY OF HIS INAUGURATION

PERHAPS the most noted mansion in Elizabethtown proper is Boxwood Hall, the home of Elias Boudinot, the President of the Continental Congress, and who as such signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain at the close of the Revolution.

It was erected a few years earlier than Liberty Hall, and rivalled the great houses of Cavalier Jouet, Broughton Reynolds, Robert Ogden, William Peartree Smith, Dr. Jonathan I. Dayton, and other wealthy Elizabethtown residents of the period. Its great carved mantels and many other of its interior embellishments were purchased by one of the family in France; and there are traditions that the immortal Washington—who was more of "a glass of fashion and a mould of form" than many of his biographers have made us believe—praised the beauty of its furnishings.

From the cheerful boxwood, loved and planted by our ancestors, whether occupants of palaces or cottages, Elias

Boudinot named his residence. All the plants which formerly surrounded it have died or been transplanted, and yet the name still clings to the old building. It is now a peaceful refuge for elderly women.

Elias Boudinot was a descendant of a prominent French Huguenot family which had fled from France to the New World on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He served his country in many capacities, and was the founder of the American Bible Society and other beneficent institutions. In early life he married Hannah Stockton, a sister of Richard Stockton, the Signer. This marriage drew together the interests of two very wealthy and prominent New Jersey families, and the alliance was afterwards made stronger by the gay and charming little Annis Boudinot's capture of the heart of the distinguished Richard. Petite Annis Boudinot, in a rose-hued gown,* holding a flower in her slender fingers, as an old painter has pictured her for us, seems to smile at the modern world like some quaint and very unreal figure on a Watteau fan. She was a poetess, and quite a noted one in her day, her odes to famous people rivalling the like productions of Miss Lawrence, of Burlington, the half-sister of Captain Lawrence, of "Don't give up the Ship" fame, Mercy Otis, of Massachusetts, and beautiful Nelly Forman, of Forman Place, near Freehold, who became the wife of Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution.

Boxwood Hall held an interesting household in the dark days of the Revolution. There was the dis-

* Several of Mrs. Stockton's gowns were recently exhibited at a loan exhibition held in St. Mark's parish hall, Jersey City, New Jersey.

tinguished Elias, very often absent on business of state, cultured Mrs. Boudinot, Elisha, his brother, who lived with the family until his marriage with Kate Smith in 1778, when he removed to Newark, and the idolized daughter, Susan, who was a girl of great spirit and the apple of her father's eye. It is said of her that on one occasion Boxwood Hall was levied on by a party of the enemy, and she showed her mettle by scornfully remarking to the commanding officer that one of the members of the household had asked for British protection. "It was not by your advice, I presume," the redcoat is said to have asked her; and she fearlessly replied, "That it never was, I can tell you." This brave girl, whom her father writes of about this time as his "little lamb," in after years became the wife of William Bradford, Attorney-General under Washington, and lived to be the last of the "Washington circle," as that brilliant group of celebrated women surrounding the President's wife was called.

Towards the close of the war great was the joy of Elias Boudinot's frequent home-comings from Philadelphia, where he was striving to frame a new government. While there he was continually longing for his family. In one of his letters, written in the fall of 1782, he says,—

"I wish I had any news worth communicating, but we are quite barren. The negotiation for peace at Versailles goes on slowly, but I hope the coming winter will revive it with spirit—I am homesick for Elizabethtown."

It was almost a year later when he realized his hope and was free to return to Boxwood Hall for a lengthy period. Much of the charm of his home-coming

was lost by the sadness which filled Elizabethtown at that time, although the colonies had become free and independent States. Many Tory families he had known intimately were in exile and their homes for sale, old friends had died, and the house of worship, court-house, school-house, barracks, and a great deal of property in the borough had been destroyed by the redcoats during the war. Walking through familiar streets, he felt as sad and solitary as his intimate friend, Governor Livingston, who complained, on returning to Liberty Hall, that the village of Elizabethtown was full of "unrecommended strangers, guilty-looking Tories, and very knavish Whigs." But this state of affairs did not long continue, and the general appearance of the town soon began to change. Lotteries were devised to rebuild the public buildings, and many new families, several belonging to the exiled French nobility, arrived to establish permanent homes.

The author has in his possession one of the original handbills printed by Shepard Kollock for "the great Elizabeth Town and New-Brunswick lottery." It notifies the public that it is arranged "for the purpose of raising a sum of money to be applied towards finishing a building to be erected by the first Presbyterian Congregation in Elizabeth Town and one erected by the Presbyterian Congregation in New-Brunswick for the purpose of Divine worship, in room of those destroyed in said places during the late war." Jonathan Dayton and Aaron Lane were its managers, and the scheme provided for three thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine prizes. The old handbill, printed in large type, is about the size of a newspaper of to-day, and it and its fellows,

when issued, were distributed in shop and tavern, and to all prominent persons in the town.

About this time, too, the "Indian Queen,"* famous in the annals of Elizabethtown, was built. Thaddeus Kosciusko, when on his second visit to America, and many other noted people, enjoyed its hospitality. According to an old diary, at least one birth-night ball was held there, when the youth and beauty of the neighborhood danced until dawn. In its early days it had been used as a private dwelling by a Tory, and the surrounding garden contained foreign shrubs and fruit-trees stolen from near-by Whig residences during the war. So heralded abroad was the fame of its good fare and fine liquors that its tap-room was never empty, and it is a tradition that the proprietor advertised a chair always in readiness for any gentleman who had to be conveyed to his home.

During these years many distinguished people visited Boxwood Hall before Elias Boudinot and his family left it to establish a new home in Philadelphia,† then the seat of government.

In General Washington's triumphal journey to his inauguration at New York, April 30, 1789, he met the committee of Congress there and partook of an elegant luncheon. This famous meal was served on a fine service of china and silverware imported from London, many pieces

* This tavern most likely received its name from the play of "The Indian Queene," a famous tragedy by Sir Robert Howard and John Dryden. Samuel Pepys writes of it in his diary, "that for show it exceeds, so they say, Henry VIII."

† Elias Boudinot's home near Philadelphia was known as Rose Hill.

of which are in the possession of one of his descendants. Among those who ate in the great dining-room on this occasion were the President to be, General Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Theodoric Bland, and Arthur Lee, of Virginia; General Knox, the Secretary of War, from Maine; Tristam Dalton, from Massachusetts; William Samuel Johnson, from Connecticut; Charles Carroll, from Maryland; Governor Livingston, of New Jersey; Ralph Izard and Thomas Tudor Tucker, from South Carolina; Egbert Benson, John Lawrence, John Jay, Chancellor Livingston, and others, from New York. It took two hours to serve the courses, one chronicler tells us, and when it was over, the "Father of his Country" was escorted by a great procession to Easttown Point, where he embarked in a barge bedecked with ribbons, and was rowed to New York City by thirteen sailors dressed in white.

Much of the charm of the old Boxwood Hall of to-day has been destroyed for antiquarians and lovers of the past by the addition of two hideously ugly modern stories, but the lower rooms have not been desecrated to any great degree. The immense fireplaces, where fires once glowed so brightly for Washington, are now the same, the great brass knocker he touched when entering the Hall still gives dignity to the old door, and the memory of his noble presence fills the lofty, spacious rooms.

THE BELCHER MANSION

ELIZABETH

THE SCENE OF THE WAR-TIME WEDDING OF "CATY" SMITH AND ELISHA BOUDINOT

ACROSS the way from Boxwood Hall, on the south side of Jersey Street, is the old Holland brick mansion of saintly Governor Jonathan Belcher, of whom the incomparable Whitefield wrote when stopping with him, "He was ripening for Heaven apace." In Governor Belcher's time many men of importance in the colonies were entertained there, but it is safe to say that the most notable gathering its walls ever sheltered occurred many years after the death of that worthy. The occasion was the wedding of Kate, or "Caty," as some of her friends spelt her name, daughter of William Peartree Smith, then its owner, and young Elisha Boudinot. It was celebrated in the fall of 1778, in the midst of war-time dangers and alarms. William Peartree Smith was a graduate of Yale College, and a life-long intimate of Governor Livingston. He belonged to a notable New York family, and was a grandson of one of its early mayors. His father, "Port Royal" Smith, Governor-General of Jamaica, is known to have been a friend of

Governor Belcher's, and William Peartree corresponded with the good governor in his early manhood, and was a strong supporter of his pet project, the young College of New Jersey. He is said to have removed from New York to the commodious Belcher Mansion out of love for the memory of his famous friend, and there, in the years before the Revolution, his sons Belcher and William and his only daughter, Kate, grew to manhood and womanhood. Tradition says that Kate Smith was a lovely girl at the time of her marriage, and had enjoyed a better education than most of the women of the day. Her mother was the daughter of a wealthy sea-captain, who had taken her to London with him on one of his trips, and while there she had mingled freely in learned society, and enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Watts and other distinguished men of the London world. She was thus a fitting helpmate for a literary man. William Peartree Smith was a writer of both prose and poetry, and at one period edited a paper with Governor Livingston.

There had been many notable weddings in Elizabeth during 1778. In the spring beautiful Nancy Ogden married Lieutenant-Colonel Barber. From a sketch of him done by a brother-officer on the field, he was her mate in good looks.* Two other belles shortly afterwards married French officers, and there are no records of the many Tory maidens of high and low degree who were won by the flash of gold epaulets and scarlet coats. But no wedding had created such a furore before its

* From this sketch James Herring painted a portrait of Colonel Barber, which became well-known through Stephen H. Gimbell's engraving.

celebration in prominent Whig circles as that which was to occur at the old Belcher Mansion. It was early rumored abroad that Washington and his staff were to be there, and as many officers as could safely leave headquarters, for there was ever a dread of a surprise from Skinner's notorious raiders from Staten Island or the Tories of the surrounding country.

When the eventful day in October at last arrived, the realization far exceeded the anticipation of this wedding, if we can believe all the tales of the ceremony that have wandered down the years to us. Many a great bowl of punch made of costly old wines, necessary for nuptial luck, stood on Governor Belcher's old celleret, built in the house and still in existence, for gentlemen drank in those days, and the first gentlemen in the land were there. Reading Emeline Pierson's charming sketch of "Old-Time Jersey Weddings," it takes but little imagination to picture the grand old rooms of the Belcher Mansion aglow with many lighted candles and filled with the noise and gay badinage of a courtly company, and the rustling of stiff brocades. The sweet-faced bride flits before us in her towering white head-dress, decorated with jewels, and a gorgeous gown, which may have been one of those "London Trades," or, in other words, an article procured in some way from the loyalists, either by money or in exchange for grain or garden produce. Governor Livingston, who dearly loved to keep his world in order, was always ranting about them in his letters, declaring that women would willingly sacrifice a second Paradise for the sake of their adornment. Then comes the bridegroom in his gay wedding-suit, surrounded by a

merry group of bridesmaids and groomsmen. Among the guests we see Generals Washington and Lafayette, young Alexander Hamilton, the master of ceremonies, charming Lady Kitty Stirling and her cousins, the Livingston girls, and many other noted figures, as we strain our ears to listen to the ghostly tinkle of the old-time wedding-music.

Great was the courage and daring of the patriotic people of those days, when any festivity, unless enjoyed in secret, was as liable as not to bring a band of marauders to the door. About a fortnight after the ceremony the British did learn of the Boudinot-Smith wedding, and the house was visited by a party of soldiers, who, upon learning of the absence of the bridegroom, spitefully destroyed the fine furniture and family portraits, some of them painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. They so terrified the young bride on this occasion that her husband took her to Newark, where at the close of the war he built a great mansion. In after years, when he had become a famous lawyer and a judge of the Supreme Court, he entertained the aged Marquis de Lafayette, on his second visit to America, the venerable widow of Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, and many other noted people.

The old Belcher Mansion, has known few vicissitudes, with the exception of the raid and those occasioned by the ruthless hand of time. It is now in excellent condition, having been restored and beautified by its present owner, Mr. Warren R. Dix, a descendant of the noted Chevalier D'Anterroches,* a resident of

* Joseph Louis Chevalier D'Anterroches, or Count D'Anterroches, as his tombstone in St. John's church-yard, Elizabeth, records, was a most romantic and interesting figure in New Jersey's Revolutionary history.

Elizabethtown. In the possession of the Dix family is a beautiful old brocade gown, in almost perfect condition, which belonged to Mrs. Jonathan Edwards, who visited at the Belcher Mansion over a hundred years ago. It is a worthy rival of the Boudinot wedding-gown,*

His father was Jean Pierre, Count D'Anterroches, and his mother was Lady Jeanne Françoise Tessier de Chaunae, a near relative and probably a cousin of Madame de Lafayette. As he was a younger son, his parents destined him for the priesthood, and he was sent to the churchly house of his uncle, Alexander Cæsar D'Anterroches, Bishop of Comdon, as a youth, to prepare for a clerical life. The restraint there and his duties became very irksome to his buoyant temperament, and he ran away to England and joined her army. Arriving in America as a British ensign, in 1777, his sympathies were soon on the side of the Colonists, and he is said to have regretted his wilful precipitancy which had placed him in such a peculiar position. About the time of the battle of Saratoga he was taken prisoner by the Americans. At his capture he sent for pen and paper and wrote to Lafayette. The marquis came to him post haste, and they fell into each others arms and embraced with rapture.

Joseph Louis was soon released on parole, and, having obtained his freedom, immediately set out to lose his heart.

The story of his meeting with the maiden who afterwards became his wife, near the Chatham or Passaic bridge is almost as poetic as the gallant Bassompierre's adventure with his washer-girl near the Petit Pont on the road to Fontainebleau, only this Frenchman of a later day found his fair lady again and made her his wife.

The house where he lived, in Elizabethtown, is still standing, and was known to past generations as the Malherbes Mansion, having been erected by a Monsieur Malherbes, of Martinique.

* The wedding-gown worn by Kate Smith was also used by her daughter, Catherine Boudinot, on the occasion of her marriage to Lewis Atterbury, of New York. Later it was the bridal-robe of her daughter, Mrs. Stimson, and was last worn by Mrs. Stimson's daughter, Mrs. Loomis. It is still in existence, but entirely changed from its original appearance.

still in existence, and worn by the brides of that family for four generations. It is the most precious link left to that far-off war-time wedding, when so many notable guests assembled in the old home, once the delightful abode of Jersey's most noble royal governor.

HAMPTON PLACE

ELIZABETH

WHERE GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT RETIRED WHEN THERE WERE NO MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER

HE house best loved by the old residents of Elizabethtown is the Scott House, often referred to as Hampton Place. For many years, during intervals sometimes short and sometimes lengthy, it was the home of General Winfield Scott, the greatest American general of his day. It was erected at about the same time as the neighboring mansion on Scott Place, but owing to a few alterations in its structure in the latter part of General Scott's life, it does not impress the casual observer with any great antiquity. Without a history it might not secure a passing glance. It could best be described, like the "shy looking house" in "Barnaby Rudge," as "not very straight, not large, not tall; not boldfaced with great staring windows, but a shy, blinking house, with a conical roof going up into a peak over the garret window of four small panes of glass, like the cocked hat on the head of an elderly gentleman of one eye."

Dr. Barnet, a surgeon in the American army, was

the first occupant. He is credited with introducing vaccination into the town. From what can be learned of him he had many patients who were subject to his whimwhams and humors. It is related that when the British raided his home, on the day they were seeking the bridegroom at the Belcher Mansion, they took a fine string of red peppers from his fireplace, and he bemoaned their loss more than his broken furniture and smashed mirrors. There is also another amusing tradition that the patient who disturbed him, when in a crotchety mood, for some imagined ailment was as liable to receive a box on the ear as a phial of medicine. In Dr. Barnet's time the willow-trees which formerly surrounded the house were planted. They were slips from a tree at "La Grange," and were brought from abroad by his nephew when on a continental tour.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the house was sold to Colonel John Mayo, of Virginia, the father of Mrs. Scott. Elizabethtown, like Newark, was then a great summer resort for Southerners, and the colonel, a true exponent of the elegant aristocracy of Richmond, kept open house for the neighborhood. His equipages were always finer, his family's clothes more costly, and their style of living grander than those of any of his friends, and like the gentlemen of the old Southern type, he lived and died satisfied. In those summers of the long ago Mrs. Scott and her sisters daily went to a little French school in a house near the creek, now destroyed, then presided over by Madame Topray, a beautiful French refugee, whose romance, if she had one, is forgotten. The women among those old French refugees

JOHN
RAE

of Elizabethtown have all come down to us as fair and beautiful, and they flit through its unrecorded pages like the scents of lavender or rose-leaves clinging to old garments,—faint, but very sweet indeed. We know they were welcomed and found peace there, for in St. John's church-yard there is one headstone that shelters the bones of the Demoiselle Julie du Buc de Marencille, born in the island of Martinique, whose brother recommends the care of her tomb to the "hospitable inhabitants" of the town.

Although Mrs. Scott blossomed to womanhood in Elizabethtown, and spent some of the first years of her married life there with her dashing husband, it is with a later period that she is always associated,—those lonely stretches of years when he was away on the fields of battle, and the glad time when he came home to join her for good, like Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer.

We are wont to revert to the scenes of earlier years in old age, and there are many who walked the shady streets of Elizabethtown in the days when the South's secession was being talked over who retain in their memories the picture of a tall old gentleman of commanding figure, with white locks gleaming from under his hat and an army coat thrown over one shoulder, shaking his head sadly to groups of friends at the street corners, and saying, "It will never do! It will never do!"

General Scott was very fond of society, and rarely sat down to a meal without company. During his periods of residence at Hampton Place the visitors' roll contained names representing celebrities from all over the

country and abroad, who journeyed to gaze on the laurel-crowned hero. He was always very fond of the conversation of intelligent and refined women, and was especially gallant and courteous to old ladies. From the time of his young manhood, when touring abroad and meeting the aged Lady Frankland, our own Rebecca Franks, one of the Tory belles of the Meschianza, to whom his graceful compliments were so pleasing, until his death, he was a maker of pretty speeches. These were the more appreciated by their recipients, as the general opinion was that his manners were rather gruff, owing to a haughty nervous temperament which never bore contradiction with any show of compliance. A story illustrating his gallantry is related of a lady, the widow of one of his former aides, that once, on receiving the same compliment he had paid her on many occasions, —"Madam, you are as beautiful as the morning,"—she smilingly replied, "Nay, general, you are a flatterer, for your sun never gets any higher or lower,—wrinkles and dim eyes go best, unfortunately, with the evening."

General Scott was a loyal son of his native State, Virginia, and to a chance visitor at Hampton Place, who asked if he was born in New England, he is said to have shown the door. The lovely Virginia belles who used to adorn his balcony the last summer he spent in Elizabeth, before his retirement from the army at the outbreak of the Civil War, are still talked of by old Elizabethans. To enter his heart one only needed to talk of old Dinwiddie County, whose every product he lauded above all others. He was very fond of his horses and dogs, and quite fitting for the final words of a

soldier and a true Virginian was his last whispered message to his old coachman before death robbed America of its greatest general at the West Point Hotel in the spring of 1866,—"Peter, take good care of my horse."

Among the other distinguished occupants of Hampton Place in later years was Mr. Archibald Gracie, son of the old New York merchant of that name. The Gracies were related to the King family, of Highwood, and President Charles King of Columbia College was a warm friend and frequent visitor of General Scott. Its last owner for a number of years has been Mr. R. W. Woodward, to whose unfailing kindness and interest in its history many a frequenter of Elizabeth is indebted.

THE FRANKLIN PALACE

PERTH AMBOY

WHERE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PLEADED WITH HIS SON TO ESPOUSE THE CAUSE OF THE COLONISTS

WEET Perth Town, as the early proprietors of East Jersey used to write of their capital in documents now musty, still holds on its venerable streets many old houses worthy of notice. Perhaps the most interesting to the stranger who visits this slumbering city, is the Palace erected by the Lord Proprietors for His Excellency William Franklin, captain-general and governor-in-chief of the Province of New Jersey. This was begun in 1764, and was first occupied by this brilliant son of one of America's greatest men, Benjamin Franklin, in 1774.

It was fitting that the last of New Jersey's royal governors should be the most royal of all in the matter of lavish expenditure. During his brief occupancy of the Palace, before the storm of the Revolution burst on his startled ears, he exceeded all his predecessors in the grandeur of his entertainments,—the delight of the Royalist aristocracy, which left Perth Amboy in almost a body after the war.

Gazing at this massive pile,—a true memory of the Georges,—situated on its commanding height, from which can be seen a glorious stretch of woodland and the smooth flowing waters of the Raritan entering the Arthur Kull Sound, where the notorious Captain Kidd once sailed his black-flagged galley, we are entranced by the charm of long-dead yesterdays, and our minds grow retrospective as we wander back in the years to the Perth Amboy of William Franklin's day.

In the year 1763 the young governor, then in his thirtieth year, "a handsome and witty specimen of manhood," as one of his friends has pictured him, reached the city from New Brunswick one cold February day, escorted by the Middlesex troop of horse and some of the Perth Amboy gentry in sleighs.

The *New York Gazette* chronicles that he took possession of the government "in the usual form," the ceremony being conducted "with as much decency and good decorum as the season could possibly permit of." It is recorded that he immediately hired one of the best houses in town, at an annual rental of sixty pounds, and there he lived some time. He is said to have mourned over the fact that Perth Amboy was so far from Philadelphia, as the long distance cut off intercourse with many of his intimates. After weighing the matter, he decided to remove to Burlington, where he resided permanently until 1774, when he came back to Amboy to live in the Palace which the generous proprietors had built for him.*

* Until Governor Franklin's arrival it was occupied by Chief Justice Smyth.

During Governor Franklin's first residence in the city there are traditions that many of the most blue-blooded of the gentry were anything but cordial to him, there having been much ill feeling over his appointment. It is said that he was openly flouted in public and at the assemblies, and the tale of his illegitimate birth was often whispered behind his back. But when he arrived at the governor's Palace, almost ten years later, everything was changed. Everywhere he was greeted with open arms and friendly demonstrations, for the Tory city felt secure in having a ruler who was so loyal in his allegiance to his king, and their attentions to the governor made those last months of British supremacy in America among the most brilliant in the social history of old Amboy.

Those were the days of pomp and elegant ceremony. A few years ago in the attics of many old residences there were great silk-lined chests and iron-clamped trunks of uncertain age, garnished with grotesque cupids, roses, and what-nots, since gone to antique-hunters, whose moth-eaten contents of eighteenth-century finery could have told us many an interesting tale if they were gifted with the power of speech. What antiquarian would not have enjoyed hearing of the sylvan revels at "Love Grove," that portion of Amboy Point which the proprietors described as being "covered with grass growing luxuriantly, the forest trees as distributed in groups, diversifying the landscape with light and shade, and all nature wearing the fresh aspect of a new creation." There the picturesque governor and his court, dressed like a group of old Dresden figures, would come to watch the frolics of the populace, while the wind chanted low

songs among the great tree-tops, and twilight softly stained the water. Then the theatrical performances in the town hall or on the lawn of the Palace, the dances and card-parties; with slow-moving minuets and many formalities. Almost uncanny the brocade and silken gowns feel if lifted from their tombs of must, flavored with forgotten India scents and long dead flowers. Each could tell us a story no doubt. One may have seen the fair dame old mother gossip says tried to steal the heart of the governor away from his good lady. Another may have been present at one of the dinner-parties at the Palace to which the guests were bidden on little slips of paper * three inches long and four inches wide. And still another may have been worn solely to charm the governor's blue eyes, which looked ever kindly on the fair sex. But it seems almost a sacrilege to dream over them. The hands that put them together have been folded these hundred years, and the ones that wore them are not even memories.

To the Palace, shortly after his return from abroad, in 1775, Benjamin Franklin, then the great statesman and scientist, journeyed to persuade his son to withdraw from the royal cause. Though we do not approve of the son's course, we cannot help admiring the fidelity shown under the battery of such a master of eloquence, for

* One of Governor Franklin's dinner invitations is in the possession of the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark. It is thought to be a Burlington invitation. It reads:

"The Governor and Mrs. Franklin present their compliments to Mrs. and Miss Campbell, and Desire the Pleasure of their Company to Dinner To-morrow, Friday morning."

he declared he would rise or fall by the British government in America. His father threatened, stormed, and expostulated with him to no purpose; and failing to convince him of the impropriety of his conduct, left him a saddened man. He grieved continually over his failure to show his son the error of his ways, and later wrote in a letter to a friend the saddest words a father could pen,—"I am deserted by my only son."

In the first days of the following year a letter written by the governor to the Earl of Dartmouth, declaring that he could not speak confidentially to his subordinates on government affairs, was intercepted by Lord Stirling, and led to the adoption of measures by that officer to prevent his chief's escape, although history gives no evidence of his having formed such an intention. He was virtually placed under arrest, but through the solicitation of the chief justice of the Province was persuaded to give his parole, and for some months continued to occupy the Palace in Perth Amboy and exercise nominally the duties of his station. Later, having received advices from the mother-country which he thought warranted the immediate attention of the assembly, he issued a proclamation convening that body, which greatly excited Congress, and led to the seizure of his person shortly afterwards. Tradition asserts that he was made a prisoner in one of the upper-story rooms of his Palace by a detachment of militia commanded by Major Deale, who had him led off to Burlington, "tearing him from wife and family," as he wrote in a highly indignant letter to the assembly, in which he also "thanked God for spirit enough to face the danger."

When the governor's coach and guard had disappeared down the road, Mrs. Franklin started her women to packing the contents of the great rooms; and later, when the British were in possession of New York, most of her effects were safely shipped to that place.

After the poor lady and her servants had left Perth Amboy, where she had spent the first and last years of her married life, the Palace became the head-quarters for any British general happening to be in the vicinity. On its wide lawns, where the governor had given his garden-parties to the aristocracy, detachments of regiments, graceful grenadiers, stalwart Hessians, and Highlanders in native costume constantly paraded.

Shortly after the war its interior was destroyed by fire, and it was sold to John Rattoone, who restored and enlarged it. Early in the new century it was purchased by a syndicate, which added a wing to the south side of the building and established a hotel under the name of the Brighton House. For a few years it was much frequented by the wealth and fashion of the country, but it lost its popularity at the beginning of the War of 1812. Joseph Bonaparte at one time cast a favorable eye on it for his American home, and spent several days at Commodore Lewis's negotiating for its purchase, where he left a substantial present in the shape of a crown and necklace of pearls and topazes for the family's kindness. He could not secure the house and lands of the Paterson family, then owned by Andrew Bell,* which shut off

* Mrs. Andrew Bell is remembered by several of the long residents of Perth Amboy. In the latter part of her life she became an invalid, and rarely left her curtained bed, which stood in one of the lower rooms

his view of the river, and he is said to have left Perth Amboy for Trenton in one of his Gallic rages over what he deemed Mr. Bell's unkindness in refusing to part with his home and lands.

In later years the house and large estates came into the possession of Matthias Bruen, whose ghost, according to the tale of one of his superstitious decendants, used to haunt the great Palace made famous by so much good company. Promptly at twelve o'clock the rumbling wheels of a coach would be heard coming up the drive-way, the sycamore-trees would sway and moan, the dogs would bay, the doors throughout each floor would creak, and the heavy hall one fly open to welcome its ghostly master. This phantom gentleman in life is said never to have carried a penny on his person, and always made payment in checks, even when purchasing a "bunch of bass or pickerel" from the fish-venders of old Amboy.

It was inherited by Dr. Alexander M. Bruen, who gave it to the Board of Relief of the Presbyterian Church in 1883. For fifty years it is to be the home of disabled Presbyterian clergymen and their families, and after that can be disposed of by the board. Although it has lost much of its grand appearance, it is still a palace, and to the travelled lovers of old Perth Town one of the most interesting in the world.

of the present beautiful Paterson mansion. Every child in Perth Amboy of her day knew her "white almond jar," which her black maid was always commanded to get out to regale her little visitors.

KEARNY COTTAGE

PERTH AMBOY

WHERE "MADAM SCRIBBLERUS" TAUGHT CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE OF "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP" FAME THE LOVE OF POETRY

ALMOST under the shade of the great Franklin Palace is quaint little Kearny Cottage, nestling like a sparrow under the wing of an eagle. It was erected about 1780 by Michael Kearny, and is still occupied by a member of his family,—a thing not unusual in this old township a decade or two ago. Up to the time of the Civil War, life there was closely run on the lines of an old English village,—the woollen-draper's daughter never thinking of speaking first to the lawyer's wife,—and the equality among the classes which now reigns was then a thing unknown.

The Kearnys belonged to the Irish gentry, and soon after their arrival at the ancient capital became one of the important families of the place. Members of one of the younger branches left there some time previous to Governor Franklin's rule and established themselves on a narrow jetty of land farther down the coast. They called it Kearny-Port, now corrupted to Keyport. These

Kearnys, of Kearny Castle, Kearny-Port, of which one-time elegant residence only a small portion remains, were socially prominent in New York as well as in the Jerseys. At the former place one of the younger sons, Major James Kearny, wedded the beautiful mother of Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution.* It is to this Mrs. Kearny, *née* Freneau, who carefully preserved her letters and papers, that we are indebted for a few pleasing glimpses of the first mistress of the Kearny Cottage,—Mrs. Michael Kearny (Elizabeth Lawrence), better known to Perth Amboy and the literary world of her day as "Madam Scribblerus." She sometimes signed herself "Pinderina," in the romantic fashion of the period, when writing to the press or to her intimate friends, who included the most prominent people of culture in the young republic.

This interesting figure, whose little rush-light of renown long ago flickered out, was a daughter of Judge Lawrence, of Burlington, and a half-sister of Captain James Lawrence of "Don't give up the ship" fame,† for whom

* Agnes Watson, a Jersey beauty, married Pierre Freneau, of New York, in 1748, and became the mother of Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution, four years later. The Freneau mansion, on Frankfort Street, was one of the fashionable resorts of the early French society of New York City. As early as 1716 the family is recorded as prominent in the city, and it is several times mentioned in the interesting journal of John Fontaine, a kinsman of the celebrated Commodore Maury.

† The house where Elizabeth Lawrence (Madam Scribblerus) lived as a girl is still standing in Burlington, at the corner of Main and Library Streets, and is now the residence of Mr. James Birch. Captain James Lawrence was born there, and in later years it became the residence of Governor Bloomfield. An old legend is still repeated in

she seems to have entertained an ardent affection, notwithstanding about fifteen years' disparity in their ages. There in the rooms of her cottage, which look so small from the outside, but seem to widen mysteriously when one enters, she tells us in one of her faded scribbles that she taught this future hero the love of poetry. It is inferior to many of her verses, yet from its interest should be preserved. It reads:

> "My brave, brave Jim's a sailor Jack
> Upon the treacherous sea,—
> A sailor who loves poetry
> All taught to him by me."

It is to be hoped that young Lawrence was pleased with this poetic teaching when visiting his sister, of whom one of her intimates wrote: "She occupies the highest seat on Parnassus." Others in her Perth Amboy world did not take their occasional doses of the muse at all patiently. Betsey Parker, who lived once over at the Parker Castle, wrote to her sister, "Oh, why won't Madam Scribblerus stop her scribbling?" And her own household of growing boys is said to have openly scoffed at her effusions.

But Madam Scribblerus still wrote on, despite the jeers of her friends and family; and she must have ridden her

Burlington in reference to its occupancy by the Lawrence family. At one period of the Revolution, when some British ships were on their way to Philadelphia, they fired on Burlington, and a cannon-ball struck the building, which was taken as a sign that one of the family would die at the hands of the British. In the tragic death of Captain James Lawrence the omen or foreshadowing proved true.

galloping muse at a rapid pace, if the one unpublished volume of her works, still in existence, entitled the seventh, is anything like its forerunners. In that, amid a chaotic mass of dolorous elegies and the chapters of a novel entitled "Altamont and Lothario," written in a good imitation of the style of the once famous Madam D'Arblay, who set the London world agog when she was "Little Burney," there are many references to the current events of the time and the country's famous citizens.

During her girlhood she had spent several winters in Philadelphia, and in the first years of her marriage she made two or three journeys there to visit old friends. Among her intimates were Peggy Chew, a noted Quaker City belle who had replaced Honora Sneyd in Major André's affections, the famous Shippen sisters, and "the dazzling Mrs. Bingham." The latter, a bright star in the American social world after the Revolution, was made the subject of some very witty and animated verses entitled,—

"LINES ON MRS. BINGHAM'S RECALL OF A SUPPER INVITATION

"Just in from the country, with nothing to wear,
At Bingham's to-night I am bidden repair.
My one silken pelisse is all in a tangle,
And I know I have lost my Parisian bangle.
Not a whif of hair-powder to light up my head—
Methinks 'twould be better to get into bed!
My slippers the parrot has quite eaten up—
Oh! why am I bidden to come in to sup?
Now, Rebecca, do try make that child stop its wailing;
At the thought of the company courage is failing!

There's a chair going past and a coach with a clatter.
If I go as I am—pray, what does it matter?
Here give me some Rose-Bloom to ease up my face,
And a patch on my chin would give it a grace.
My new brilliant necklace, my white turkey wrapping;
Ah, now I am ready; but who is that tapping?
A word from the Binghams—you say a postponement:
An illness—alas, 'tis a hurried atonement,
With nothing to wear, and nothing to eat!
Come blow out the candles and gaze on the street."

To Mr. and Mrs. E. Pennington of the same city she addressed this poem on their marriage:

"TO THE PENNINGTON'S ON THEIR MARRIAGE

"May you like Isaac and Rebecca live,
And each receive the happiness you give,
No clouds arise to make your prospects dark,
No winds, tempestuous, adverse toss your barque,
Nor slander by the fiend-like envy led
O'er you, my friends, her sooty pinions spread,
Nor Jealousy (the Lovers' Hell) e'er find
You to her baleful whisperings inclin'd—
But may you smoothly pass the stream of life,
One a fond Husband, One a loving Wife;
And when you go your great reward to claim
Your children heir your fortune and your fame."

Major André's lamentable death created much sadness in the larger portion of homes in the colonies. Everywhere tears were shed over his sad fate. His charming personality and romantic career ending in so gruesome a tragedy made a strong appeal to the heart and the imagination. Many Tory households decorated their front doors

with mourning emblems, and laudatory odes to the departed André appeared in all the newspapers. Miss Anna Seward, of Litchfield, England, a foster-sister of Honora Sneyd,* Major André's first love, startled the reading world of the day with her "Monody on the Death of Major André." Old Amboy society went into ecstacies over its pathos, and Madam Scribblerus, emulating her example, wrote:

"THOUGHTS ON READING MISS SEWARD'S MONODY

"Could I like Seward touch the plaintive string,
Like her could I of worth departed sing,
I'd join her, and a funeral-wreath prepare
To deck her much lamented André's Bier.
But she does not my feeble aid require,—
The muses, jointly, her thoughts inspire,
For each prevailing subject of the breast
By fullest force of language is expressed.
Who e'er unmoved her monody does hear,
And reads, yet drops no tributary-tear,
Are (if they then their passions can control)
Dead to the finest feelings of the Soul—
Strong as her friendship is 'The vestal fire,
Which guides the world to André's hallowed Pyre,'

* Honora Sneyd was the adopted daughter of Mr. Seward, a canon of the cathedral at Litchfield. He resided with his family at the bishop's palace, and there Major André visited them. Miss Seward, in her "Monody on the Death of Major André," insinuated that Honora Sneyd jilted André. Richard Lovell Edgeworth in his Memoirs denies this. He married the lady in July, 1773, two years after Major André had given up his mercantile business and obtained a commission in the army. Richard Lovell Edgeworth was the father of Maria Edgeworth.

Its sacred flame, shone warmly on her heart,
And did each power of harmony impart,
Lives by no circumscribing bounds confin'd,
But fully show'd the tumult of her mind."

Madam Scribblerus was a frequent contributor to the *Time Piece*, a tri-weekly literary journal conducted by Philip Freneau in New York. It was a rival of the *Porcupine Gazette*,* edited by William Cobbet, who was praised by the cultured people of the day for the beauty and simplicity of his style. Philip Freneau during the time he controlled the *Time Piece* had many female literary aspirants corresponding with him, and his office was often thronged with applicants, some fair and some grotesque, who came to seek his favor in person. It is not known whether Madam Scribblerus ever journeyed to New York to see him, but she was one of the most voluminous of his correspondents. Through the medium of his sheet she carried on a merry war with a writer who hid under the pseudonym of "Duncan Downwright." She frequently visited at Mount Pleasant Hall, Freneau's Monmouth home, and in several of the books formerly comprised in his library there her autograph is found under his own and that of his brother Peter Freneau.

Many of Madam Scribblerus's letters are in exist-

* Philip Freneau's London publisher, John Russell Smith, Soho Square, writing of the *Time Piece* and its rival the *Porcupine Gazette*, says, "If Cobbet discharged any of his porcupine quills at Freneau, it is most probable they were promptly returned: for he was 'always as ready to return a blow with a pen as with a sword, the former being as sharp as the latter.'"

ence to-day. In the following one she shows offence at some of the remarks of one of the contributors to the *Time Piece*, and it is a good sample of her style of correspondence. It reads:

"To M^R^ Philip Freneau.—

"Indeed Sir I am quite done over by Caroline's smart retort to my letter, Duncan Downright's address to the dunçified tribe. I was sensibly hurt to see that Caroline had so misunderstood my sentiments in regard to her. Duncan's opinion I more easily submit to, as it may have a better foundation. The sensations which I experienced when reading them, were so unpleasant as to make me determine, that from that time forward, I would disclaim all with Thalia, and as Sterne says, 'set up for wisdom,' and utter grave sentences for the rest of my days.

"It has added to my timidity, in regard to the publication of my manuscript; for if I shrink from so slight a public censure, how shall I stand a more general one?

"If you think fit give the enclosed a place in the *Time Piece*.

"I am,

"Sir,

"Your hum^ble^ serv't

"P. Scribblerus."

Another, addressed to editors Freneau and Davis, in which she has taken greater offence at "Duncan Downright," contains some paragraphs intimating that she would have been an exponent of "women's rights" if she had lived in this century. After a volley of a superior sort of "Billingsgate," she says,—

"I wish that some of your *male* correspondents would be so obliging as to give us a short Treatise on the Rights of women, that it may be ascertained whether we may again claim the indulgence which you had obligingly granted us of sometimes publishing a few paragraphs in the

Time Piece, or whether we must patiently submit to having it wrested from us, and to be called, without any palliating exception—Dunces. This being an age in which all ranks of people are contending for their Rights, I think we may reasonably be informed how far ours are permitted to extend.

"As Duncan says you shall hear no more from him on the subject, we may yet assert *one* of our privileges which is universally allowed to us, that of having the *last* word."

But this was not Madam Scribblerus's last word to the troublesome "Duncan Downright" by any means, for she later vented her spleen upon him in some very amusing verses, which begin:

"How now, Mr. Duncan, with your hicking and huffing,
Do you think, Sir, we'll take all this kicking and cuffing?
Unless you draw in your horns, and your manners soon mend,
Perhaps the *Tribe*, Sir, will give as good as you send."

Poor Madam Scribblerus! we can picture her to ourselves working away with her goose-quill pen in her little Amboy cottage, far into the night, with only a primitive candle to light her labors. Many and many a tired reveller, leaving those famous Brighton House balls in their heyday at the old Franklin Palace long before 1812 brought gloom and war, must have stopped before the light casting its glow from her chamber window and been cheered by the thought that some one was awake as he faced the darkness of old Amboy lanes and alleys. The blue-stockinged Pinderina never looked with favor on those merry affairs where the conviviality often exceeded the bounds of the most proper decorum. Her "beloved Michael" died a few years before their

advent, and she had no desire to don her rich pink brocade wedding-gown and appear again in society. The idea of constancy after death she cherished with touching faithfulness. Upon every anniversary of his departure from this life she dedicated poems of two or three hundred verses to his memory. Those were sorry occasions for Amboy! The neglectful ones who evaded her cottage did so with fear and trembling. They were pretty sure of indignant visits from her, or worse still, her far-reaching pen was capable of dealing them swift retribution.

In the last years of the eighteenth century, during our breach with France, Madam Scribblerus conceived a violent aversion for everything French. Other Perth Amboy dames might look to France for their manners and their gewgaws, but she "detested" the nation. Taking the matter to heart, she set about to improve the perverted taste of the town, and hurled several bombastic poems at the "frog-eaters." The following one, written at the beginning of Jefferson's administration, is a good example of them:

"AN EPIGRAM

"Says William to Thomas I'll hold you a bet
That the French are *confoundedly* frighted;
They thought they our Federal Ships had o'erset,
But they find that they staunch are, and righted.

"They slighted our Pleno's and made a demand
That we a shameful Tribute should pay them,
Or else (as they plundered at Sea) on the Land
Neither Rapine nor Murder should stay them!

"But those who are born in the woods can't be scared
By the croaking of Bull-frogs in ditches.
Nor will we of Frenchmen at all be afraid,
A people who're *sans* honor, *sans* breeches.

"They've taken our coats from our backs, and say too
That they will have our shirts and our smocks, sir;
But faith if they try it the project they'll rue,
For we'll give them some flesh-burning knocks, sir!

"They've tried ev'ry art which deception could frame,
But our Congress too wise were to heed them.
They've *Heaven* defied, and have put aside shame,
And have gone all lengths the *Devil* would lead them."

Little of Elizabeth Kearny's work ever saw the light of the press, and it is sad to think much that would have interested posterity should have been lost when the original manuscript was destroyed. Although apart from Philip Freneau, Joel Barlow, and Timothy and Theodore Dwight, the four most noted disciples of American literature of the time, she deserves a small place in the history of our belles-lettres. In her own Perth Amboy she was a much lauded celebrity and had her large group of admirers. These were the solace of a life adversity had narrowed and blighted when in its full bloom. Their praise to her ears was the world's sweetest lullaby. When surrounded by them she forgot the whispers of carping care and smiled with Calliope.

Among the most interesting poems in her seventh volume of manuscript verses, preserved by Mrs. James Kearny, are "Lines to a Cask of Cider in Imitation of Mr. Philip Freneau on a Jug of Rum," "Lines on the

Base Kosciusko," and an "Ode to Liberty." Perhaps among all her work extant nothing has more charm than those four little verses on her half-brother, Captain James Lawrence, whom she did not live to see famous and a fit subject for her prolific pen. After reading them, trivial as they are, one is inclined to give her the sprig of the bays she asks for in the lines on the fly-leaf of her book, which read:

> "If you think a reward is due for my Lays,
> Pray give me a very small sprig of the Bays;
> But writings like mine I'm afraid do not claim
> One leaf from a Tree which is sacred to fame."

THE BARTOW HOUSE

PERTH AMBOY

WHERE THE ART HISTORIAN WILLIAM DUNLAP DID HIS FIRST DRAWINGS

THE next residence to the cottage of Madame Scribblerus in antiquity and interest is the venerable dwelling so well loved by all old Amboy residents as the abode of the Smith family, after whom Smith Street is named.

This old house has a large share of romantic interest in being the home of the queer and eccentric Thomas Bartow, a gentleman of wealth and culture, whose friendship for the youthful William Dunlap in the days before the Revolution is said to have laid the foundation of the artistic knowledge which eventually made him one of New York City's most famous theatrical managers and art-critics.

Thomas Bartow at that time, just before the Revolution, was a very old man. Dunlap himself in after years described him as "a small, thin old man, with straight gray hair hanging in comely guise on each side of his pale face." Tradition says that owing to some mystery in connection with the wrong he had done a woman in youth he lived in strict seclusion, no females but his

relatives and a black woman as venerable as himself ever crossing his threshold. But perhaps his relatives made amends for the rest of the fair sex, for he had many, and interesting ones. First of all in the white light of history stands his lovely niece, Theodosia Prevost, afterwards Mrs. Aaron Burr. She was the daughter of his brother, Theodosius Bartow, who married Ann Stilwell. He was a lawyer and native of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, and it was there that the woman whose charm excelled that of every other member of her sex, according to Burr, passed her early youth until she was wooed and won by Captain Frederick Prevost, a relative of Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Baronet. She must have often visited the old gentleman with her mother, Mrs. Philip de Visme,* for he left her in his will "one hundred pounds in Spanish mill'd dollars, at eight shillings each, for the use of her children," which was a large legacy.† Then there were the five daughters of his

* Theodosius Bartow died shortly before the birth of his child, whom he wished named after himself; but as she was a female, she was called Theodosia. His widow married Philip de Visme, of a noble French family, and the two families, De Visme and Provost, resided during the Revolution in the "Little Hermitage" at Hokokus, New Jersey. There Lieutenant-Colonel Burr became acquainted with them while stationed in the vicinity. He married Theodosia Provost, then in the height of her charms, in the Dutch Church, a mile or so distant.

† Among the bequests in his will are the following:

"To William Dunlap, son of Saml. Dunlap of Perth Amboy the sum of fifty pounds—towards placing of him to a merchant, or such other calling as his parents or guardians think fit.

"To William Burnet—a gold ring for a remembrance, of the value of a guinea.

brother Theophilus, who resided in Westchester County, New York, and his sister, Margaret Pell, besides all his little grandnieces.

In his house, large for one solitary man, he lived a quiet life in the midst of a treasure collection of books and prints, added to on the arrival of every one of those old-time English and French merchantmen which put in at Amboy. It is not hard to realize how the bright-faced boy who dwelt close by at first attracted him as his little nankeen-clad figure passed his windows or looked longingly into his garden, and then, as he grew to know him, crept into his heart. There in that old garden, still beautiful in summer, under the many shading fruit-trees and surrounded by bright flowers, they together used to look over the plays of Otway, Foote, Banks, Farquhar, and many other dramatists of the time. Gladly the youthful Dunlap would listen to the tales of the London world Bartow had once known, of Drury Lane and the great actresses, the fair Mrs. Pope as Cleopatra, and the great Mrs. Siddons as Isabella in "Measure for Measure," and very often he tried to sketch a copy of some copper-plate the work of Hogarth or a later master.

Dunlap, in writing a chapter on his life in the "His-

"All my household goods, furniture utensils and other things which I left, and my desk at Thomas Potter's on the sea shore, to the daughters of my brother Theophilus, to be divided among them in such manner and proportions as their mother shall think fit.

"To my sister Margaret Pell two silver table spoons, six tea spoons, and a tea-tongs; with tea chests and cannisters."

tory of the Arts of Design in the United States," says of these visits:

"It is not irrelevant to dwell upon my visits to this good old gentleman. The happy hours passed with him in his garden, or in walking with him, or in our rides might be omitted, but when I found him on that Sunday morning when the parson, a regimental chaplain who was engaged to bestow his spare time on the Episcopalians at Woodbridge and Amboy, was absent from the latter place, when I was received and placed by the side of the old gentleman at the stand or table where he sat with his books, when after going up-stairs to the book-closet and bringing down such volumes as struck my fancy, I received his explanations of the pictures on the pages; if these were passed over I should omit the happiest moments of my childhood, and of hours which expanded my intellect and laid the foundation of my love for books and pictures."

In the stories of the ancient capital there are other pictures of Bartow and his young friend. It is said that the old gentleman was a frequent visitor to the mineral spring, situated a few miles out of town, and whose waters were credited with the medicinal qualities of the German Spa. Rude seats had been built around it, and there aristocrats of Amboy came by chair or on foot in the summer-time. Bartow must have often been rudely startled by the appearance of some aristocratic dowager, sent there by a tactful physician, or a bevy of fair girls on a pleasure excursion; and no doubt he took to his heels on many an occasion. We can see him hurrying away in the riding-chair he left in his will to Bathsheba, "the widow of my brother Theopilus," with little Dunlap, who would rather have remained to see the new arrivals, and on the way homeward over the King's Highway meeting a party of huntsmen with "Heards

hounds," famous in Amboy and Woodbridge. Of Heard himself Dunlap has left us a description, calling him "a dignified and venerable personage in a scarlet coat, black jockey-cap, broad leather belt, and hunting-horn."

Many other tales could the old house tell of aged Bartow and his young friend. How the boy, urged on by him, went to the great Franklin Palace at the end of the street to sketch the comely lady of the last royal governor. Of the handsome young officers who sometimes laughingly sat for him in those sombre days after the battles of Trenton and Princeton, when Amboy was filled to overflowing with the flower and pick of the British army. Of the consolation the old man was to him when he endured the great affliction of losing one of his eyes, the result of some boyish sport. Of the letter he wrote to his friend from Rocky Hill after the great conqueror, Washington, permitted him to begin a picture of him; and, last of all, the final glimpse of old Bartow and his weeping servants, Robert Fitzharding, a bound boy, and his old negress, saying good-by to the house they loved so well. The precious books and prints are on their way to the Moravian town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where it is said an expectant and unacknowledged family awaited him. *

* Thomas Bartow, in his will, made May 12, 1779, gave his house in Perth Amboy to his son Thomas, a resident in Philadelphia. This son Thomas married Sarah Benezet, the daughter of Daniel Benezet (not Anthony, his brother, as Mr. Whitehead has it). His wife's grandfather was John Stephen Benezet, and the family was very rich and distinguished. He threw open his large house for Count Zinzindorf when he came to America to preach, and greatly aided in establishing the Moravian Church in Philadelphia.

The Revolution is over, bringing its cruel knowledge to many a Royalist household, and yet the birds of Amboy sing gayly and the sun shines as brightly as ever on good Plenty and her golden horn on the knocker of the old homestead as Bartow in his chaise turns the corner and obtains the last glimpse of his Jersey home.

The next owner of the Bartow House was James Hude Kearny. It is with his name, a corner-stone in Amboy history, and that of his daughter, Gertrude Parker Kearny, who married Charles McKnight Smith, that the old house is linked in the minds of the few old Amboy families now left.

Charles McKnight Smith, who was a great-grandson of William Smith, the first Yale graduate to practise law in America, was a physician. A physician in a country town before the fifties had to endure more hardships than his brethren of to-day ever dream of. There were no steam-engines to facilitate travel then, and the doctor and his gig on the highways and lanes of the surrounding country, under sun and stars, summer winds or the chill blasts of winter, was a heroic figure, but an unappreciated one. In the drawing-room of the Bartow House, with its old furniture and mellow-tinted rugs, is a beautiful portrait of him. He is wearing a great-coat and a high white stock, and his eyes seem to be gazing out of the room's many windows on the trees which guard the quiet streets he knew so well. Streets somewhat changed since he hurried over them on his errands of mercy, a true physician of the old school. Across the room from him hangs the likeness of the sweet-faced lady who was his wife. She was a lover of every

inch of Amboy and all its traditions, and it was with her help that William Whitehead, the historian, whose great work for New Jersey can never be estimated, prepared his history of Perth Amboy. In her room, where years before Bartow sometimes entertained the youthful Dunlap, and which echoed to that silvery voice of Theodosia Provost, there are preserved her ancient curtained bed, the Franklin stove, the empty candle-stick, the old gold watch, sent as a present to her father from England in the eighteenth century, and all the many accessories of a lady of yesterday.

The quaint panelled dining-room still speaks of her presence. The sunbeams that steal in through its little casements over the Delft jars filled with growing geranium plants light up one of the most interesting rooms in America. The spindle-legged chairs and tables are of a design first made famous by Chippendale. The massive iron dogs before the blue-tiled fireplace bear the date 1669, and the pieces of plate on the sideboards are almost their match in age, many of them having been made during the reign of Queen Anne.

On the green by the house, where the geese of the neighborhood used to wander, her husband's little office still stands. No more can those mute pictures gaze out at the patients coming there. The timorous ladies in short skirts and tarletans and turbans and sun-bonnets of Paris straw, followed by their black girls, almost the way the great Mrs. Pepsys used to walk abroad in her London of one hundred and fifty years earlier. The door of the little house is shut forever, and the gentle ladies of the long ago have joined the silent company by St. Peter's.

THE PARKER CASTLE

PERTH AMBOY

WHERE THE ROYALIST SOCIETY OF PERTH AMBOY SAID THEIR FAREWELLS AFTER THE REVOLUTION

ONE of the oldest dwellings in Perth Amboy is the Parker Castle, the stone wing of which is said to have been erected over a century before the Revolution. Eight generations of Parkers have been sheltered beneath its venerable roof, and it is still occupied by the family, although its environment is greatly changed. It is now surrounded by dilapidated tenements, the site of its stables occupied by an iron foundry, and its once beautiful gardens with their picturesque water-front ruined by unsightly factories.

James Parker, one of the most noted members of the family of immemorable gentility in New Jersey, and the builder of the Castle's large wooden addition somewhere about 1760, was a very prominent man in the Amboy world Governor William Franklin knew. In 1771 and for two years following he was mayor of the city, then a position to which was attached great honor and dignity. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was appointed one

of the delegates to the Provincial Congress, which he did not attend, unfortunately for himself, as subsequent events in his career prove. Although his wife was a Royalist and the daughter of a staunch Tory,—the Rev. William Skinner, who history tells us was one of the tribe of Macgregor and a friend of the Stuarts,—the deep interest he had at stake led him to assume the cloak of neutrality and to stand neither beside his king nor his adopted country.

Early in 1775 he left the Castle, and removed with his family back into the Jerseys, to a place near Morristown, called Bethlehem, where he purchased or built a residence, which he called Shipley. There his neighbors, with sympathies red hot in the cause of freedom, suspected him of being a Royalist, and he was led off to the little jail at Morristown, where so many Tories languished during different periods of the war. He was incarcerated for a period of several months, much to the sorrow of his wife and children, who wrote him many tender letters of consolation.

Men who did not join the army, no matter how strong their protestations of good faith to the colonies, often met with as bad treatment as their Tory cousins of more pronounced views. A friend and relative of James Parker, Ravaud Kearny, then living at his home, Mount Wurrows, near Kearny Point, has left us several records of his grievances in his letters. In an amusing one, written while James Parker was still at Shipley with his family, Kearny gives us a vivid portrayal of his injuries. The letter was written to Major John Burrowes, of Middletown-Point, and begins:

"A certain Dragoon belonging to Maj. Lee's Corps, last Friday drove two Bull's of mine out of my Field without giving me the least notice or Informing me of the Reason; being very intimate with the Major, and his dining at my house but two days before with several of his officers, I was certain that if he intended any such thing he would have mentioned it to me; I told the soldier that I believed he had no such orders from Maj. Lee and tho' two of our militia men that was with him told me in his presence that he had no orders to drive off mine, the answer was two or three hearty Dams and he drove them off in triumph. . . . If it is Gen. Washington's orders to take our winter provisions I must submit and the matter is determined."

With a few more protestations against fate and his hard usage Kearny closes his letter. Perhaps it was trials like these and harsher usage at the hands of the American troops that moulded James Parker's children into such ardent Royalists, even to the foregoing of pleasures after the war was over, out of loyalty to their "dear king." Elizabeth, or Betsy Parker, as she was always called in old Perth Amboy days, has left us many interesting pictures of early republican times in her clever and satirical letters to friends. In one, written from New York to her sister Janet, in Perth Amboy, at the time of General Washington's inauguration, she says that she could not attend the ball given to Washington owing to respect for her other ruler; but she cautiously gives us a glimpse of feminine curiosity when she adds that she "went to view the new crystal sconces which were being put up in the assembly-room that afternoon."

After living at Shipley until 1783, James Parker removed his family to New Brunswick, and sometime afterwards, owing to the influence of friends and his vehemently declared neutrality all through his imprison-

ment, he was able to secure his castle, which came near being added to the list of confiscated great houses in Perth Amboy. During the war it had been used by the British alternately as a barracks and a hospital, and there are said to have been many blood-stains on the walls and hoof-beats on the floor when the family returned to its welcoming shelter.

There in that sad year after the Revolution was over, in the rooms where many a noble entertainment had been given during Governor Franklin's *régime* and in the times of the long list of governors preceding him, the aristocratic Royalist society, the flower of Amboy, came in twos and threes to say good-by before sailing for England. There were no more stately quadrilles, no more courtly games of trick-track and la prime, no more laughter,—only tears and weeping farewells. In many a group was a fair girl who afterwards became "my lady," and many a handsome youth destined to be knighted, then glad enough of a berth on some small merchantman to bear them home to the country of which they knew only by hearsay, but for which they had risked and lost all.

One who visited the Parker Castle many years after the royal cross of St. George had been taken down from the flag-staff in the centre of "Amboy Green," where the youth of the city have sported for more than one hundred years, wrote of it as "a venerable and fascinating pile, and a worthy rival of the storied homes of older lands." Describing the drawing-room, its largest apartment, she says:

"It was a long room, with walls painted a dull green. The spindle-legged Chippindale chairs, and the great claw-footed 'Orleans sofas,'

as they were called in those days, were covered with slips of white dimity. Never was there a prettier scene than on those summer afternoons when Miss Betsy Parker gave her galas, or tea-drinkings. The noble, snow-crowned old lady, throned on her most pretentious white-covered sofa, was a picture of age made lovely as her guests flashed about her and paid their homage. Outside the millions of unfurled leaves danced and sang and threw soft dark shadows on the festive scene, and the sweet scents of old-fashioned flowers, white jasmine and musk-roses stole through the aged casements. In that beautiful old green drawing-room, where the gay, witty Betsy of early years said good-by to her girlhood friends, she and her sister continued to receive all that was best in Amboy society for over half a century."

From old letters and Amboy tales we know of many of the long list of notables who came there. Among them were Admiral Porter, then Captain Porter, and his fine buxom daughter, who summered every year at Brighton House; the gallant Captain John Angus and little Julianna, the pride of his life, who sleeps in old St. Peter's Churchyard under one of Madame Scribblerus's epitaphs; Ambassador Meade, at whose wedding to Miss Butler, of Perth Amboy, Miss Betsey Parker was presented with a jewelled snuff-box; Old Judge Nevill, who edited the first magazine printed in New Jersey, and which for a time was published by James Parker, and William Dunlop then the happy manager of the Park Theatre and the author of the successful tragedy of "Major André." Who knows, too, but perhaps Aaron Burr came there when staying at Captain Lewis's house after his duel with Alexander Hamilton, or Joseph Bonaparte on the very day that his famous brother was sent an exile to St. Helena, for it is said he was in Amboy on that occasion. But no one is

left to tell us if these maybe correct surmises are true. The daughters of James Parker are all asleep beneath violet-grown graves, under the holy shadows of old St. Peter's, that historic place of worship, famous for its massive silver communion-service, presented by Queen Anne, and its melodious bell, given by some old sea-dog of the eighteenth century. The Amboy they and their father knew, with its beruffled and gold-laced aristocracy, its fair days sanctioned by the crown, with their merry hawking, cudgel-playing, and marionette shows, its stately dances and sumptuous feasts, is no more. The quaint little shops on the crooked lanes and side-streets near the water-front, where India muslins, rich silks from China, and heathen gewgaws could be bought, closed their doors almost a century ago. The beautiful gardens of Amboy are only memories. The stately mansions, the delight of so many generations of Amboyites,—Edinborough Castle, the home of the Johnstone family; the Watson House, where John Watson the first painter mentioned in the annals of American art resided; the Willocks, Angus, Hamilton, Farmar, Terrill, and Montgomerie homesteads,—have all fled before the encroaching hand of time. It is true that still standing are many old houses with histories, a few proud monuments to family cohesiveness, like the Parker Castle and the Paterson Mansion, but most of them are rapidly decaying old hulks of buildings, longing for death at the hands of the elements. They are the poor relics of a once proud city, which its early proprietors hoped would one day be the pride of the western world and a glory to their king.

MOUNT PLEASANT HALL

FRENEAU

WHERE JAMES MADISON WOOED IN VAIN THE SISTER OF PHILIP FRENEAU, THE POET OF THE REVOLUTION

UARDED by Beacon Hill, a mile and a half out on the Middletown Point turnpike, is what remains of the home of Philip Freneau, the most noted American poet and writer of his day, whose stirring verses served hot from "The Sign of the Rose," at the outbreak of the Revolution, and later at his own little press at Mount Pleasant, did much to inspire the hearts of his countrymen with the love of freedom.

The first homestead was erected in the year 1752 by Pierre Freneau, the father of the poet, and was named Mount Pleasant, after the residence of his grandfather in La Rochelle. Its situation was truly pleasant, and almost divine. It stood in the midst of a grove of great locust-trees, every one of them over a century old, and said to have given the poet as much pleasure as anything in his life. About it stretched, as far as the eye could reach, hundreds and hundreds of acres of fertile Jersey farm-land, all a part of the Freneau plantation.

During Pierre Freneau's life his family spent only a

portion of each year at Mount Pleasant, as he possessed a large mansion on Frankfort Street, New York City; but after his decease, in 1767, his widow removed there permanently with her five children,—Philip Morin, Mary, Peter, Andrew, and Margaret Allaire, and his old "Aunt Allaire," always an important member of the household. Mount Pleasant Hall was a wide and spacious dwelling. There was one large main house and two wooden wings added at later periods. A wide hall ran through the middle building, and there were balconies at the north and south ends, giving it a very stately appearance.

From old letters and papers we learn that the family lived the usual peaceful life of cultured leisure indulged in by the Jersey gentry farmers of the period. There are several pieces of gold and silver plate still in existence, handed down as heirlooms through the Freneau family, which are mute testators that they were familiar with the luxuries of the times.

The young Philip at an early age began the indulgence of his poetic fancy. As a boy he loved to climb the heights of the blue Homdel hills, and gaze off over the mysterious Atlantic, dreaming of the days when he should flit over its foam-flecked waters in a gallant ship, the hero of a hundred brave adventures. Most likely his youthful imagination was well steeped with the tales of pirates and buccaneers which lived in the minds of the people in the vicinity. The wild coast of New Jersey sheltered many a Blackbeard and Captain Kidd in the early eighteenth century, and often suspicious crafts found their way there at a much later period. The

dwellers near the coast were never free from the terror of gangs of robbers, called in Monmouth picarooners; and Mrs. Freneau often bade her slaves hide the plate in the meal barrels when the house was approached by strangers.

The Rev. William Tennent, of Freehold, and later the Penolopen Latin School, conducted by the Rev. Alexander Mitchell, prepared Philip for the College of New Jersey. After his arrival there, at the age of sixteen, his squibs and poems, especially "The History of the Prophet Jonah," charmed his fellow-students as much as the proficiency displayed in his studies delighted good President Witherspoon, for that worthy soon wrote a congratulatory letter to Mrs. Freneau, praising her son's good parts, and the students hailed Freneau as a dawning genius.

While at Nassau Hall, in fair Prince-Town, he entered into close intimacy with many of his classmates who afterwards became notable in their various walks of life. Among them were Brockholst Livingston, future justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and also one of his relatives by marriage; William Bradford, Attorney-General during Washington's second term of office; Hugh Henry Brackenridge, judge and author; Samuel Spring, chaplain to the Revolutionary army; Aaron Burr, afterwards Vice-President of the United States; Henry Lee, the famous "Light-Horse Harry;" Gunning Bedford, one of the framers of the Constitution; Aaron Ogden, afterwards governor of New Jersey; and James Madison, the fourth President, who was Philip's room-mate and one of his warmest personal friends through life.

It was during one of the college vacations that the quiet and studious little Madison accompanied Freneau to his Jersey home for a visit. One who loiters along the old Middletown turnpike near Mount Pleasant to-day will see few changes in the scenic setting through which their coach passed. A century has rolled very lightly adown that seldom frequented highway. Many of the houses Freneau knew are still lingering, mossy and weather-beaten, by the roadside, and some of the stone fences built by Freneau slaves yet stand guard over fertile fields.

Very joyful was that home-coming and the welcome given to young Madison in a household where all that was best in Huguenot customs and traditions still lingered. How gladly the poet's beautiful mother—for she is radiantly beautiful in her old portrait with the sabre thrust through the heart *—embraced them both. Under one of the vine-covered porticos old Aunt Allaire was waiting to add her caresses, and in the background stood the poet's lovely sister Mary. "She was as pure as an angel," Freneau wrote of her in after years; and as young Madison gazed on her his heart was lost.

James Madison could have written of his first love, Mary Freneau, those beautiful lines which the poet embodied in the most exquisite of all his poems, "The Wild Honeysuckle," for most of her life had been passed in the glades and glens of rural Monmouth.

* The portrait of Agnes Watson (Mrs. Freneau), painted when she was about sixteen, formerly hung in old Mount Pleasant Hall. During the Revolution the house was visited by marauders, and many of the family portraits were mutilated. The one of Agnes Watson received a sabre thrust near the location of the heart.

"Fair flower that doth so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet."

In those sylvian solitudes, of which Freneau has left us many charming pictures,—"by murmuring streams" and "flower-decked dells,"—Madison breathed to his Jersey Mary his unrequited love. In vain he begged and implored her to marry him, but, although she admired and respected him, she had formed a resolution to lead a single life, and could never be induced to alter her decision. The future President told the poet that he admired his sister more than any woman he had ever seen, and her refusal of him was the cause of that sadness of temperament noted in the early years of his manhood. Poor Madison was pursued by ill luck in his love-affairs until he met his sprightly Dolly Payne. His second proposal, at the age of thirty-two, was anything but a happy choice. The lady, Miss Catherine Floyd, a daughter of General William Floyd, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, after accepting and then rejecting him for a more ardent suitor, added insult to injury, so tradition says, by sending him a lump of dough, shaped like a heart, to show her disgust at his wooing.

Philip Freneau was much more successful in his love-affairs than his friend Madison. During these vacation days he began his courtship of Eleanor Forman,* of

* Eleanor Forman's brothers and sisters all married into distinguished families. Among the prominent names of New York and New Jersey closely connected with theirs are those of Ledyard, Bleecker, Tappan, Seymour, Van Rensellaer, Jay, Cass, Colden, and Livingston.

near-by Forman Place, now owned by the Vredenburgh family. She was a maiden both beautiful and educated far in advance of most of the women of her day. A pretty story is told of their corresponding in verse for a number of years before their marriage. Their engagement was a very long one for those days of hasty marriages, for they were not united until after the close of the Revolution.

When the happy day at last arrived, the poet took his bride home to live at old Mount Pleasant Hall. They were both bookish people, and although never rich in this world's goods, managed to form one of the largest libraries in New Jersey at a time when a dozen or two books were considered a goodly number for the usual educated household. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, while living at the Hall, they had a small building erected as a library, some distance from the main house, and there they used to retire from household cares and read and write in solitude. After their brilliant life in Philadelphia, where Freneau edited *The National Gazette* and was French translator for Jefferson, then Secretary of State, and Mrs. Freneau's little salon became known as a magnet for the wits of the Quaker City, this library house afforded great enjoyment to Mrs. Freneau. Writing to her young brother, Major Samuel Forman, then in the wilderness of Northern New York, near Cayuga Lake, she says:

"My two little girls and books are my chief comforters. I wish it were in my power to send you as good a collection of the latter as we have. You would not feel the loss of friendship and the want of company so much as you do. We must endeavor to make ourselves inde-

pendent of the world as far as possible, and let our own friends furnish us with that pleasure which too many of us go in search of abroad."

In these quiet days many relations and distinguished friends journeyed to visit the poet and his wife. We know Madison and his new-made wife were invited, for Freneau sent him a belated letter of congratulation on his marriage which contained such an invitation:

"Monmouth May 20th, 1795

"My Respected Friend,—

"The Public papers some time ago announced your marriage. I wish you all possible happiness with the lady whom you have chosen for your Companion through life. Mrs. Freneau joins me in the same, and desires me to present her best respects to your lady and yourself. Should you ever take an excursion to these parts of Jersey, we will endeavor to give Mrs Madison and yourself—'if not a costly welcome, yet a kind,'—

"I am, Sir

"with great Esteem

"Your friend and humble Servt

"Philip Freneau."

Among all the guests who enjoyed their hospitality none could have been more welcome than Philip's handsome brother, Peter Freneau, "the Apollo of Charles Town," who was secretary of state in South Carolina for the years 1788 to 1794 inclusive. He was a leader of society in the city which has been called one of the most aristocratic of the South, many of its inhabitants being members by birth of the French and English nobility. Among his intimates were Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, at whose hospitable mansion on the Bay he was a constant visitor; the witty Colonel Lehre; Mrs.

Ralph Izard, who was Miss De Lancey, a famous New York beauty; Lady Mary Middleton, a relative of the Pinckneys; Pierce Butler, a cousin of the Duke of Ormond, and many others whose names have added lustre to the old city's social history. He was a striking figure at the gatherings of the St. Cecilia Society, noted for its handsome and elegantly garbed frequenters. An early visitor to Charles Town said that at the St. Cecilia meetings one could view the "choicest flowers" of the South, and Quincy wrote, "In loftiness of head-dress the ladies stoop to the daughters of the North; in richness of dress surpass them." It is related of Peter Freneau that when visiting Mr. and Mrs. Philip Freneau in Philadelphia, he was one of the most talked of men in the Assemblies, and his likeness to Charles Fox was so pronounced that a portrait of the British statesman was exhibited as his own.

When the old city by the sea was still in her maidenhood, one of the diversions of her aristocracy was the spring-time fêtes, or revels, held in the gardens of lordly plantations. Under tall oaks, magnolias, and blossoming mulberries, on lawns and broad balconies, the planters and their families would gather to make merry in the first month of flowers. Mrs. Philip Freneau, when an aged lady residing in New York, used to tell of a visit to his great plantation on the Cooper River, and the grandeur of a spring-time ball given by her brother-in-law, Peter, for some distinguished friends. The great ball-room with its waxed floor, the myriad lights in the sixteenth century sconces, the grand company, the catalpa- and mulberry-trees in the garden glowing under

the stars, and the music were always fresh in her mind; but the most distinct figure was her ideal of manhood, Peter, of whom it is recorded that no woman ever looked once without looking again.

Peter Freneau was noted for his liberality and handsome presents. On one occasion he and his wife drove by easy stages from Charleston to Mount Pleasant Hall, and on their arrival he presented his brother with the span of horses, carriage, and slave coachman. After a subsequent visit he took the eldest daughter of the poet back with him to Charleston, where she remained some time attending the school conducted by the daughter of Admiral De Grasse, who afterwards became Mrs. De Pau, of New York. This distinguished son of New Jersey, and the friend of many great men of his time, has been called the American Addison, and his French translations were admired by Napoleon. To-day he rests in his adopted Charleston, in the old French Huguenot church, in the heart of the city. Over him is the beautiful epitaph: "Whatever Omnipotence decides is right." Typical of the man.

Mount Pleasant Hall was partly destroyed by fire in 1818, on Sunday, when the family were away visiting a neighboring mansion; but fortunately many pieces of fine furniture and several portraits brought from France were saved by a faithful negro slave who happened to be at home.

After the catastrophe the poet, his wife, and children, who now numbered four girls, on the verge of womanhood, removed to a house owned by Daniel Forman, Mrs. Freneau's brother, a few miles distant. There they

lived in retirement, enjoying the delights of the Freehold neighborhood until the poet's death in 1832.

In this house his second and favorite daughter, Agnes, wedded Edward Leadbeater, a surgeon in the British army, who gave up his estates and a title to settle in America. Every country family for miles around attended, and we know of two who journeyed by post-chaise from New York to Mount Pleasant. They were Alicia, the bridegroom's fair sister, and her dashing husband, Patrick O'Rielly, Marquis of Breffney, who to be united to his first love had defied church and family and fled to the welcoming arms of the New World.

Edward Leadbeater and his wife rebuilt Mount Pleasant Hall, and spent their summers there until the brave gentleman's death, shortly before that of his distinguished father-in-law.

A portion of the house is standing to-day, but it is sadly changed and modernized. The great grove of locust-trees which the poet loved so well, and where the young Madison and his first love spent many a happy hour, is a memory of the past. The old Middletown Point turnpike still circles about the Freneau estate, and folds in its arms broad sweeps of green fields lengthening into woodlands and high hills swept by the cool breezes from the distant ocean. On one of these hills, where periwinkle and wild roses live together as kindred, in a spot as peaceful as the imagination can picture, are the graves of this famous New Jersey family. The resting-place of the poet is close by that of his beloved mother, under the shade of a tree where he wrote many of his most celebrated poems and composed those beautiful

lines in "The Dying Indian," while his eyes rested on the panorama of Monmouth scenery he loved until death:

"I too must be a fleeting ghost—no more—
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below!
Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods,
Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,
Whose aspect still was sweet,
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embraced you with his beams—
Adieu to all!
To all that charmed me where I stray'd,
The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade;
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountains lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell
For some remoter sphere!"

THE BURROWES MANSION

MATAWAN

WHERE THE BURROWES REVOLUTIONARY TRAGEDY OCCURRED

HE Burrowes Mansion, still standing in the picturesque village of Matawan,—noted for its old trees, old churches, and old dwellings,—is very much like the former Mount Pleasant Hall. They were both erected in the first half of the eighteenth century, and tradition says by the same architect, a native of Elizabethtown, whose name is lost to posterity.

John Burrowes, or "Corn-King Burrowes," as he was sometimes called, became its owner a few years after its completion. He was a wealthy produce merchant with a line of vessels running between Kearny-Port and New York City. Back of the old mansion to-day one of his storehouses or granaries is an interesting village landmark. Out of its weather-beaten gray doors, in the long ago, his slaves would bring the bags of yellow grain and load the carts in the lane. The driver of the first cart would start his patient horses, and then the procession

was off. Down the hilly, saffron-colored road from the house, winding serpentine to Kearny-Port, it would go until it reached a wharf where a clumsy white-sailed vessel was in readiness to bear it off to the markets of the distant city. The owner of the caravan always rode on horseback in the rear, and he was oftimes accompanied by his faithful wife and some of the children of that happy household.

The first New Jersey company formed for the Revolutionary War was mustered in the garden of the Burrowes home. Its organizers were the son of the "Corn King," John Burrowes, Jr., appointed a major, and Jonathan Forman, who became his brother-in-law. The latter had just left the College of New Jersey and was not yet of age. Andrew Brown, an old sea captain, marshalled the large meeting of men, women, and children to take leave of fathers, brothers, husbands, and friends. The occasion was one of great solemnity, and was conducted with patriotic firmness and subdued grief. When the roll had been called the drum and fife struck up the air of "Duncan Davie," and the first New Jersey company marched away to embark for Long Island and join General Washington's forces.

Many of John Burrowes's quaint old letters are in existence to-day, and they show him to have been a loving husband and father. A very interesting one to his wife, dated June 5, 1769, tells of his arriving at New York just before nightfall and finding all business suspended on account of the king's birthday. He wrote of "joy fires" burning along the streets, and "fine company moving abroad," but on every page he tells in

words faded, but still legible, of "yearnings" for the dear ones at Middletown.

Mrs. Burrowes was the former wife of her husband's early partner in the mercantile business, and at his death she was left with an estate considered very large for those days. She was a woman of superior refinement and delicate fancy, and she loved her great mansion so ardently that she called it, in the romantic fashion of the times, "the enchanted castle." In a letter received by her from a Mrs. Falck, a former governess to her children, there is reference to it by that name. At the time Mrs. Falck had left her service and was expecting her husband from London. It is a charming letter for one penned nearly a century and a half ago, and one reading it cannot help feeling that our ancestors were not the shadowy creatures we are wont to picture them. It reads:

"N. York May 7th 1767

"Mn'dy even

"I again trouble you my dear Mrs. Burrowes with another epistle, tho' I know not whether you have rec' my last. I gave it to Ned Hammond last Monday who promised to send it by the first boat.

"The Packet is not yet arrived from London tho' it is ten weeks last Wednesday since she sailed (by the accounts in the Papers) My anxious heart forbodes a thousand ills for I know not whether Doctor Falck is not on board, so I am alarmed at his tedious passage. No doubt all is ordered for the best as: the Great first Cause rules over all, in all, and thro' all.

"I am so impatient to be again in the Inchanted Castle that (whether the Packet comes or not) I am determined to come back with Mrs. Brown the next frd'y.

"I forgot to write you in my last that Mrs. Harrison my father's new wife is in town; I just caught a glance of her yesterday in Queen

Street,—as she walked past our door Miss Paty bid me look at my mother-in-law. She was drest like a girl of fifteen and the sight of her mortified me Prodigiously but I soon overcame it.

"Present my love to Mr. Burrowes, and my pupils Caty and Hopey; and cease not to rank among the number of your Particular Friends her who is with the greatest esteem

"My dr Mrs. Burrowes

"Your friend

"Sarah Falck."

Strange as it may seem to twentieth-century ears, reference to handsome houses as enchanted castles seems to have been quite in vogue in Mrs. Burrowes's day. Colonel Byrd, of Westover, writing of Governor Spotswood's house at Germanna, dubbed it the "Enchanted Castle," and Charles Pinckney and others of lesser renown have used it in their letters.

Sad to relate, Mrs. Falck never took her impatiently awaited journey to the Burrowes enchanted castle, but sailed for England a few days after her letter arrived at Middletown-Point. There in later years she no doubt visited many castles, enchanted or otherwise, as her husband became a protege of Sir Clifton Wintringham, the Duchess of Kingston, and other London notables. In Mrs. Falck's letters to Mrs. Burrowes, bearing Revolutionary dates, there are references to new friends and acquaintances as "people of the first quality."

Life in the Burrowes Mansion in the old days before the fateful year of 1776 was beautiful, and ran gayly,—almost as gayly as the little brook which sings to an army of young willow-trees in a valley close by the house. It was a household of romping young people, composed of one son and four daughters,—two of the

latter bearing the Burrowes name and two the Watson name. Fortune smiled on them, and burnished their roof-tree with her golden horn. Many a score of slaves filled the cabins at the back of the lane. There were fine horses and coaches, fine jewels and dresses for the female portion of the family, brought by the sailing-vessels when returning from New York, fine liquors for the smiling punch-bowls, and, in fact, everything in connection with the family was fine, for they were one of the finest families of New Jersey.

At the outbreak of the Revolution John Burrowes had been dealing largely in corn purchased from Monmouth farmers, and his many granaries were filled to overflowing. When the storm of the war burst in its fury, and there was a greater demand for than a supply of corn, all the Whig families in the vicinity looked to him for their needs, and he earned his title of "Corn-King Burrowes."

Tory neighbors who had formerly been intimate with him naturally envied his good fortune. Much to his annoyance, they planned raids to his corn-bins, which generally proved futile, owing to the vigilance of friends. As the British gained entrance into Jersey these attacks became more and more frequent, and on one of them the tragedy occurred which gave the house its gruesome interest. Every year it is visited by a few roaming antiquarians, and as they mount the stairway, now slightly modernized, they always pause to wonder if the red spots on the boards are the blood-stains of young Mrs. Burrowes, who was stabbed for defying a band of redcoats.

Mrs. Burrowes, *née* Margaret Forman, one of Monmouth's Revolutionary martyrs, was the wife of Major John Burrowes, the only son of the "Corn King," and a sister of Mrs. Philip Freneau, the wife of the Revolutionary poet. Her marriage to Major Burrowes was the fifth marriage in the Burrowes family to be celebrated during the war, his sisters having been united to Dr. Henderson and Captain Forman, and his step-sisters, the Watson girls, to Colonel Holmes and General Stillwell.

There was always the thought of long separation and the grimmer reflection of death for people of prominence who married in those troublous days, when foes were ever on the alert, but the old-time Jersey girls seem to have delighted in it. The greater the risk the more eager they seemed to join hands with those of their true loves, even though they bade them God-speed to the battle-field after the ceremony.

There is a pretty and pathetic Monmouth tale told of a Freehold maid who married her soldier lover in her father's orchard, under boughs laden with snow-like blossoms. He left her side to march away with his regiment, vowing to return when the fruit was ripe. Not far from the orchard the great battle of Monmouth was fought, and he in the thick of the fight heard the final trumpet-call. The next day he was borne home to her through the orchard by some of his surviving comrades. It is said his blood stained the trees as he was carried along, and as a remembrance of the sweet vows they had heard, the fruit they afterwards bore was always circled with red, and the people of the vicinity named the apples "Monmouth reds."

There is no knowing whether the Forman and Burrowes wedding was interrupted; but most likely not, as it was celebrated very quietly. The Taylors and other Tory families of prominence in the neighborhood soon learned of it. Though spies were set upon the movements of the bridegroom with a view of capturing him, he successfully baffled them until some months afterwards, when they received the intelligence that he would visit his home. On that afternoon the Tories succeeded in getting word to the leader of "The Greens," an organized band of refugees on Staten Island, the terror of every Whig family for miles inland. They immediately crossed to the Jersey shore, and arrived on the road to the Burrowes Mansion shortly after midnight. We can picture the scene if we are at all familiar with the region. A June-time night, with a great full moon shining over the silent habitation lying by the road like some human thing with the breath of life gone out. The verdant foliage, so green at noonday, has a grayish tinge. The night's multitudinous voices have almost ceased, and even the yellow road seems white and merged into the landscape.

Up the hilly road to the sleeping house the men from Staten Island come, but a friendly courier has been there a few moments before them, and Major Burrowes has escaped from a back window.

Thinking the rebel safe in their net at last, the mob broke in the great front door and entered the house, led, so tradition says, by Broomfield, afterwards notorious at Fort Griswold.

The family had been awakened by the courier's warn-

ing, and Mrs. Burrowes, clad only in her night-robe, with a shawl thrown about her shoulders, started to descend the stairway when the door fell in.

A British officer was accidentally shot in the mêlée outside, and when the men entered the house, one of them, spying Mrs. Burrowes's shawl, demanded it to stanch his superior's wounds. "Never for such a purpose," she replied; and the soldier, infuriated, thrust his sabre into her breast, giving a wound which caused her death. Chagrined at the escape of Major Burrowes, and not content at his wife's suffering, the cry was raised to seize the "Corn King." He was bound and carried off to a prison-ship, and incarcerated for several months, but was eventually released through Dr. Henderson's efforts.

The house was pillaged and the granaries and storehouses burned, but by a miracle the Mansion itself escaped. Although now unoccupied and neglected, it is in a fair state of preservation. Its exterior is little changed since the day Mrs. Falck longed to come back to her "enchanted castle," and John Burrowes sailed his line of vessels in and out of Kearny-Port, and wrote to his "dear wife" from New York,—"Every time I sail away from you—even for a short time—I find my thoughts directed to my Jersey home and loved ones."

THE HANKINSON MANSION

FREEHOLD

WHERE GENERAL CLINTON AND HIS OFFICERS PASSED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

ONE of the best preserved and architecturally beautiful houses in Freehold is the Hankinson Mansion, which Sir Henry Clinton, on his retreat from Philadelphia, made his head-quarters on June 27, 1778, the day before the battle of Monmouth. It was erected by a member of the Hankinson family about 1755, and is just beyond the crowded portion of the village, on the "old Burlington Path." The quaint ornamental cornice is the same as that on the famous Tennent Church, built three years earlier, and but a few miles distant.

At the time of Sir Henry Clinton's occupancy it was owned by a Mrs. William Conover, an elderly dame living there with her slaves. On learning that the British were advancing, she, like other prudent housewives in Freehold, buried her plate and china by the lilac and rose-bushes in the garden and secreted her fine furniture

in a wood a few miles distant from the house. On the morrow, so the story goes, gazing with trepidation from the windows of the chintz-hung drawing-room, she spied the enemy in a solid red column advancing towards her dwelling. Faint with horror, but secretly pleased that her choice possessions were safe, she folded her hands and resignedly awaited their coming.

Sir Henry Clinton on this occasion played the wolf in sheep's clothing, for he calmed Mistress Conover's fears, and soon cajoled her into sending for her furniture and other belongings necessary for his comfort, which he afterwards permitted his men to loot.

Dr. Thomas Henderson, her nearest neighbor, writing, shortly after the Revolution, in *The Jersey Gazette*, of the harsh treatment Mrs. William Conover and many people of Monmouth received at the hands of the British, says:

"After he (General Clinton) had been for some time in her house, and taking notice that most of the goods were removed, he observed that she need not have sent off her effects for safety, that he would have secured her, and asked if the goods could not be brought back again. The old lady objected, but upon the repeated assurance of General Clinton in person that they should be secured for her, she consented, and sent a person he had ordered, along with a wagon, to show where they were secreted. When the goods were brought to the door, which was in the latter part of the day, the old lady applied to General Clinton in person for permission to have them brought in and taken care of, but he refused, and ordered a guard set on the goods. The morning following, the old lady finding most of the goods plundered and stolen, applied to him again for leave to take care of the remainder. He then allowed her to take care of some trifling articles, which were all she saved. . . .

"With regard to personal treatment, she was turned out of her bed-

room and obliged to lie with her wenches, either on the floor, without bed or bedding, in an entry, exposed to the passing and repassing of all, or sit in a chair in the milk-room, too bad for any of the officers to lie in."

Many a brave young Englishman bearing an historic name slept his last sleep in the old Hankinson Mansion that night. Such is the fortune of war. We read in the list of British officers killed or wounded at the bloody battle of Monmouth, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. H. Monckton, Captain Gore, Lieutenants Kennedy and Vaughan, Colonel Trelawny, Captain Desborough, and many others, all descendants of noble lines.

Some years after Sir Henry Clinton had been driven from the battle-field of Monmouth, and the trusting old lady he had forced to sleep in her draughty milk-room, surrounded by her black wenches, was at rest in the Freehold church-yard, the Hankinson Mansion was sold to Captain William Forman, a member of the noted Monmouth Forman family, who had served in the navy during the war, and was then engaged in the lucrative East-India trade. Captain Forman was a jolly bachelor and one of the traditional sea-dogs of the old school. He brought with him his younger brothers and sisters, and a new era began for the old house.

In the large rooms and wide halls, once filled with stern-faced men on the eve of battle, light-hearted girls in embroidered gowns of the Empire period and youths in blue coats, yellow breeches, flowered vests, and variously colored and sometimes striped stockings, danced, or tried to dance, the newly imported waltz. Early nineteenth-century society could not quite accustom

itself to giving up the stately Sir Roger de Coverly, the minuet, the Virginia reel, and the older hemp-dressers, for "the funny new favorites," as a Monmouth girl wrote in her diary of the waltz and the constitution polka.

On the simply carved mantels of the Hankinson Mansion costly "heathen bric-à-brac," as the Freehold neighborhood used to speak of its china vases and ornaments, added to the richness of the rooms. For the table-service the captain brought home with him on one of his trips two sets of the fine India china so much in use in the old days.

What fond beatings stirred the hearts of the Freehold maidens when the "Saucy Betty" or the "Swift Sally" was due in port, and the dreams of wonderful fabrics and gewgaws were about to come true. Great was the excitement in the chintz parlor when the captain and his chests arrived on the coach from Amboy, for people made more over home-comings in those days, when travel was not general.

One can picture the happy family embracing the wanderer, and holding him at an arm's length to make sure he had really returned, and the next minute fumbling with the locks of his sweet-smelling foreign boxes, impatient to peep at the presents. On such occasions we see the dapper sea-captain with his genial weather-beaten face aglow with smiles, surrounded by his eager females, a veritable Alexander Selkirk, proud monarch of all he surveyed. Then soon the friends begin to arrive,—the Henderson girls from over the way, the Vredenburghs, Breeses, Freneaus, Piatts, Lippencotts, Littles, Denises, Vanderveers, Englishes, Throckmortons,

Gastons, Perrines, and all the gentry of the Freehold neighborhood; the Forman cousins, from Violet Bank, out of Freehold, in the old coach which has outlived halt a century, and the Bergens, from Bottle Hill. What laughter, kissing, and rejoicing as they sit about the dining-room on spindle-legged chairs and hear of the captain's latest adventures, as they taste the jellies and whipped sillabubs, and sip the seasoned port and the "stewed Quaker,"* so popular in Monmouth households.

In old Freehold letters there are many glimpses of early Monmouth society. A letter dated August, 1809, written by Miss Sally Holmes, a Jersey girl then visiting New York City, contains a charming display of Jersey loyalty. She writes:

"The style of living here, the customs, manners, and general subjects of conversation are very disappointing. The style is not as elegant as I expected to have seen, and the most sensible and witty lady here would not be observed in Monmouth except for her satire and folly. The beaus are in no way captivating, and although they abound in numbers, they are much inferior to the Monmouth gentlemen. I could not recommend it to any of my friends to come here, unless it should be to make a fortune, that they might return to Jersey to enjoy it."

One of the Monmouth captivating gentlemen was a wit by the name of Bergen. With his "full flow of flowery imagery and constant stream of mind" he was always a welcome addition to the gatherings at Captain Forman's. A friend of Miss Holmes's, whose sister had been much in his company, wrote jestingly to her:

* Stewed Quaker was a Freehold drink of hot cider, with a roasted Monmouth red floating on top of the mug or bowl.

"You have enjoyed so many nuptial gayeties the past season and have recently, with an agreeable youth, advanced so far over the fertile plains, and through the pleasant and beautiful villages of Essex, and over the vales and mountains of Morris, Sussex, and Hunterdon, that Time has rolled on his ceaseless course, not like the streams of Monmouth, wandering, meandering smoothly through the meads and fields, but running, rolling, rushing like the mountain torrents down the sides of lofty Allegheny. When on the mountain's top you cast your eyes around and saw hills and vales, woods and cultivated fields, did not a fine full flow of pleasure come rushing on your soul? But you have descended from these aerial realms, and again feel the anxieties and cares mortals are subject to."

Among the belles of Freehold at the beginning of the last century the name of Sarah Woodhull* is prominent. She married William Gordon Forman, a descendant of High Sheriff Samuel Forman, and a relative of Captain William Forman, and brought him a large fortune. They removed to Natchez, where he soon became Speaker of the first House of Assembly in Mississippi. One of the Henderson girls wrote shortly before the Forman's left Freehold, in September of 1809:

"Last week I spent with Mrs. Major Forman (William Gordon Forman). She was much engaged in necessary preparation for her journey and stay in Natchez. Mrs. Woodhull told me that she felt

* The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon Forman, by an unknown artist, are in the possession of Mrs. Alice Forman, of Freehold. Mrs. Forman's home contains many interesting antiquities. A beautiful mirror of the reign of Queen Anne adorns her drawing-room, and two pastoral scenes by Benjamin West, purchased at an auction over seventy-five years ago for a small sum, embellish its walls. She owns the chair used by Washington when he dismounted after the battle of Monmouth.

reconciled to her daughter's going, now that it appeared to her that the hand of providence was in it. She bears it with uncommon fortitude. She was as cheerful and her spirits as good as I have ever seen them. Mrs. Forman says that she can support herself in the trying scene if it does not overcome her parents, but to see them drooping and sinking with grief and distress on her account will be too much for her to bear. Sabra, her black mammy, has consented to go with them, which is a great comfort."

The "hand of providence" did not smile on the venture of the Formans. Mrs. Forman died shortly after their arrival at Natchez. A year later Mr. Forman started for her New Jersey home to leave his young daughter with her grandparents. Reaching Louisville, Kentucky, he was stabbed to death in his bedroom at the Gault House by negroes, who hoped to find a sum of money on his person. His fortune was in script, and proved useless to his murderers.

The Freehold neighborhood, in the heart of Jersey, formed a little world of its own in the old days. At one time, during the War of 1812, twenty officers took lodging in the town. When Captain James Lawrence visited there the gaiety was at its height. Then it was that Captain Forman's sisters wore huge mull bonnets, the envy of every maid who sang good Whitefield's "gay, theatrical tunes" at Tennent. The children of some of the first families decorated with flowers the path to the house where he stopped, and the gay roystering blade of a seaman over at the Hankinson Mansion asked his friends to drink the health of young Lawrence with many a bottle of old jewel-colored wine.

The sea was the one grand passion of Captain Forman's life; and to constantly remind himself of its changeful beauty when on land he had the walls of his parlors and bedrooms painted with marine views, a few of which still remain undestroyed in the Mansion.

His friend the poet Philip Freneau addressed to him his amusing and witty lines on "The Sea-Faring Bachelor":—

"So long harrass'd by winds and seas,
'Tis time, at length, to take your ease,
And seek a bride, for few can find
The sea a mistress to their mind.

In all your rounds, 'tis wond'rous strange
No fair one tempts you to a change.
Madness it is, you must agree,
To lodge alone till forty-three.

Old Plato own'd, no blessing here
Could equal love—if but sincere;
And writings, penn'd by heaven, have shown
That man can ne'er be blest alone.

* * * * * * *

If Neptune's self, who rul'd the main,
Kept sea-nymphs there to ease his pain;
Yourself, who skim that empire o'er,
May surely have one nymph on shore.

Myrilla fair, in yonder grove,
Has so much beauty, so much love,
That, on her lip, the meanest fly
Is happier far than you or I."

The fair and loving Myrilla could not have pleased the captain's fancy, for he died a bachelor. Freehold was his home for many years, until the death of his mother, who before her marriage was a Miss Wickoff. He then removed to the Kearny House, at Kearny-Port, now Keyport, where his sister Mary presided over his hospitable abode.

After his removal, the old Hankinson Mansion passed through many hands, but is still in a fine state of preservation, and is one of the most picturesque houses in Freehold, on the road which the wags of the town used to say was "as straight as the road to perdition."

Up in the large attic a long musty row of the captain's trunks and foreign boxes still remain. They are a company of silent ghosts, for their faintly-perfumed depths are haunted by memories of love and anticipation and the fair faces of Freehold maidens that once bent over them.

CINCINNATI HALL

FREEHOLD

WHERE THE NOTED DR. THOMAS HENDERSON ENTERTAINED THE OLD FREEHOLD NEIGHBORHOOD

ON the foundation of his paternal mansion, which was the first house in Freehold burned by the British soldiers on the day of the battle of Monmouth, Dr. Thomas Henderson built, shortly after the Revolution, a large frame dwelling of a much plainer style of architecture than that of his former home. In honor of the newly-organized Society of the Cincinnati he named it Cincinnati Hall, and by that name it became noted as one of the most hospitable of New Jersey homes.

Dr. Henderson was very prominent among the men of old Monmouth. He was a member of the Provincial Congress, Lieutenant-Colonel of David Forman's company of State militia during the Revolution, and after the war became a member of the New Jersey Legislature. As vice-president of the Council, he was acting governor of the State during Governor Howell's absence from Trenton in quelling the Pennsylvania whiskey insurrection in 1794. Like that of other patriotic and high-minded

Jerseymen, his fortune had been exhausted by the inroads of the Revolution, and his new Cincinnati Hall was not as elegant as many of the homes of his neighbors,—although his sister, Mrs. Tinney, who lived in a great house on State Street, off Bowling Green. New York City, wrote of it to a friend as "both commodious and genteel."

The Henderson family in Scotland and America was noted for its piety and deep religious feeling. One of Dr. Henderson's ancestors was Alexander Henderson, of catechism fame, who sleeps in the kirk-yard of old Grey Friars, in Edinburgh, not far from the path where Sir Walter Scott used to walk with his first love, the beautiful Miss Stuart.* Dr. Henderson followed in the footsteps of his illustrious progenitor, and it is written of him that he was never missed from the Henderson pew, well up in the front of the quaint Tennent Church, on Sabbath-days.

In his library at Cincinnati Hall the doctor compiled for his friend Elias Boudinot the interesting account of the life and trance of the Rev. William Tennent which created such a sensation when published in "The Assembly's Missionary Magazine," and brought about renewed discussion of that famous divine's mysterious journey to the unknown world, which is said to have occurred in the home of his brother, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, then living on Burnet Street, New Brunswick.

* This Miss Stuart is said to have nearly broken Sir Walter Scott's heart by refusing his suit. She afterwards married Sir William Forbes, a wealthy banker.

Owing to ignorance and village credulity, the old Tennent parsonage in Freehold was pointed out as the house where "Dominie Tennent had his trance." It was the terror of all the bad children of the village, who were told when they passed there that Satan was liable to come out and carry off one of their toes.

Cincinnati Hall in the old days was the social centre of the community and the recognized hearth for consociation. Many a lumbering family coach, bearing some state official and his family, journeyed in the first part of the past century through Hunterdon County to Monmouth, and finally took the road to Dr. Henderson's. Freehold hospitality then was very much like that to be found in the Southern States before the Civil War. No traveller of good appearance and address knocked at the door of the home of any of the first families without obtaining a cordial welcome from master and mistress, the cheerful slaves of the household ever ready to enjoy the excitement of guests.

A Philadelphia gentleman, visiting Freehold eighty years ago, dwelt with rapture on the charms of the young ladies. He wrote of them as fine dancers, good horsewomen, and skilful in all womanly accomplishments. At one of the houses where he rode to spend the morning with a "Freehold beauty," he found his fair inamorata sewing little silver spangles in love-knot designs on a "palampour gown," to be worn at an assembly that evening. He wrote that the material was so thin and fine he could have held the length of it in his closed hand. It is to be regretted that he did not

describe the assembly, where the company no doubt played whist and trump, and Mrs. Freneau, who was then living in Freehold, sang, as she always did, "Diana's Lament," or some other sentimental song, and the beauty in the silvered gown, and the other beauties of the neighborhood, danced until midnight to the music of the negro fiddlers.

The old Freehold tavern on the main street was one of the meeting-places for the devotees of fox-hunting in Monmouth. "Next to fine raiment, a good horse becomes a gentleman," was a Freehold fetish, and many of the neighborhood owned blooded horses. When the green luxuriance of the town grew monotonous, the first families would journey to the Branch for a breath of the sea. Long Branch at that time was a miniature hamlet, with only a few houses. A journey in the twenties from Freehold to the spot which became so famous during General Grant's Presidency was then looked upon like a journey to Bath. It is true there was no Pump Room to display finery, but there were the admiring eyes of handsome officers in blue coats and glowing buttons, and the Jersey maiden packed her boxes with much of the delight of the earlier Mayfair belle anticipating a minuet with the peerless Nash.

Dr. Henderson in early life married Rachael Burrowes, a daughter of John Burrowes, of Middletown, and their union was blessed with several daughters, all of whom were Jersey belles. Perhaps the most noted was Eliza, who married Angus Bruen. Eliza was twenty-one at the outbreak of the War of 1812, and was still gracing her father's mansion. She was a very beautiful girl,

and of a sunny, vivacious temperament. Old letters abound with eulogistic tributes to her personality. Her sister Hope was nearly her age, and they were the life of the Hall. Their correspondence is full of gay badinage and feminine raillery. On the occasion of some entertainment at their father's mansion, Hope wrote to her "sister of the heart:"

"Eliza do skip over the floor with the agility of a reindeer and talk with the eloquence of Cicero, and do not forget the retaliation that the Pines deserve, speak of the society as you did to sister Anna, and as much more as you please."

Eliza most likely skipped over the floor that evening, her face wreathed in smiles and her coy head covered with hundreds of little Josephine ringlets, which dangled entrancingly at the gentlemen when she talked politics. Politics always came before neighborhood gossip in those days.

In a charming letter written to her from her friend and cousin, Jane C. Green, of Cherry Grove,* Maidenhead, now Lawrenceville, which breathes the spirit of the time, one can see the great interest Jersey girls of the period

* Cherry Grove, at Lawrenceville, the home of Jane C. Green, was erected by Colonel John Dagworthy. Before the Revolution it came into the possession of the Green family. About the time of the battle of Trenton, Colonel Dagworthy and his men quartered themselves on George Green, then its occupant, compelling his household to vacate the mansion. It is standing to-day with its exterior entirely unchanged, and is a beautiful specimen of a colonial house. Harmony Hall, another Lawrenceville house connected with the history of the same family, was torn down and rebuilt in 1813. Under a large willow-tree on its lawn Whitfield preached to an assemblage of five thousand Jerseymen.

must have taken in the welfare of their country. It reads:

"CHERRY GROVE, Feb. 21, 1813.

"You say, my dear Eliza, that you fear there are causes for my silence of which you are totally ignorant.

"There are none, dearest girl, in which you are implicated, nor any that I wish to conceal from you, but they are too numerous to be related here.

"I have been greatly disappointed in not receiving a visit from you this winter. I looked for you every day during the fine sleighing, and delayed making visits to many of my friends from the expectation of having you to accompany me. I entreat you not to let me weary myself with fruitless watching any longer, but come and gladden the heart, and enliven the spirits of your Jane.

"I suppose you will be pleased to hear that the gloom of the Democratic war is again lightened by a Federal victory. The Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, has made prize of the British frigate Java. The Commodore was wounded, but has recovered. The Java was so much injured that they were forced to sink her. Her commander died after the action, of his wounds: He left a wife and two children to mourn his loss. Commodore B. describes him as a brave officer and an amiable man. Miss Bainbridge gave me this account, and as she received it from her brother, who wrote to her by the same express that carried his messages to Washington, I therefore think it must be nearly correct. I rejoice the more in the success of our Commodore as he has, tho' courageous, been hitherto very unfortunate. My fingers are stiffened with the cold, I must therefore conclude by assuring you that

"I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"JANE C. GREEN.

"My best love to your mamma and sisters, not forgetting my friend Eliza."

Again, in April, when the cherry-trees were making Cherry Grove a place of loveliness, Jane C. Green sent

to her friend Eliza and her sisters another of her chatty letters:

"I have just had one note from you, and I hear there is another following. That is doing very well, and I trust you will not let me suffer again for the want of letters, as I am less able to endure famine now than ever.

"I have nothing new to inform you of—politics is the topic of the day, and so completely does it occupy the attention of the community, that I begin to fear that it will not be admissible to introduce any other subject of conversation. That will be a sad stroke to me, as I generally keep silent in political discussions. I have read in an old tome that they were very bad for the complexion, symmetry of feature, sweetness of expression, etc.

"Aunt Churchill was here to-day. Charles Gustavus is getting better. I have been some time engaged in reading Pope. His poetry is highly polished, but I think it sometimes appears overstrained. 'Windsor Forest' and 'The Temple of Fame' I admire exceedingly. His pastorals are sickening. The 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' I have not seen, and I anticipate much pleasure in perusing them.

"Tell my dear Matilda that I know her Johnny has too much generosity to wish to engross her entirely, but tell him that to preserve this good opinion of his cousin, he must see that his partner is kind to his friends. Now, my dear girl, you know that I must be nonsensical sometimes, and as I keep apartments in the fourth story to-day, you must make great allowances for exuberances.

"Given under my hand and seal this first day.

"Jane C. Green."

Those days of the War of 1812 were often full of dreariness for the old-time Jersey girls. The praying for sweethearts and brothers away. The weeks of doubt and uncertainty, owing to the slowness with which news travelled. No gay silks and calimancoes from London delighted their simple hearts then. The

"Freehold beauty" most likely gave up sewing silver spangles on her gauzy gowns. All was gloom and talk of the latest victory or defeat. No wonder Jane Green, in her Cherry Grove, longed for her "dearest Eliza" to gladden her heart and enliven her spirits. Later the Henderson sleigh was brought forth from the Henderson stable, and "dearest Eliza" departed on the long journey to Maidenhead, warmly wrapped up in a great tippet and carrying a huge muff, while her little feet rested on a foot-warmer, and her mitted hands held a hot stone to protect them from the winter winds.

It has been said all the Freehold neighborhood was entertained at Dr. Henderson's, regardless of station. General Washington, Governor William Paterson, and Judge Symmes honored it, the first having been a frequent visitor at the Henderson house burned by the British.

Many of the pieces of furniture which graced the Hall are still in existence. The well-known Mrs. Flavel McGee (Miss Julia Randolph), a great-granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Henderson, numbers several among her priceless collection of heirlooms, which includes specimens of Sheraton, Hipplewaite, Chipendale, and the French periods. On Dr. Henderson's little tea-table, where General Washington was once served cake and wine, Mrs. McGee has poured tea for almost every one very distinguished in New Jersey society. Many retain a pleasing picture of her bending over her antique silver in the salons of the McGee mansion. Her gown always a copy of a Romney, a Le Brun, or a Reynolds portrait, and she herself a beautiful vision in an eighteenth-century environment.

Cincinnati Hall, the abode of hospitality, is rarely called by that name now. It still retains much of its old-time appearance, although it long ago passed out of the possession of the Henderson family and its happy period of prosperity. The Henderson girls are often spoken of in Freehold to-day, and the highest compliment a Monmouth octogenarian can pay a modern belle is to compare her to the doctor's lovely Eliza.

THE FORD MANSION

MORRISTOWN

WHICH STANDS NEXT TO MT. VERNON IN HISTORIC INTEREST

HE house best known in Morristown, and to all students of history throughout the State and country at large, is the carefully preserved Ford Mansion, now owned by the Washington Association of New Jersey. There Washington and his military family lived from December, 1779, to June, 1780, as the guests of Mrs. Theodesia Ford, a daughter of the Rev. Timothy Johns, and widow of the gallant Colonel Jacob Ford, Junior. During that period of time—six months—a greater number of famous characters in the history of the Revolution stopped under its roof than in any other dwelling in America.

The Fords were among the wealthiest and most prominent families of early Morristown, and their home, erected in 1774, was one of the finest dwellings in the country. At the beginning of 1776 Colonel Jacob Ford, Junior, made a compact with the Provincial Congress of New Jersey "to erect a powder-mill for the making of gunpowder, an article so essentially necessary at the present

time." The Congress agreed to "lend him two thousand pounds of the public money for one year without interest, on his giving satisfactory security for the same, to be repaid within the time of one year in good merchantable powder." The Ford gunpowder-mill did good service all through the war, although its owner died in January of 1777.

Visiting this historic spot to-day one finds no discordant modern improvements to destroy its old-time charm. The thick planked walls of the house are structurally the same as when first erected, and the aged ivy, which Washington himself planted, clings to them tenderly. Even Mrs. Washington's garden, with its glorious view of fine ranges of hills, where the prim little lady watched for the first daffodils and early flowers in the spring of 1780, is preserved with somewhat of its former Georgean quaintness. Inside the house, with the priceless treasures of hundreds of prominent New Jersey families, we can easily forget for a few minutes our modern life and environment and imagine it as the headquarters of the army.

During the early part of the first winter of Washington's stay, his family, as the childless commander loved to call his wife and his young officers, endured many hardships. In January we find him writing to Quartermaster-General Green, whose duty it was to provide for him, that there was no kitchen to cook a dinner in, almost no room for servants, and that eighteen belonging to his family and all Mrs. Ford's were crowded together in her kitchen, "and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have." When

the weather grew milder these conditions changed, and the whole household revelled in the country,—as much, at least, as they dared, for Morristown was in constant alarm over the enemy which never appeared. The head-quarters was guarded by a life-corps of two hundred and fifty men, under the command of the handsome Lieutenant William Colfax, who, like his friend Alexander Hamilton, then courting Betsey Schuyler, married into the Schuyler family,* so prominent in New York and New Jersey.

From the old letters and tales which have come down to us we know that the ladies of the little army circle entered into the full zest of camp life. No doubt Mrs. Washington as the wife of the commander-in-chief of the army, in her draughty room and high up in her four-poster, exposed to the gaze of the guards by the windows, was happier than she was as the first President's wife in New York writing to a friend of her loneliness and the forms which bound her an angry prisoner of state.

* Lieutenant William Colfax married Miss Hester Schuyler, the daughter of Casparus Schuyler, of Pompton, New Jersey. During General Washington's stay at Towowa, a few miles away, he was on several occasions a guest at the Schuyler homestead. An amusing story is related of her having made it a boast through life that she had never combed her own hair or put on her own shoes and stockings. Her eccentricities were many and varied; she led her handsome husband anything but a peaceful existence. She had a violent aversion for the color black, and would not allow a black beast or bird near her home. There is a tradition that she kept to her chamber for a space of ten years owing to some small offence of her husband's, and when the time was up she came forth richly gowned, and drove to church in her great coach, as if nothing had happened, to the wonderment of the neighborhood.

In the middle of April the household was made joyful by the arrival of the French minister, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, and a distinguished Spanish gentleman, Don Juan de Miralles, representing his court, bearing tidings of aid for the colonies. The countryside was breaking away from winter's bondage, and a white world filled with suffering seemed to be only a memory, so great was the influence of the cheerful news. On the night of April 24 a ball was given for the foreign guests at the Arnold Tavern,* then kept by a son of Erin named O'Hara. Hundreds of candles shone on one of the largest companies that had assembled for amusement since the beginning of the war. The occasion was somewhat saddened by the illness of the Spanish envoy, who lay tossing with fever in one of the upper chambers of the Ford Mansion. He grew rapidly worse, and four days later he died. In the diary of Dr. Thacher there is a description of his funeral, which was attended with much pomp and ceremony. It reads:

"I accompanied Dr. Schuyler to head-quarters to attend the funeral of M. de Miralles. The deceased was a gentleman of high rank in Spain, and had been about one year a resident with our Congress from the Spanish court. The corpse was dressed in rich state and exposed to public view, as is customary in Europe. The coffin was most

* The Arnold Tavern is still standing somewhat modernized on the west side of the Morristown "Green." General Washington occupied it as his head-quarters during his first stay in Morristown in 1777. It was then owned by Colonel Jacob Arnold, the commander of a company of light horse, a detachment of which was on duty as body-guard of General Livingston.

splendid and stately, lined throughout with fine cambric, and covered on the outside with rich black velvet, and ornamented in a superb manner. The top of the coffin was removed to display the pomp and grandeur with which the body was decorated. It was in a splendid full dress, consisting of a scarlet suit, embroidered with rich gold lace, a three-cornered gold-laced hat, a genteel-cued wig, white silk stockings, large diamond shoe and knee buckles, a profusion of diamond rings decorated the fingers, and from a superb gold watch set with diamonds several rich seals were suspended. His Excellency, General Washington, with several other general officers, and members of Congress, attended the funeral solemnities and walked as chief mourners. The other officers of the army, and numerous respectable citizens formed a splendid procession extending about one mile. The pall-bearers were six field-officers, and the coffin was borne on the shoulders of four officers of the artillery in full uniform. Minute-guns were fired during the procession, which greatly increased the solemnity of the occasion. A Spanish priest performed service at the grave in the Roman Catholic form. The coffin was enclosed in a box of plank, and in all the profusion of pomp and grandeur was deposited in the silent grave, in the common burying-ground near the church at Morristown—a guard is placed at the grave lest our soldiers should be tempted to dig for hidden treasure."

From an old diagram of the Ford Mansion we learn that the rooms on the east of the main hall were retained by the Widow Ford. For many weary months her young son Timothy suffered in one of them from a gunshot wound. We are told that every morning as Washington left his bedroom he knocked at Timothy's door to ask how the young soldier had passed the night. And those who saw the kind attentions thought how beautiful they were in so great a man. The room on the west side was used as a dining-room, and there young Alexander Hamilton often presided at the head of the chief's table and convulsed the company

with his ready wit. The east room on the second floor was used by General and Mrs. Washington as a bedchamber, and the other rooms in the house served the members of the staff in like capacity. After Washington's almost pitiful letter to General Green, a log building was erected on the east side of the house to serve as a kitchen, adding greatly to the comfort of the inmates.

All these quaint apartments are filled with the *lares et penates* of many long-dead Jerseyites. The great punch-bowl given to Colonel Richard Varick by Washington; rare Lowestoft plates and heavy cut glass once forming a part of Mt. Vernon's china-closet; the silver urn purchased by Hamilton when he had grown rich from his legal practice; a little tea-caddy given by Lafayette to some fair maid of the long ago, seem to beckon the passing antiquarian. In one of the rooms is a large collection of old English pottery, including many examples of Staffordshire and Wedgewood, and only excelled by a few collections in America. The many beautiful examples of the furniture of our forefathers, the rare antique chintzes printed from copper plates, and the collection of old prints would take almost a volume in themselves if adequately described.

From the walls of the wide hall and some of the rooms many brave and patriotic men and women of colonial days gaze peacefully down on the time-worn floor. There are redcoats, too, among them. Notably the handsome Colonel Tarleton, who is said to have caused a score of Tory hearts to bleed in America when he gave his affections to the noted Mrs. Robinson in

England.* All the delightful traditions we have heard of His Excellency General Washington tripping minuets with Mrs. Knox, of Kitty Livingston's witty squabbles with President Witherspoon of the College of New Jersey on his visit to Morristown, and of Mrs. Washington presenting her favorite officers with hair cushions and other articles of her handiwork would be verified, and other interesting occurrences we have no knowledge of told in addition, if the boards had the gift of speech.

Two oft-repeated anecdotes are related of the Washingtons when occupying the Ford Mansion. The first is of Lady Washington. Not many weeks after she had passed through Trenton, surrounded by her Virginians, on her way to Morristown, the most prominent of the ladies in Morris County resolved to visit her at the Ford Mansion in a body. Dressed in silks and brocades, they called in state, and found her ladyship "knitting," attired in a simple gown covered by "a speckled apron." She received them very graciously, but after an exchange of courtesies resumed her knitting. As they idly sat about her she delivered her famous rebuke, which is worthy of a place in history and has kept alive the story,—

"American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother-country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be examples of thrift and economy."

* Mrs. Robinson, the actress and mistress of George IV., then Prince of Wales, is familiar to this generation in prints of her many beautiful portraits by Lawrence, Reynolds, and others.

The other is of General Washington's enjoyment of the ludicrous. It was reported by General John Doughty, a revered name in Morristown history. He often told his friends that he heard of Washington laughing aloud but once during his stay in Morristown in the years 1779 and 1780. The exception took place in the spring of the latter year. Washington had purchased a young mettlesome horse of great strength, but unbroken to the saddle. A townsman and boaster, who made loud proclamation of his horsemanship, solicited and received permission from the general to break the horse for him. Washington and many men of the army assembled to see the horse receive its first lesson. The horse, capering and rearing, was taken to a field and there the man, after many preliminary flourishes, essayed to mount him. He finally succeeded by a leap, but was no sooner seated than the horse made a "stiff leap," threw down his head and up his heels, casting his rider over his head in a sort of elliptical curve. Washington, gazing at the man sprawling in the dirt, but unhurt, entirely lost his gravity, and laughed aloud so heartily that the tears rolled down his cheeks.

No one visits the Ford Mansion to-day without feeling a profound reverence for its early associations. Next Mt. Vernon it should occupy a shrine in the heart of every American, for there Washington hoped and suffered, and laid the plans which ultimately brought the war to a close.

THE CAMPFIELD HOUSE

MORRISTOWN

THE SCENE OF YOUNG ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S ROMANTIC COURTSHIP OF BETSEY SCHUYLER

NEAR the corner of Morris Street and Oliphant Lane is the small two-storied house where Surgeon-General John Cochrane had his head-quarters during the camp at Morristown. It was the home of Dr. Jabez Campfield, a surgeon in Spencer's regiment, then in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

Many years before the Revolution Dr. Cochrane had married General Philip Schuyler's only sister. In the spring of 1780, when the head-quarters house saw most of its gaiety and merrymaking, Elizabeth Schuyler, the general's second daughter, journeyed by coach to Morristown, under escort, to visit her aunt. From all the accounts history has recorded, this maiden from Albany possessed a most pleasing personality. Colonel Tench Tilghman,* a close friend of Alexander Hamilton's, on

* Colonel Tench Tilghman was one of Alexander Hamilton's favorite companions during the army's stay at Morristown. At the time of Elizabeth Schuyler's arrival at the Cochrane House he was in love with his cousin Anna Maria Tilghman, whom he met for the first time a few

meeting her for the first time, described her as being "a brunette, with the most good-natured lively dark eyes I ever saw, which threw a beam of good temper and benevolence over her entire countenance." In her portraits she undoubtedly possesses a fair share of physical attractions, and perhaps her beauty was heightened a little at the time she lived by her father's wealth and high social position in the colonies.

Girls of the eighteenth century, minus hoop and high head-dress, were very much the same as girls of to-day, and it would be interesting to know Elizabeth Schuyler's thoughts as she gazed out of her coach window on primitive Morristown. Did she dream that she was soon to reach the greatest epoch of maidenhood? No mediocre suitor Destiny had marked out for her, but the Prince Charming of the army, Alexander Hamilton, who shortly after her arrival laid his heart at her feet.

Alexander Hamilton at that period was still under twenty-one. He had been the commander-in-chief's aide-de-camp and secretary for nearly three years, and then enjoyed his special favor and confidence. His Scotch shrewedness and perseverance, inherited from his father, and a share of his French mother's vivacity and tact had combined to make him one of the most remarkable figures of the time. Born on the Island of Nevis, in the West Indies, he early evinced a desire to get on in the world. When but thirteen he was

months before, when on a furlough. Tradition says he helped along Hamilton's courtship by ofttimes assuming some of his duties. At the close of the war he married his cousin, Miss Tilghman.

employed in the counting-house of Nicholas Cruger, at St. Croix. This gentleman was connected with several old New York families. In early life, during a visit to Santa Cruz, he married a native heiress descended from the French nobility, and established a permanent home on the island, journeying to New York City every two or three years. On one of his voyages, during the latter part of the Revolution, his ship was captured by a British frigate, and he was taken a prisoner to New York City. Through the influence of the Walton family, high in Tory circles, he was released on parole, and made his home with them in the famous Walton House. He sympathized with the colonies, although he did not take an active part in the struggle for independence, and on the day of General Washington's inauguration was one of the guests of the New Jersey Livingstons, following the great chief's barge from Elizabethtown to New York. Some years after Alexander Hamilton's death, his niece by marriage, Catherine Church, wedded Bertram Peter Cruger, a son of Nicholas Cruger.

While employed by Nicholas Cruger, young Hamilton wrote to his boyhood friend Edward Stevens the famous letter which has often been published. In it he says:

"My ambition is prevalent, so that I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity. I'm no philosopher, you see, and may be justly said to

build castles in the air; my folly makes me ashamed, and beg you'll conceal it; yet, Neddy, we have seen such schemes successful, when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying I wish there was a war."

These longings and restive desires to escape the dull and dreary routine of a mercantile career soon incited him to write an article for a newspaper, which attracted the attention of the governor of St. Croix, and that worthy interested himself in having Hamilton sent to America. Arriving at Boston, he set out at once for New York. While in the latter city he delivered some of the letters of introduction given to him by Mr. Cruger and his old tutor, the Rev. Hugh Knox, and through the advice of new friends he soon started for Francis Barber's grammar-school at Elizabethtown. Carefully guarded in the pocket of his coat was a letter of introduction to William Livingston, whose many subsequent acts of kindness to him formed a firm foundation for his meteoric career. This prominent man was so pleased with his respectful address and yet sprightly bearing on their first meeting that he invited him to live with his family at the Hall. In such an environment as the cultivated Livingston household a youth of Alexander Hamilton's temperament could not fail to blossom forth as he did. Liked by the head of the household,—who was very chary of his liking,—made much of by Mrs. Livingston, and adopted by the Livingston daughters as a brother and playfellow, fortune indeed smiled on his auspicious advent into the Jerseys.

A new girl in Morristown, and one as celebrated as Miss Schuyler, did not long remain unnoticed in the

war-time days of 1780, when every chance of pleasure that relieved the dull tedium of the routine at head-quarters was eagerly pursued by the officers, many of whom began to frequent the Campfield House; and young Hamilton was among the first to pay ardent court to his "Betsey," as he soon commenced to call her.

Life at camp, with its hardships and elements of danger, was not without attractions. There was always the glorious thought for these brave men and women that they were helping to mould the destiny of the country, and in the intervals between the alarms of the enemy many of the refined pleasures of life were enjoyed. During the minuets in the wide hall of the chief's dwelling our young lover found ample opportunity to whisper sweet nothings into his charmer's ear. In the games of forfeits he could always steal to her side to obtain a love-knot, and he most likely found ample opportunity to ride with her over the hills and vales of Morris County, then in the first flush of early spring,—a pretty setting for a budding passion.

After a few months had passed, all the members of the Washington household, Dr. Cochrane,—dubbed by his friends "good Dr. Bones,"—and his wife at the little house by the lane were aware of the romance unfolding before their eyes. About this time General Schuyler arrived at the head-quarters house to confer with General Washington on needed reforms in the army, and with his sanction the youthful pair were betrothed and the wedding talked over for an early date.

There was another Revolutionary love-affair in General Schuyler's family which history has scarcely noted,

—overshadowed as it is by that of Hamilton and his "Betsey,"—and that is the elopement of Angelica, his eldest daughter, with John Barker Church,* a gentleman

* A portrait of Mr. and Mrs. John Barker Church and their children, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is in the possession of the Misses Cruger, of Cruger Island in the Hudson. A small painting on copper of Mrs. Elizabeth Church, by an unknown artist, and a miniature of John Barker Church, by Cosway, are owned by Mrs. Benjamin S. Church, of New York City.

In the year 1790 John Barker Church, with Lord George Cavendish, was elected to Parliament from Wendover,—referred to in a letter of the time by the rather inelegant sobriquet of "rotten borough."

Nothing has been written on the family's gala period in England, although many memories are still alive. Their old home in Sackville Street is still standing, and until a few years ago was quite a prosperous lodging-house. There on the birthday of one of Lord Gage's daughters the Churches gave a famous ball to "Prince Florizel" and his charmer Mrs. Fitzherbert. The house, though a large one, was not adequate for the great company invited, and a dancing-pavilion was temporarily erected over Lord Melbourne's gardens in the rear. The Duchess de Noailles was the belle of the occasion, wearing a gown embroidered with brilliants and dancing many times with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In those days Philip and his younger brother John used to entertain crowds of Eton school-fellows at Down House, their father's country home near Windsor. They always made their journeys on the Thames in the royal boats, by permission of the Prince of Wales. "Florizel" was very fond of their father, and a great admirer of his personal beauty, although he sometimes laughingly spoke of him as "the French Commissary."

Philip Church made many friends among the sons of the gentry when at Eton, and in after years, when he returned to America and became his uncle Alexander Hamilton's secretary, he frequently corresponded with them. An amusing and hitherto unpublished letter received by him from the notorious Sir Philip Francis, during a second visit to England, is in existence to-day. It reads:

of fortune masquerading in America under the *nom de guerre* of Carter. The vivacious and clever Angelica, who far outshone the more retiring Elizabeth, met him

"July 8th 1812

"Dear Sir

"I wish you would rite me a line by any days post in the present week to let me know whether u have any thauts of returning into the bosom of your family a fond de l'Amerique. I want to send many instructions to my friend the great Cadwallader, I wish he had been crissened Caractacus, particularly to have no mercy on my Debtors; but to remit me the amount as fast as he can rescue the computed value of my lands, now theirs out of their Bowels.

"From this I proceed to Tunbridge Wells on Tuesday next, where it seems fit that u should pay a visit. I can furnish u with food, but not with Lodging, or washing, much less raiment.

"Phx.

"N.B.—I have just received a letter from a fine lady ending thus ures til deth."

To enumerate the friends of the Churches in London it would be necessary to repeat many of the names which added lustre to the gilded, glowing days when Dame Fashion by her extravagances made the first gentleman of Europe pawn the crown-jewels of the British empire. One of the most notable was the brilliant Charles J. Fox, who formed a strong attachment for them. During the space of a few years he borrowed a fortune from John B. Church, and the latter's descendants still possess some of the I. O. U.'s, which a wit of the reign of George IV. termed Fox's "new currency." The following is an unpublished letter received by John B. Church, in New York City, from Charles J. Fox, when the latter was made Prime Minister of England:

"June 5th 1806

"My Dear Sir:

"I take the opportunity of the first mail since my entrance into office to repeat to you my assurances of friendship and regard, and the deep

at a Philadelphia assembly at the beginning of the war. Possessed of dashing manners and almost godlike beauty, it is small wonder that he attracted the attention of the maiden. From his mother, Elizabeth Barker, celebrated at the court of George III. for her loveliness, he inherited the languishing blue eyes and finely-chiselled features which Reynolds and Cosway have immortalized. Although but a few years past his school-days, he was already the hero of many adventures and a breaker of hearts. To escape a marriage with a wealthy kinswoman, whose Lowestoft estates joined his own, and the consequences of a duel, he fled from London without baggage or credentials; and it was under his assumed name that he wooed and won the most brilliant daughter of one of New York's first families. General Schuyler at first did not approve of the marriage, but through the influence of

sense I have of the many essential obligations you have conferred on me. If it should be in my power either by the share of power which is peculiarly my own, or by my influences with my collegues, to show my kindness or civility to you or yours it will give me highest satisfaction. . . .

"With respect to public affairs there seems to be getting up on your side of the water a heat, that has the appearance at least of being very alarming; as the business between the two countries is chiefly in my department, I am sure you know me well enough to be sure that every thing possible will be done to settle the matter amicably. Lord Selkirk who is going as envoy is a very well informed and sensible young man, and if you happen to meet I am sure you will be pleased with him.

"My best respects to Mrs. Church, and good wishes to the whole family.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Most truly your faithful & obliged servant

"C. J. Fox."

the Patroon Van Rensselaer, who encouraged and sheltered the young couple at his manor, he gradually relented, and finally received them with open arms at the Albany homestead.

The careers of Alexander Hamilton and John B. Church possess many instances of striking similarity.* They both were of versatile energetic temperaments, and Fate decreed them lives that were veritable marches of triumph. While one was moulding the destiny of America, the other became a power in the London world which circled about a throne. The daughter of General Schuyler, as Mrs. Church the fair American, was one of the first of our matrons to win pronounced social success in England. She spoke French like a native, having learned the language from her father, who had been educated in a French Huguenot school at New Rochelle. Her card-parties were always attended by the highest nobles of Europe. The great Mrs. Sarah Siddons acted in her drawing-room, and George IV. once said of her that she was one of the brightest stars in the world he knew as a young man.

Elizabeth Schuyler never longed for her elder sister's

* John B. Church fought a duel with Colonel Burr in the summer of 1799, on the same ground where Alexander Hamilton subsequently fell. At a dinner given by Chancellor Livingston, Mr. Church in the course of conversation mentioned a report he had heard that the Holland Land Company had cancelled a bond for twenty thousand dollars against Burr for services rendered in the Legislature. This reached the ears of Colonel Burr, and he demanded an apology. Mr. Church declined any further than to say that perhaps he was indiscreet in repeating the accusation without fuller authority. This was not accepted, a challenge was sent, and they met and exchanged shots without effect.

great social triumphs. It is true she was one of the ladies of the Washington circle, but, simple and retiring, she was happier in her domestic life than when forced to face the glare of candles and the din of drawing-rooms. "Betsey," the Morristown sweetheart, always occupied the first place in Hamilton's heart, whatever may have been written to the contrary.* Through their strangely eventful lives they walked hand in hand; and long after his death, when she sat alone in her purple-lined pew in old St. John's, on Varick Street, New York City, she was still devoted to his memory. When a very old lady and given to reminiscences, she is said by those who knew her to have spent fully a fourth of her time talking of the Hamilton of her youth,—the handsome boy who paid his court to her at a little house on a Jersey lane.

Alexander Hamilton never did anything in his life without the force of his whole nature, and surely he was an ideal lover. The letters which followed his leaving

* In a recent work on Alexander Hamilton there is a most cruel, and generally false, sketch of the woman best known to the world as Madam Jumel. Friends who had her confidence in life deny that her affection for Alexander Hamilton was more than platonic and that she tried to estrange him from his wife. She was a faithful and loving helpmate to Stephen Jumel, and always spoke of him with tenderness. During her last years she possessed a fondness for talking about her brilliant career, and if one mentioned the name of Alexander Hamilton in conversation it never secured more than a passing interest.

It is a shameful act to endeavor to ruin the good fame of a woman remembered with affection and respect by many people still living. No one will ever be able to answer Madam Jumel's traducers, for the secrets of her life lie locked in her silent breast.

camp on various missions for General Washington were enough in themselves to storm the heart of any maiden. In a very beautiful one he writes to the object of his affections, after telling her many times that he loves her,—

"I suspect, however, if others knew the charm of my sweetheart as well as I do, I should have a great number of competitors. I wish I could give you an idea of her. You have no conception of how sweet a girl she is. It is only in my heart that her image is truly drawn. She has a lovely form, and a mind still more lovely ; she is all goodness, the gentlest, the dearest, the tenderest of her sex. Oh, Betsey, how I love her !"

The old Campfield House was moved many years ago from its original site to the plot it now occupies. The side windows no longer peep over the hill-top at the large Ford Mansion, as they used to do in days gone by. The Campfield garden, where Dr. Jabez Campfield in his diary tells us that he had so many fair flowers and choice vegetables, is now occupied by modern houses facing Oliphant Lane. The Campfield House itself is very little changed. Its interior has been somewhat modernized, but its exterior still looks as it did when young Hamilton went forth from the Ford Mansion to court his "Betsey."

THE SANSAY HOUSE

MORRISTOWN

WHERE A DANCING-MASTER GAVE A BALL TO A MARQUIS

ON De Hart Street, hidden somewhat by the foliage of giant trees from the spires of the lower Green, is the old dwelling of Monsieur Sansay, the courtly dancing-master of early Morristown, and one of the most pathetic characters in its history.

Any interesting long resident of Morristown who may be asked for information about Monsieur Sansay is sure to answer, "Why, he was the man who gave the dance to Lafayette;" but further than that they cannot go, for his past is hidden by the shroud of mystery, and tradition says the name itself was but a *nom de guerre.*

It was many years after the dreadful Reign of Terror in France when Monsieur Sansay first appeared in Morristown. Count Auguste Louis de Singeron, one of the gallant band of officers who defended the king on the August night it ran blood at the Tuileries, had long ago taken his wares away from the corner by St. Paul's in New York City; Madame De Bonneville, the friend of Thomas Paine, had closed her French school

in the same city; and the famous Talleyrand no longer sat at his window in Newark counting the days to the time he was free to return to "la belle France." They had all gone like so many birds of passage,—a picturesque phrase of early American society was ended; and comtes, vicomtes, and others bearing the titles of France's fallen nobility no longer masqueraded as waiters, barbers, shopmen, and in like menial vocations.

The people of Morristown were quite familiar with French *émigrés* when Monsieur Sansay arrived in their midst. The town, like every other noted spot in New Jersey, had its French visitors, and a few stray reminiscences of them still live in the minds of some who cherish their memory. One still sees the handsome Thebaud, whose father had been of the royal bodyguard to the unfortunate King Louis XVI., telling stories of the French court, fair Trainon and its lovely demoiselles, and the beauty of Marie Antoinette the Austrian, to a group of rustics in one of the village emporiums; another remembers Vincent Boisoubin, an elegant aristocrat of the old *régime* who detested Lafayette as "le traître Lafayette;" and yet another cherished the tale of a Comte Massue eating in one of the rooms of the Sansay House and crying from sheer joy between each mouthful at the sight of his little countryman.

Some time about the year 1807 Monsieur Sansay erected the house on De Hart Street, and there he gave notice to the public that he was an instructor in the art of terpsichore. Early in the history of Morristown dancing seems to have taken a strong hold on the

aristocratic portion of its small population. In the memorable winter and spring of 1780 there were the assemblies at O'Hara's Continental Ball-Room. The subscription list* for these affairs is in the possession of the Biddle family of Philadelphia, and it is most interesting, as it tells us that the five or six dances cost no less than thirteen thousand six hundred dollars. Our currency was at a low premium in those days, and the thirty-four gentlemen, headed by General Washington, who paid four hundred dollars apiece for a few evening's enjoyment could have purchased very little with a like sum, as "silver hair-powder, such as the French court uses," then cost three hundred dollars a box.

After the army had gone and the best people of the town no longer attended assemblies on the officers' invitations, the few who loved their quadrilles and morris-dances still danced on. The ladies discarded muskmelon hats and brocaded stomachers for the little-waisted, slim Greek gowns of the directoire, and viewed with favor the dances the expatriates had brought them. Gay expatriates they ofttimes were, and they still saw in their minds' eyes the Place Royale, St. Cloud, Versailles, and the Louvre basking in the sunlight and untouched by the bloody fingers of the new France of the Sans-Culottes,

*This paper reads as follows: "The subscribers agree to pay the sums annexed to their respective names, and an equal quota of any further expense which may be incurred in the promotion and support of a dancing assembly to be held in Morristown the present winter of 1780." Among the names it contains are those of Generals Knox, Stirling, Wilkinson, and Greene; Colonels Hamilton, Jackson, Hand, Erskine, Baron de Kalb, and others.

and so they had the heart to be merry among the more simple-lived Americans. They had forgotten the horrors of the Conciergerie, La Force, and Des Carmes.

When little Sansay opened his dancing-room, a few years later, Morristown was ready for him. In the morning, before the hour of eight, was his time for the children, and hundreds of eager boys and girls in the long ago trooped to his house after the sun had risen and laughingly peered into the windows. Their older brothers and sisters came later, and the Sansay who met them was more elegant,—a Sansay, tradition says, appearing in all the glaring impotence of a silk and broadcloth attire a trifle the worse for wear.

Many and many an aspirant longing and stumbling for the grace of a Nash or a Brummel he initiated in the mysteries of the feather step, the spring step, and all the intricate mazes of the courtly dances of the old *régime.* At stated intervals of once a month Monsieur Sansay held his exhibition days, and on such occasions many proud mothers would rustle up the stairs leading to the dance-room to view their childrens' progress with delighted eyes. Then it was that the little dancing-master was happiest. Like an aged butterfly under the influence of the sunshine he would flit and pirouette over the floor with his pupils, now and then pausing with a grandiose manner to compliment some blushing damsel on her *pas léger* or *bel air.* From one corner of the room would come the notes of the harpsichord tinkling protestingly the sweet melodies Sansay had learned in his youth in the Salles de Dance of the West Indies. "Now swing this way, *mes petites*," he would call out as he

essayed a movement. "All ready for the minuet? It will entrance you, *mes dames*." With bows to his smiling patronesses, he would form the pupils in lines. Then a clap of his hands was the signal for the most graceful of dances to begin. Those were happy days, for at that time the clergy of Morristown permitted their flocks to practice the graces of their ancestors, and poor Terpsichore was not held to be in league with the devil.

For the long contemplated arrival of the Marquis de Lafayette from Paterson, on July 14, 1825, Monsieur Sansay arranged the memorable ball which has caused his name to go down as the most famous dancing-master in New Jersey history. On that evening, after the much-fêted marquis had finished dining at the home of Charles H. Ogden, a noted citizen living at the corner of Market Street and the Green, all the well-known Morristowners of that period hastened to the Sansay dancing-room. There by the lights of myriads of wax candles the hero-worshippers braved the hot summer weather by dancing and feasting in honor of the popular idol.

The *Palladium of Liberty*, the Morristown paper of that day, does not contain an account of the assemblage and a description of their costumes like our modern journals, so we will have to picture the company ourselves. The most important and wealthy men of the town were all on the reception committee, and we can see them with their good wives a pompous line along the wall. On the floor the pretty Morristown girls are whirling about with their country cavaliers in some merry waltz or gallop. There were others besides

country-bred youths present that night, too; for it is said at least one bevy of gay city sparks drove over by post-chaise from the Forest Garden at Paterson to share in the festivities.

Some time after Sansay's ball for Lafayette the popularity of the little Frenchman's dancing-school began to wane. The rigid Presbyterians talked of too much dancing in Morristown and of a set of young people growing up pleasure-loving and ungodly. The dancing-classes began to thin rapidly, and affairs reached a crisis when the Rev. Albert Barnes, the Presbyterian clergyman, preached a fiery sermon against them, even reviling the personal character of the little Frenchman.

Although still upheld by many of the best of the townspeople, poor Sansay was too much of a gentleman not to take the matter to heart. He soon sold his house for a very small part of the sum it had cost him, bade good-by to his old friends, and left by coach one morning for Elizabethtown, that one spot in New Jersey which always held out welcoming arms to the exiles of France. Mystery shrouds his death as well as his life, for there is a tradition that, becoming a prey to melancholia, he hung himself in one of those old houses on the outskirts of that town, and another that he came back to die in his former Morristown home. The first tale is probably true; but we could think of his pitiful fate with less sorrow if we knew he really died in Elizabethtown, for there at that time some of the customs and traditions of the France of the Capets he loved still lingered.

The house he built on De Hart Street was purchased

by Jacob King, a member of the well-known King family still prominent in Morris County, and was afterwards sold to General Joseph Revere, a grandson of Paul Revere, of Revolutionary fame. The dancing-hall where Monsieur Sansay gave a ball to a marquis was years ago divided into bedrooms, but the old house is in many respects unaltered.

THE CONDICT HOUSE

MORRISTOWN

WHERE MRS. SILAS CONDICT GAVE SEWING-BEES FOR HER COUNTRY'S WELFARE

N the north side of the Sussex Turnpike Road, leading to the town, there stood until recently a two-story hip-roofed house very similar to the Campfield dwelling. During the Revolution and up to the dawn of the nineteenth century it was the home of Counsellor Condict, a noted Morristown patriot. The Condict family is one of the oldest in Morristown, having settled there when it was known as New Hanover. Silas Condict, the Counsellor, as he is always called, was born in 1737, in a house on what is now Mills Street. At the age of twenty-two he began the study of surveying, and shortly afterwards married his first wife, Phœbe Day. Upon her decease he espoused Abigail Bryam. She was a true colonial dame, and by her services to the cause won the regard of Governor Livingston and the love of many a brave soldier while the army was encamped at Morristown. The gallant Colonel Ebenezer Condict, who succumbed to the dread scourge of smallpox in the winter of

1777,* was a brother of the Counsellor. Early in life he married Abigail Alden, a descendant of John Alden, of "Mayflower" fame, and they often visited at the Condict House.

Mrs. Silas Condict was present when Martha Washington delivered her famous rebuke to the Morristown ladies in the Ford Mansion; but she did not feel ashamed of herself, as some of the others declared they were. She was a tireless knitter, and early in 1779 she organized the knitting-bees which were held at the Condict House for the benefit of the stockingless soldiers. It is a tradition that the knitting-needles flew so fast on these occasions that Governor Livingston praised their owners for their industry and noble work.

Silas Condict became a member of the legislature of the province of New Jersey in 1776. Later he was elected a member of the Provincial Congress and also president of the Committee of Safety. Many of the meetings of the latter organization were held at his homestead, and several were attended by General Washington. He was a notable surveyor and mapped out thousands of acres of New Jersey land.

The Counsellor was a violent Whig and warmly championed his country's welfare. There is a story told of his capturing some Tories, at the beginning of the war, for minor offences. In the old jail at the north corner of the village green they were incarcerated for many weeks. When at last set free, they planned to

* The Rev. Timothy Johns, famous for having administered the Sacrament to General Washington when in Morristown, lost sixty-eight of his flock by the sourge of smallpox in that year.

revenge themselves on their captor. Not far from the Condict House was a large meadow swamp, and there they lay in wait for a considerable time, hoping to take him dead or alive. Becoming weary of watching for him, one of their number went to his house to make inquiries as to his whereabouts. The Counsellor was really at home, but his wife, suspicious of the man's appearance, told him that her husband was in Trenton. The news was carried to his comrades in the swamp, and the disheartened band left the region with their threats of vengeance unfulfilled.

Silas Condict, like his rebel governor, vowed he would never be taken alive by the enemy, and his home was fortified to withstand sudden attacks. After the battle of Princeton several British officers, with their serving-men, in charge of Americans, were quartered on the Condict household until their exchange could be effected. According to one account, the British occupied one side of the house and the Americans the other, and a most uncomfortable time the family had with the altercations constantly arising.

One young officer of impetuous temper owned a vicious dog, which created great consternation among the household and slaves. The Britisher, when approached on the subject, haughtily refused to part with it. Finally, Condict took the matter in hand and ordered it to be put out; and out it went, although the youth drew his sword and the eye-witnesses expected the Counsellor to be instantly run through.

Many famous American generals shared the Condict hospitality during the war; and there was a saying among

the officers encamped at Morristown "that victuals were always waiting at Dame Condict's."

In 1799 Silas Condict left his house on the Sussex Road, and moved with his family to a larger one he had erected on the present Cutter Street. There he died soon afterwards.

He had no sons, and therefore adopted Colonel Ebenezer's son Silas the second, who became one of his heirs and inherited much of his property. Silas Condict the second, on coming of age, married Charlotte Ford, a daughter of Jonathan Ford, and a great-granddaughter of Jonathan Dickinson, famous as the founder of the College of New Jersey and the author of that quaint volume, "Familiar Letters to a Gentleman, by a Minister of the Gospel at Elizabeth-Town." Charlotte Condict was worthy of her illustrious parentage, and started the first Sunday-school in New Jersey at her small home at Littleton in 1810.

The old Condict House was called the Hyndshaw House for many years, as it was owned and occupied by Rev. James Hyndshaw, whose wife was a great-granddaughter of Silas Condict. Although of plain exterior, the mantels and wood-carvings in its rooms were quite elaborate with handwork. It was destroyed a short time ago, much to the sorrow of many of Morristown's old citizens, for it was regarded as one of the venerable links connecting the present Morristown with the village of long ago.

THE STIRLING MANOR

STIRLING

WHERE THE DAUGHTER OF AN AMERICAN PEER WEDDED THE MATRIMONIAL PRIZE OF NEW YORK

SURROUNDED by the blue Bernard hills, near the present hamlet of Stirling, was an old mansion famous in history for having been the country residence of the American peer, William Alexander, better known as Lord Stirling. A portion of it is still in existence, embedded in a modern dwelling. It was erected in the year 1761 by this gentleman, who stands forth in his period like some brilliant figure in romance. Born to all the advantages of wealth and high position, he rode through life on the triumphal car of hereditary greatness. Fortunately, he had nobility of soul as well as of name, and his arrogance and pomposity, maligned and ridiculed by the society of his time, is easily overshadowed at this late day by the many great services he rendered his country.

In 1761 Lord Stirling had just returned from abroad. While in England he had pushed his claim to the Earldom of Stirling, which had been held in abeyance for a number of years. All his efforts proved unsuccessful.

But the final decree of the House of Lords did not dampen his spirits to any great degree, if we can judge by the manner in which he journeyed home.* He arrived in New York on the man-of-war "Alcide," after a voyage of three months. There his valet, French hairdresser, lackeys, chair-bearers, and a wardrobe of new foreign fashions made him the sensation of the hour in the salons of the fine houses then facing the Bowling Green. His mind thoroughly imbued with English customs, he began the erection of the Stirling Manor on his Somerset estate in New Jersey. This tract of about seven hundred acres was inherited from his father, James Alexander, the surveyor-general of New Jersey. A large portion of it was of great beauty and fertility. The most skilled gardeners in America were hired to design and lay out the immense park, containing an enclosure for deer, a rose-garden, an Italian vineyard, and other accessories of a nobleman's seat in the mother-country. Mrs. Eliza Susan Morton Quincy, wife of the celebrated Josiah Quincy of Boston, who in her youth had a home near the Stirling Manor, has left us a description of it as she knew it then. She says:

"The seat of Lord Stirling, called by the country-people 'The Buildings,' was two miles distant. Designed to imitate the residence of an English nobleman, it was unfinished when the war began. The

* William Alexander was allowed his title in America by courtesy. In Timothy Trueman's Almanac for the year 1776, printed by Isaac Collins, of Burlington, his name is given among the members of his majesty's council of New Jersey as "The Honorable Lord Stirling." General Washington in his correspondence invariably addressed him as "my lord."

stables, coach-houses, and other offices, ornamented with cupolas and gilded vanes, were built behind a large paved court behind the mansion. The front with piazzas opened on a fine lawn descending to a considerable stream called the Black River. A large hall extended through the centre of the house. On one side was a drawing-room with painted walls and stuccoed ceiling. Being taken there as a child, my imagination was struck with a style and splendor so different from all around."

Although Mrs. Quincy wrote that the Manor was unfinished at the time of the Revolution, the family had spent many summers there previous to 1776. Elegant ladies and cavaliers riding in the Stirling coach emblazoned with coronets and panelled medallions were familiar sights to the farmers of the neighborhood. So great was Lord Stirling's generosity to the poor on the outskirts of his estate that they bobbed and courtesied to him whenever he passed in his chariot. His lordship accepted all their kowtowing and obeisance with the complacency of a man of his title. Among the Schuyler traditions there is a story told that Mrs. Cochrane, the sister of General Philip Schuyler, in a spirit of fun, when courtesying to Lord Stirling, once touched her high head-dress to the ground, whereupon his lordship was vastly pleased. The company present were very much amused at his display of vanity, and for a time society called the low sweeping bow "the curtsy Stirling." Another anecdote is told of Lord Stirling's feeling of importance. On the occasion of the execution of a British spy, Lord Stirling was standing near the gallows. The soldier who was to hang the poor wretch gave him a few moments to commune with his Maker and seek peace for his soul. The fellow fell on his knees, and in

a beseeching voice cried, "Lord, Lord, have mercy on me!" Lord Stirling, imagining the supplication was addressed to him, turned to the man, and said, in a loud voice, "None, you rascal, none!"

In those few years before the war many people were entertained at the partly-furnished country-seat. The Rutherfords, the Watts family, the Livingstons of New York and New Jersey, and the Jays, all connected with them by marriage. The Cluxtells and Steptoes of the South were among the great people constantly journeying there. The fairest American beauties and handsomest beaux fluttered before the golden mirrors in the stuccoed drawing-room during June and July. Wits were there, too,—butterfly wits and waspish ones; and when the Revolution was on, and General Stirling had taken a place among the most brilliant of our commanders, the latter class did not forget him. His regal hospitality served him an ill turn then, and by reason of it he was rendered a conspicuous target for every spiteful and satirical lampooner. The acrimonious Jones wrote very disparagingly of him, and Jonathan Odell published a dastardly attack on his character, stinging, no doubt, at the time, but only amusing to-day:

> "What matters what of Stirling may become?
> The quintessence of whiskey, soul of rum!
> Fractious at nine, quite gay at twelve o'clock,
> From thence to bedtime stupid as a block."

Brighter and more beautiful than any jewel in the Stirling coronet were Mary and Kitty Alexander, the two daughters of Lord Stirling. Charming and quaint

they look at us to-day out of an old miniature done by some stray limner in their girlhood. The Lady Stirling, their mother, was a Livingston, a sister of Governor Livingston of New Jersey, who presented such a poor appearance in his youth that he was dubbed in New York society "The Broomstick." She was not a beauty, and whatever share of personal attractiveness Ladies Mary and Kitty possessed was most likely inherited from their father. Lord Stirling was of fine personal appearance, and closely resembled the immortal Washington in face and figure. The Countess Stirling has been given one of the back pages in history, owing to the greater brilliancy of the lives of her husband and daughters, especially that of Kitty. She was "by nature mild, serene," and most likely a good portion of her time was spent governing and caring for the extensive household with which her husband always surrounded her. There is an unrecorded tradition that she was very fond of pets, and her dogs, cats, birds, and monkeys were the terror of her acquaintances. Their pranks must have delighted her very vivacious second daughter and those merry cousins, the girls of Governor Livingston, who "under manners soft and engaging" hid a great capacity for fun and frolic.

At the first sign of the severance of the relations between the colonies and the home government Lord Stirling ardently embraced the cause of liberty, and practically laid his immense fortune, estimated at one hundred thousand pounds, on the altar of his country's welfare. He became a personal friend of General Washington. That calm judge of mankind placed the

utmost confidence in his ability and integrity. During the early years of the war, while he was on Long Island, to the front at the battle of Trenton, proving the hero at bloody Brandywine and bloody Monmouth, and capturing honor after honor by his brave conduct, his manor house up among the hills of Basking Ridge was not deserted, and was still a centre of sociability.

After Washington vacated the Wallace House for the Ford Mansion at Morristown, in 1779, General Greene removed his pretty wife and staff from the Van der Vere house to Basking Ridge, and established his head-quarters at the Stirling Manor. With such agreeable hostesses we can imagine that the merry, dancing Mrs. Greene was in her element. We learn of her husband sending to Philadelphia "for a pasteboard for a bonnet" for her, which gives us a hint that her wardrobe was being replenished for this elegant household, whose management up to the time of Lady Kitty's wedding was conducted with some of its old-time state.

Of that fair belle's marriage to Colonel William Duer of New York much has been written, as it is an interesting subject to most historians. The rich and handsome Colonel Duer was descended from the noble family of De Vere. His father, a planter in the West Indies, had left him a large fortune in early manhood. At the time of his marriage he was considered the finest prize in the matrimonial market of the colonies. Like the Skinner family of Perth Amboy, there is a story told that the Duers were a branch of a royal family, and such a descent, added to great wealth, gave brilliant lustre to Colonel Duer's popularity. He was, no doubt,

much sought after by designing mammas and eligible daughters. But he remained indifferent to all the charms displayed before him until the winsome Lady Kitty captured his heart, while visiting her sister, then Lady Mary Watts, in New York. She did more than all the rest, for she ran off with it to the Jerseys.

Out under tall old trees, heavy with July foliage, their wedding took place, in the year 1779. Many of the guests, as did the hundreds of pieces of paduasoy, satin, laces, etc., which comprised the bride's trousseau, had to find their way past sentinels and army lines to be present. Governor Livingston had occasion to issue many passes,—acts which he generally did with very poor grace. All of the neighboring gentry appeared on the scene. The Southards, Kennedys, Hatfields, Lotts, and Mortons. The presents to the bride were very fine for the period. The Duchess of Gordon, always the ardent friend of Lord Stirling, the Earl of Shelburne, and several other members of the British nobility remembered his favorite daughter. It is a sad story that many years after the bright wedding-day Lady Kitty Duer, then a decrepit old woman keeping a boarding-house in New York City, was forced by poverty to part with the souvenirs of the happiest day of her life.

From family tradition we learn that the bride was gowned in white, and made a beautiful picture as she stood by the commanding figure of General Washington, under a cypress-tree, awaiting the coming of the bridegroom. After the knot was tied, the ladies, escorted by the brilliantly uniformed officers, — army affairs were then in a better condition than earlier in

the war,—trained their gay petticoats over the lawn to the manor, where one of those bounteous old-time collations was served. Later, when the young people were deciding to play games,—"Langteraloo," "Kiss the Bride," "Put," and all the forgotten merrymakings indulged in at weddings,—a clamor arose outside the house. The guests, rushing to the windows, found the house surrounded by soldiers from a nearby camp, all shouting with lusty voices for a view of the bride. Then it is we obtain the prettiest picture of any scene in Lady Kitty's career, as she steps out again upon the grass in her white satin slippers and all her wedding finery to receive the congratulations of her father's fellow-campaigners. They gave them to her individually and then filed away with great satisfaction.

The fete for Lady Kitty's marriage was the last entertainment ever given in the manor house by Lord Stirling. The private affairs which he had neglected for his sword gradually grew from bad to worse, and upon his death, at the close of the war in 1784, he left his family only an honored name. Lady Kitty Duer, through her wealthy marriage, continued to live in New York in all the luxury to which she had been accustomed at her father's Jersey home. Manasseh Cutler, in his journal of 1784, mentions having dined with the Duers. He found them living in the most sumptuous style, served by liveried footmen, with fourteen kinds of wines on the table and all the elegancies of the time. Their names are among the most frequent on the famous dinner-list of Mrs. John Jay, the social register of old New York. It is a strange and lamentable fact that very few of the

ancestors of the members of our present New York society appear on that list, and it is sadder still that only the names of a small number of the descendants of that historic society of yesterday appear in the social columns and social registers of to-day.

The Stirling Manor passed out of the possession of the family immediately after the war, and for some time it was a drug on the real estate market of the young republic.

It is to be hoped that Lady Kitty did not visit it in after years, as its glories soon departed. Before the advent of the next century it was a scene of ruin. The drawing-room, with its stuccoed ceiling and decorations of goddesses and cupids, where Lord Stirling and his daughters sang hymns to the accompaniment of a little London spinet, still in existence, was a habitation for pigs. The tiled courtyard, where many a lordly coach had rumbled, was broken up, and the Stirling gilt coach, itself a reminder of Sir Charles Grandison's day, was a roosting-place for fowl. The entire estate became a dreary picture of neglect and ruin.

An evil star seemed to shine on the family fortunes. Colonel Duer lost his immense estate in unwise speculations. Poor Lady Kitty survived him many years. In the dark close of her life the remembrances of her former happiness supported her, and she never ceased talking of her past. The Misses Trumbull, daughters of General Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, in their unpublished letters, written during a visit to New York, have described her along with several others. Those who had never seen the winsome Lady Kitty of Revo-

lutionary days no doubt thought the withered, snuff-taking old woman "queer" and "slatternly." She had outlived her period, and many of those who loved her best were sleeping. But why dwell on the gloomy picture? For her the grand manor house among the quiet hills of Basking Ridge still existed, and she dwelt in the streets of memory, where she walked always fair and beautiful.

THE WALLACE HOUSE

SOMERVILLE

WHERE THE "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY" AND THE "CIRCLE OF BRILLIANTS" CELEBRATED THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE

ONLY a few rods north of the point where the road from Somerville to Raritan crosses the tracks of the Central Railroad is a large and peaceful-looking frame dwelling. It was erected in the spring of 1778, by William Wallace, a gentleman of fortune, and was in its day considered almost palatial for that section of the country. In the following memorable winter and spring it was selected by General Washington as a head-quarters for himself and family. Undoubtedly it was fortunate for his country that Washington came there that winter of 1778, and did not heed the urgent advice of friends to give up active service in the Jerseys for the comforts of Philadelphia. A brilliant move in the chess game of the Revolution would most likely have been spoiled had he chosen otherwise.

In an unpublished letter, written by General Greene to Major More Furman, dated Bound Brook, December 2, 1778, we obtain a glimpse of the inner

workings of the army and the great chief's coming. He says:

"I am sorry to find our prospect of forage is very indifferent; however, we must do the best we can. A supply must be had by one means or other. If we are obliged to draw forage at a greater distance we must, and use the more industry. I believe we shall put directly in back of Bound Brook, below the mountain. I am only waiting for His Excellency's approbation, who is expected at this place to-morrow."

His excellency arrived and did approve, and shortly afterwards his "lady" joined him at the Wallace House. She, too, must have been pleased with the things more in her own sphere,—the comfort of the house then nearing completion, its large rooms and pleasant furnishings. Later we read of the general obtaining from New Brunswick a table-service of queensware, that frail and aristocratic product of Wedgewood's skill, and six silver candlesticks. General Greene's foraging expedition grew more and more successful to require such luxuries for the table appointments.

The old set of Wedgewood, found through the help of Lady Stirling, would tell us many interesting tales if it were in existence and could speak. We would hear of General and Mrs. Knox and their friendly squabbles,—for both were very fleshy, and tradition says Mrs. Knox always wanted to be thought smaller than her jolly husband; of the then "brave" Benedict Arnold, who ate from them, dreaming of the beautiful face of his fiancée, Miss Shippen, at her father's great house in Philadelphia; of gray-eyed Mrs. Greene, who must have often neglected her viands, served on them, in her

efforts to rival young Alexander Hamilton at brilliant repartee, and many others in a list too long to enumerate.

Social intercourse abounded in the military community scattered over the Raritan Valley that winter. The Van der Veer Mansion, at Pluckamin, surrounded by "the whole park of artillery," the head-quarters of General Knox; the Van Veghten House, near what is now Finderne, the head-quarters of General Greene; and the Staats House, at Bound Brook, the head-quarters of Baron Steuben, all opened their portals to the flower of the army which met so often at the Wallace House. Many were the impromptu dances after Mrs. Washington's stately dinners. What a delight the winding Wallace staircase, overlooking the wide hall, was to flirting couples! We can imagine the cherubic Miss Ricketts, a friend of General Livingston's daughter, ogling over its thin balustrade in true Juliet fashion at brave Captain Lilly, who was Mrs. Knox's pet Beau Brummel, and that "lovely little hussy," Miss Sallie Winslow, of Boston, one of the young ladies she had in charge, frolicking about the rooms in a wild manner, disturbing the placid Mrs. Washington and many of the company. Perhaps the most interesting and notable social event occurring during the time Washington occupied the Wallace House as his head-quarters was the celebration in honor of the anniversary of the French alliance. It was given at Pluckamin, by the officers of the army, under direction of General Knox. That pompous and always seemingly satisfied gentleman wrote to his brother, ten days after it was over:

"We had at the Park on the eighteenth a most genteel entertainment, given by self and officers. Everybody allows it to be the first of the kind ever exhibited in this State at least. We had about seventy ladies, all of the first, too, in the State. We danced all night; between three and four hundred gentlemen; an elegant room. The illuminating fireworks, etc., were more than pretty."

The fête should really have occurred on the sixth of the month, but was delayed until the eighteenth by Washington's absence in Philadelphia. It was attended by all the army officers in that part of the country, the Jersey gentry, and many prominent persons from other States, who dared the dangers of travelling in that period. A large temple or pavilion was erected, supported by thirteen adorned arches, to represent the thirteen States. In front of it in the evening, and before the dancing commenced, Colonel Stevens showed his original talent for entertaining by giving exhibitions of fireworks. General Washington arrived at the pleasure-ground early in the afternoon. He was soon followed by the ladies of the Wallace House, a body comprising some of the finest of that "circle of brilliants," the least of which, according to an old-time society reporter from the *Pennsylvania Packet*, was more valuable than the stone the king of Portugal secured for his Brazilian possessions.

First came Mrs. Washington, in a coach drawn by four horses, accompanied by the fabulously rich Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, the former president of Congress. Then several coaches bearing bevies of lovliness in the persons of the governor's daughters, several young ladies from Virginia visiting Mrs. Washington, the wives of prominent officers, and presumably Lady

Stirling, with her charming daughter Kitty, the latter in delightful anticipation of the coming meeting with her handsome and distinguished lover, William Duer, ex-member of Congress from New York. After all the guests had arrived, the celebration was inaugurated by the discharge of thirteen cannon. Then followed a sumptuous dinner, after which fireworks were displayed, and the company repaired to the military academy, where, to the music of a large number of fiddlers, they danced till dawnlight. General Washington opened the ball with Mrs. Knox, and a very imposing couple they must have made. The same reporter, who compared the lovely ladies of the Washington circle to "a circle of brilliants," gives us a glimpse of how the belles and gallants acted in the ball-room in one of those very real descriptions which sometimes flash forth upon the antiquary from dry columns of old newspapers and equally dry chronicles in old letters. He says:

"As it is too late in the day for me to follow the windings of a fiddle, I contented myself with the conversation of some one or other of the ladies during the interval of dancing. I was particularly amused with the lively sallies of a Miss ——. Asking her if the roaring of the British lion, in his late speech, did not interrupt the spirit of the dance, 'Not at all,' said she; 'it rather enlivens, for I have heard that such animals always increase their howlings when most frightened. And do you not think, you who should know more than young girls, that he was real cause of apprehension from the large armaments and honorable purpose of the Spaniards?' 'So,' said I, 'you suppose that the King of Spain acts in politics as the ladies do in affairs of love, smile in a man's face, while they are spreading out the net which is to entangle him for life.' 'At what season,' replied the fair, with a glance of ineffable archness, 'do men lose the power of paying such compliments?'

"I do not recollect that I have ever been more pleased on any occasion, or in so large a company. There could not have been less than sixty ladies. Their charms were of that kind which give a proper determination to the spirits and permanency to the affections. More than once I imagined myself in a circle of Samnites, where beauty and fidelity were made subservient to the interest of the State and reserved for such citizens as had distinguished themselves in battle. Is it that the women of Jersey, by holding the space between two large cities, have continued exempt from the corruption of either, and preserved a purity of manners superior to both? Or have I paid too great attention to their charms and too little to those imperfections which observers tell us are the natural growth of every soil?"

If a gentleman of Pennsylvania could thus eulogize the fair women of Jersey, what must their own statesmen have thought of them? It is safe to say that many a heart was lost that gala night to those "charms which give a proper determination to the spirits." Many arms were linked closer after the candles burned low and the ball was over and the guests came out in the cool night air, sweet with the odor of spring-touched woods.

We must leave them there with their stately good-bys, and perhaps sly kisses behind fur-tippets for those youthful ones who sought the protecting shadows of the columns of the thirteen States, and follow the Father of his Country as he and his aids tuck some of the sleepy jewels into their coaches. Now the coachmen crack their whips, the horses start, and over the Somerset highway they fly with only the fading stars to light them to the Wallace House. It is still standing at the turn of the road as they found it then. The quaint interior has been restored by the patriotic men and women

of New Jersey, and that company of the long ago would know it if they came trooping back to-day. In the hall which echoed to the tread of so many heroes the presence of the immortal Washington still lingers, and on the old stairway one pauses to hear the laughter of the "cherubic Ricketts."

THE VAN VEGHTEN HOUSE

FINDERNE

THE SCENE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S "PRETTY LITTLE FRISK"

ABOUT three miles distant from the Wallace House is a venerable old Dutch dwelling, reposing above the placid little Raritan. It was erected half a century before the Revolution by a member of the Van Veghten family, and it is truly an abode of merry memories, as it was the head-quarters of General Greene and his wife—the dancing Greenes—during the army's stay in Central Jersey.

The Van Veghten family were among the first Dutch pioneers in the Raritan Valley, and the name is prominent in Somerset history. At the time of the Greene occupancy of the Van Veghten House aged Derrick Van Veghten was the host, and there are traditions that he was the willing slave of the young wife, then in her early twenties. Mrs. Greene will always be remembered as one of the brightest and sprightliest figures in Revolutionary history. Very fascinating, indeed, she was to have made the

generally grave and austere Washington forget his dignity, which she did on one occasion. We have her husband's own words, in a letter to Colonel Wadsworth, that there was a little dance at the Van Veghten House on March 19, 1779, when "His Excellency danced with Mrs. Greene for three hours without sitting down," and ending his communication with the giddily sounding sentence, "Upon the whole we had a pretty little frisk."

General Greene, although of Quaker origin, was exceptionally fond of "the Devil's exercise," as some of the most stern of the Quakers of Southern Jersey used to refer to dancing, and many anecdotes have come down to us of his fondness for the pastime. We read of him first as a handsome, fun-loving youth, going to balls and parties by stealth, and his stern father on some evenings parading his hallway with a horsewhip to greet him on his return home. Then there are those happy dances at Block Island, the home of Mrs. Greene, who was then Miss Littlefield, the governor's ward, and so on all through his life, until his sad death at Mulberry Grove, the seat Congress voted him in Georgia, he seems to have always gone hand in hand with the frolicsome muse. The night of his commander-in-chief's little frisk with Mrs. Greene he too was probably tripping his merriest with some fair partner. Perhaps she was little Cornelia Lott, over from Beaverwyck, near Morristown, with her harp and French books, as Mrs. Greene's guest, or one of the Andrew girls, staying with Mrs. Knox, "fetched by the beauing Captain Lilly from Elizabeth Town." But we shall have to content ourselves with

only a guess at her identity, for no record has been preserved of the company. One young man, at least, who must have been there was Harry Lee, the gay Virginian for whom Mrs. Greene conceived such an affection. Upon their first meeting they were attracted to each other, and the friendship lasted all through life, Lee dying at Mrs. Greene's Georgia home. He inherited his mother's beauty of features, who is said to have been Washington's "Lowland Beauty;" and from his chief's evident partiality for him, he was sometimes dubbed "the pet of the army."

Most likely some of the gay young officers helping our cause were also present. Baron Stevens's secretary, Pierre Duponceau, was the leader in all frolicking. He was then only nineteen, and had given many proofs of his Gallic assurance since his kissing a pretty girl on a Portsmouth street to celebrate his arrival in America. The French were very high in the country's esteem then, just after the celebration of the anniversary of the French alliance, and a French name was a passport to the best society. This feeling grew; and when a son was born to Louis XVI., at the close of the Revolution, nearly every city was *en fête*, and Philip Freneau put into the mouth of Prince William Henry, the lad who became King William IV., some amusing verses echoing the sentiment of the times, of which the following is a specimen:

> "People are mad to thus adore the dauphin—
> Heaven grant the brat may soon be in his coffin.
> The honors here to this young Frenchman shown
> Of right should be King George's or my own."

Besides this record of frivolity the old Van Veghten House boasts of many other stories. Its walls could tell of Mrs. Greene's long hours of serving for the soldiers, making her almost a rival of the knitting wife of Counsellor Condict at Morristown; of her planning for better quarters for the privates with her host, one of those staunch patriots who held nothing back from his country; and of her enduring devotion to the sick and suffering soldiers.

From all that is known of Mrs. Greene, she was a fitting helpmate for a man who after undergoing all the hardships of the Revolution still retained enough sentiment in his nature to want to play "Puss in the Corner" with his wife for the sake of old times, when, after the war was over, visiting her former home at Block Island where he had wooed and won her.

Though we know of her goodness and charity, we like best to picture her on the night she made the Father of his Country dance three hours. Perhaps it was partly in memory of this dance at the Van Veghten House, when in later years she appeared at one of Mrs. Washington's state levees in Philadelphia as a widow, that the President personally brought her from and conducted her to her carriage, an honor much remarked upon at the time.

MORVEN

PRINCETON

WHERE THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND NEARLY ALL OF HIS SUCCESSORS HAVE DINED

ON the main street of Princeton, formerly Prince Town, hidden somewhat by a Georgian garden and a row of catalpa-trees, is the well-preserved mansion of the Stockton family. Perhaps the greatest claim this house of many stories has on history is the fact that it was the shelter of Richard Stockton IV., known as "the Signer," and his charming, poetical wife, Anice Boudinot, the friend of Washington and the sister of the Hon. Elias Boudinot, of Elizabethtown and Philadelphia. Generations upon generations of college boys nurtured in Princeton's classic shades have learned to love the time-worn, venerable building, and almost every student of the university to-day knows its history.

Sweet "Emilia" and gallant "Lucius"—as the Stocktons signed themselves in the romantic fashion of the times in their faded but love-breathing epistles—lived a married life that was the prettiest of pastorals, as Marian Harland expresses it; and looked at to-day

through the long vista of years, they appear like two brightly colored and charming figures on a piece of old tapestry. Mrs. Stockton, being a poetess, was perhaps the most romantic of the pair, and her effusions still in existence teem with eighteenth-century sentimentality. One of her first recorded acts on her arrival at her husband's estate as a bride was the changing of the mansion's name from Constitution Hill to Morven, after one of the Poet Ossian's heroes. When at John Covenhoven's house, near Freehold, at the beginning of the war, she is said to have given voice to the remark, "that she would not weep though her whole library was destroyed, if her dear Young's 'Night Thoughts' was saved intact." An amusing bit of Freehold gossip in connection with that visit is the tale that John Covenhoven's wife was not overpleased with her fair visitor, whose airs and graces exhibited before her John acted somewhat like a red flag waved before one of the most unruly of animals.

Princeton in the year 1776 was a very different place from the sequestered little hamlet to which Mr. President Burr had taken his seventy students from Newark to establish a new home for the college, where they would be safely away from "promiscuous converse with the world, the theatre of folly and dissipation." With its churches and fine residences and its wealthy inhabitants, including the Breezes, Stocktons, Randolphs, Bainbridges, Alexanders, Greenes, and many others, it was in a flourishing condition. As it was midway between New York and Philadelphia on the post-road, it was a usual stopping-place for travellers. The old Princeton

Tavern and Withington's Inn at Kingston were always favorite resorts for the college boys and loitering-places during recesses. As a Princeton poet wrote:

> "Many a lazy, longing look is cast
> To watch the weary post-boy travelling through
> On horse's rump, his budget buckled fast;
> With letters safe in leathern prison bent,
> And wet from press, full many a packet sent."

At the sound of the horn, the signal of the near approach of a stage-coach, many a student smoothed his ruffles or fixed his cap and gown. Gallants were more gallant in those days, and maids more maidenly; old gentlemen and ladies used to sigh, but it is safe to say that the demure Quaker misses and fair Jersey belles enjoyed their few minutes' respite at Princeton, with the views of admiring college students, as much as modern belles enjoy their visits there to-day.

On the tidings of the approach of Cornwallis's army in 1776, the village of Princeton was thrown into a panic. Mrs. Stockton, at Morven, hastily buried her silver in her garden, hid in a tree-trunk important papers taken from Whig Hall, and started with her children and slaves for Freehold. She, like many another sad resident, had to leave her home and treasure almost entirely at the mercy of the British. Over at Nassau Hall, which came so near being Belcher Hall,*

*The trustees of the College of New Jersey wanted to name the college building at Princeton Belcher Hall, in honor of Governor Belcher. But this good servant of his king declined the honor, asking that it be named Nassau Hall, to the immortal memory of the glorious King William III., who was a branch of the illustrious house of Nassau.

the inmates cleared their desks and packed trunks and boxes to be in readiness to leave a loved alma mater. Joseph Clark, a Princeton student of the time, has given us a picture of the scene there in his unpublished journal. He writes:

"On the 29th of November, 1776, New Jersey College, long the peaceful seat of science and haunt of the muses, was visited with the melancholy tidings of the approach of the enemy. This alarmed our fears and gave us reason to believe we must soon bid adieu to our peaceful Departments and break up, in the midst of our delightful studies, nor were we long held in suspense our worthy President deeply afflicted at this so solemn scene entered the Hall where the students were collected and in a very affecting manner informed us of the improbability of continuing there longer in peace, & after giving us several suitable instructions & much good advice very affectingly bade us *farewel.*

"*Sollemnity* & Distress appeared almost in every countenance, several students that had come 5 & 600 miles & just got letters in college were now obliged under every disadvantage to retire with their effects, or leave them behind, which several through the impossibility of getting a *cariage* at so confused a time were obliged to do, & lose them all as all hopes of continuing longer in peace at Nassau were now taken away I began to look out for some place where I might pursue my studies & as Mr. J. Johnson had spoke to me to teach his son I accordingly went there & agreed to stay with him till spring.

"Next day I sent my Trunk & Desk to his house & settled all my business at college. On Sunday evening Gen. Washington retreated from Brunswick—I then went to Johnsons."

During the time Mrs. Stockton was forced to stay at Freehold, Morven was occupied by Lord Cornwallis and his officers. They wantonly destroyed its furnishings, even to some of the woodwork. Little Anice Stockton had good cause to hate "that ignoble lord," as she called him. On his surrender she published an ode of

congratulation to General Washington in *The New Jersey Gazette*. He considered it such a choice exhibition of skill and taste that he wrote, "it afforded me a pleasure beyond power of utterance." Later, on the announcement of peace in 1783, she addressed another ode to him; and the letter* he sent her from Rocky

* "Rocky Hill, Sept. 24th, 1783.

"You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution, as though I was your future confessor and as though you had committed a crime, great in itself, yet of the veneal class. You have reason good, for I find myself disposed to be a very indulgent ghostly advisor on this occasion, and notwithstanding you are the most offending soul alive (that is if it is a crime to write elegant poetry) yet if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go through the proper course of penance which shall be proscribed, I will strive hard to assist you in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory—nay, more, if it rests with me to direct your future lubrications, I shall certainly urge you to a repetition of the same conduct, on purpose to show what an admirable knack you have at confession and reformation; and so without hesitation, I shall venture to recommend the muse not to be restrained by ill-grounded timidity, but to go on and prosper. You see, madam, when once the woman has tempted us, and we have tasted the forbidden fruit, there is no such thing as checking our appetite, whatever the consequences may be. You will, I dare say, recognize our being the genuine descendants of those who are reputed to be our progenitors. Before I come to the more serious conclusion of my letter, I must beg leave to say a word or two about these fine things you have been telling in such harmonious and beautiful numbers. Fiction is to be sure the very life and soul of poetry —all poets and poetesses have been indulged in the free and indisputable use of it—time, out of mind, and to oblige you to make such an excellent poem on such a subject without any materials but those of simple reality would be as cruel as the edict of Pharaoh, which compelled the children of Israel to manufacture bricks without the necessary ingredients. Thus are you sheltered under the authority of prescription, and I

Hill, on its receipt, is considered the most charming and playful of any of his compositions.

Richard Stockton died in the year 1781, but Mrs. Stockton still lived on at Morven with his "dear memory." The beautiful letters he had penned her from London in a happy year were a great consolation then. In one in which he described the Queen's Birthnight Ball, he eulogized the loveliness of the Ladies Hamilton and Ancaster, and then told her that he "would rather ramble with her along the rivulets of Morven or Red Hill, and see the rural sports of the chaste little frogs." When she wearily gazed out of her windows she was no doubt cheered by the remembrance of what he had written of their garden.

General Washington often dined at Morven; and almost every President of the United States has shared its hospitality, giving it a unique position among the historic houses of America. Many of the Stockton family have been distinguished and added to its fame; but its most interesting occupants will always be the romantic "Emilia" and gallant "Lucius."

will not dare to charge you with an intentional breach of the rules of the decalogue in giving so bright a coloring to the services I have been enabled to render my country, though I am not conscious of deserving more at your hands than what the purest and most disinterested friendship has a right to claim; actuated by which you will permit me to thank you in the most affectionate manner for the kind wishes you have so happily expressed for me and the partner of my domestic enjoyments. Be assured we can never forget our friend at Morven, and that I am, my dear madam, with every sentiment of friendship and esteem, your most obedient and obliged servant.

"Mrs. Stockton. G. Washington."

ROCKY HILL HOUSE

ROCKY HILL

WHERE GENERAL WASHINGTON WROTE
HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE ARMY

FOUR and a half miles distant from Princeton, standing upon an elevated point near the banks of the Millstone, is the old Berrian residence, better known throughout New Jersey as the Rocky Hill House. It was erected early in the eighteenth century by John Berrian, an associate justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, and was occupied by himself and family from the year 1734 up to the time of his death in 1761. After that date his widow and children still continued to reside there, but on the convening of Congress at Princeton she gladly rented it to that body as a home for General Washington and his lady, then at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson.

From General Washington's arrival at Rocky Hill, on August 24 of the memorable year of 1783, until his departure in the following November, the Rocky Hill House was truly an abode of happiness. The war was over, the colonies were free and independent States, and Washington and the other great men of the new country

were drawing their first breaths of relief while awaiting the arrival of the Treaty of Peace and receiving the ambassadors of congratulation from Europe. The army was virtually disbanded. Encamped about head-quarters, we are told, there was but the slim number of three hundred soldier boys from Maine, all under twenty years of age. Jolly boys they were, with their songs and merrymaking. They were no doubt glad at the thought of a speedy return to their rock-bound coast and the pursuit of peaceful avocations, for on the weather-boards of the old house they have left us many crude sketches of little fishing-boats, showing that their minds were yearning for home.

Over the rocky road which leads to Rocky Hill many famous people journeyed to visit the hero Washington. Francis Hopkinson, in his "Consolation of the Old Bachelor," has given us a quaint description of that road's perils. Writing of the hen-pecked husband, he makes him say:

"After a dish of tea and good bed at Princeton, in the morning we set off again in tolerable good humor, and proceeded happily as far as Rocky Hill. Here my wife's fears and terror returned with great force. I drove as carefully as possible: but coming to a place where one of the wheels must unavoidably go over the point of a small rock, my wife, in a great fright, seized hold of one of the reins, which happening to be the wrong one, she pulled the horse so as to force the wheel higher up the rock than it would otherwise have gone, and overset the chair. We were all tumbled hickledy-pickledy into the road—Miss Jenny's face all bloody—the woods echo to her cries—my wife in a fainting fit—and I in great misery."

It is to be hoped that none of Washington's friends endured any such hardships. There was one at least

who would have been willing, and that was Thomas Paine, the man who rendered so many services to America,—services poorly remunerated. We see Washington watching for him on the balcony of the Berrian house as he comes up the road, a picturesque figure on his horse "Button." His hair is rolled in the French fashion, his face is smooth and ruddy, and his eyes sparkle with the brilliant fire of genius. How kindly those eyes must have gazed on his benefactor as they often sat together, talking over Paine's private affairs or discussing the future of the new country. Those were truly red-letter days for poor Paine, as he basked in the smiles of the great Washington. Many of General Washington's old Revolutionary comrades came to the house, too. Humphreys, Cobb, Lincoln, and a round of the best company constantly filled its little rooms. The dining-room, in the southeast corner of the first floor, often failed to accommodate the large number of guests the general and his lady were in the habit of asking to partake with them, and tables were then set on the lawn. David Howell of Rhode Island has given us a glimpse of one of these festive meals in a letter to Governor Greene. He says:

"The President, with all the present members, chaplains, and great officers of Congress, had the honor of dining at the General's table last Friday. The tables were spread under a marquise or tent taken from the British. The repast was elegant, but the General's company crowned the whole. As I had the good fortune to be seated facing the General, I had the pleasure of hearing all his conversation. The President of Congress was seated on his right, and the Minister of France on his left. I observed with much pleasure that the General's front was uncommonly open and pleasant; the contracted pensive phiz betokening deep thought and much care, which I noticed at Prospect Hill in 1755,

is done away, and a pleasant smile and sparkling vivacity of wit and humor succeeds. On the President observing that in the present situation of affairs he believed that Mr. Morris had his hands full, the General replied at the same instant, 'He wished he had his pockets full, too.' On Mr. Peters observing that the man who made these cups (for we drank wine out of silver cups) was turned a Quaker preacher, the General replied that he wished he had turned a Quaker preacher before he made the cups."

This was the Washington peace had made. The stern war-time commander was put aside, and the man who had been rarely known to smile through the long and arduous campaigns was almost like a child in his ebullient merriment. William Dunlap, the art historian, in the story of his own life, relates another anecdote of the happy Washington. A short distance from the Berrian house was the "rustic villa" of Mr. John Van Horne, a gentleman farmer of some fortune, and quite prominent in that section of the country. General Washington was a frequent guest at his home and often stopped there for a chat with the Van Horne ladies when riding too and fro from the Rocky Hill House and the town of Princeton. Young Dunlap when at Rocky Hill became a guest of the Van Hornes, who were noted for their hospitality. Mr. Van Horne at that time is said to have been about twice the width of Washington, and as he then weighed no less than two hundred and ten pounds, the good Dutch farmer was, in the language of Fielding, "a prodigious sight to behold." One day when returning from a fall-time walk with his guests he found his black boys in the vain pursuit of a pig needed for the larder. Angry at their ill success, he started in chase of the squealing porker himself, and after violent

exertions succeeded in catching it. With the pig under his arm, he became engrossed in a lecture to his servants, and failed to note that the immortal Washington and some of his aids had entered the front yard. Looking up and seeing the smiling face of Washington above him, his chagrin is said to have been so comical that the general indulged in the loudest paroxysms of laughter of any of the convulsed onlookers.

Much could be written about the onetime inmates of the old Rocky Hill House. On one of the walls hangs a copy of Joseph Wright's painting of General Washington. Joseph Wright was an inmate of the headquarters for some time, having brought a letter of introduction to Washington from Dr. Franklin, at whose advice he came from Paris. Other painters came to Rocky Hill to preserve the likeness of the "triumphant hero." Among them were James Peale and our own William Dunlap. The latter first painted the "mahogany visaged" Mr. Van Horne and his wife, and Washington greatly admired the portraits.

In the southeast room of the second story General Washington wrote his famous farewell address to the army. It was first spoken by the chief to his soldier boys from the quaint little second-story balcony. There were few dry eyes among the men who heard it, for it meant to them laurel leaves and rest and the long-wished-for kisses of dear ones in distant States. Of all that is known of General Washington at Rocky Hill—in his talks with Thomas Paine, surrounded by the Congressmen, chatting with the ladies of the first quality in the country, hearing the reading of the Treaty of Peace

at Nassau Hall in Princeton, giving his farewell address to the army, and bidding General Howe pack his things for the journey to beloved Mount Vernon—there is nothing that can equal William Dunlap's striking and poetic description of him, written many years after the great chieftain was sleeping:

"Before I left Princeton for Rocky Hill, I saw for the first time the man of whom all men spoke—whom all wished to see. It was accidental. It was a picture. No painter could have grouped a company of military horsemen better, or selected a background better suited for effect.

"As I walked on the road leading from Princeton to Trenton, alone, for I ever loved solitary rambles, ascending a hill suddenly appeared a brilliant group of cavaliers, mounting and gaining the summit in my front. The clear autumnal sky behind them equally relieved the dark uniform, the buff facings, and glittering military appendages.

"All were gallantly mounted. All were tall and graceful, but one towered above the rest, and I doubted not an instant that I saw the beloved hero. I lifted my hat as I saw that his eye was turned to me, and instantly every hat was raised and every eye fixed on me.

"They passed on, and I turned and gazed as at a passing vision. I had seen him. All through my life used to the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,'—to the gay and gallant Englishman, the tarlan'd Scot, and the embroidered German of every military grade: I still think that old blue and buff of Washington and his aids, their cocked hats worn sidelong, with the union cockade, the whole equipment as seen at that moment was the most martial of anything I ever saw."

The Rocky Hill House is now owned by "The Washington Head-quarters Association of Rocky Hill," consisting of many of the most prominent men and women of New Jersey. Its rooms have been furnished by different Revolutionary societies, and it is a loving memorial of the happiest Washington of history—Washington the conqueror.

BLOOMSBURY COURT

TRENTON

WHERE THE FOUNDER OF TRENTON LIVED, AND LATER THE FAMOUS COX FAMILY

LOOMSBURY the beautiful, as Bloomsbury Court used to be called in the days of Colonel John Cox's ownership, is truly a house of many memories. In its colonial garden there still stands an aged ash-tree, planted by the wealthy and noted William Trent, the erector of the original Bloomsbury and the founder of Trenton; and flanking the building itself are bushes of aged box, reminiscent of the days of the Georges. Under the shade of the ash-tree and the box-wood hundreds of roses bloomed in the long ago, fair white-hearts and gloires de Dijon, loved and tended by the Demoiselles Chevalier, the French aunts of Mrs. John Cox.

One is prone to dream as he whispers the stately and euphonious name of Bloomsbury, for it belongs to the blossoming Trenton of yesterday, the Trenton of brick houses and brick-walled gardens an English visitor of the eighteenth century compared to a Devonshire town. Its leafy streets and lanes charmed many travellers.

Two of the most noted were the gossipy Marquis de Chastellux and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. The latter wrote in his diary "that it was a pleasant place, and numerous handsome villas enriched the landscape of the environs."

Standing in the summer sunlight before the Bloomsbury of to-day, and shutting one's eyes to the growing city and her multitudinous voices, what genuine lover of history cannot obtain glimpses of the panorama of the past. Through the wide colonial doorway, a portion of Trent's Bloomsbury, where the great William Penn was often entertained, many figures pass: gentlemen of affairs, quiet, sombre-garbed Quakers, and gentlemen of the army. And who cannot see the ladies! Lovely visions in brocade and calico, flitting in and out like shadows.

During the Revolution Bloomsbury Court was occupied for a short period by Dr. William Bryant,* a practising physician of great repute, and afterwards by Colonel John Cox, assistant quartermaster to General Greene. The Coxes were greatly beloved by the dancing Greenes, and General Greene made the appointment of John Cox to serve under him a condition of his acceptance of the position of quartermaster-general.

At the time the war broke out John Cox and his family were living in a fine dwelling on Third Street, Philadelphia. He was the owner of an iron foundry at

* Dr. William Bryant was a brother of Mary Bryant, who became the wife of William Peartree Smith, of Elizabethtown. His father was a sea-captain, and his tombstone in Perth Amboy records that he made fifty-five voyages between New York and London.

Batisto, New Jersey, from which some of his ample income was derived. During the war it supplied the army with a large amount of ordnance. On one occasion it nearly fell a prey to the British invaders, who passed by it on their way to Philadelphia. Owing to a skilful arrangement of lumber in covering the guns and cannon-balls the redcoats mistook it for a lumber-yard.

The Batisto foundry played an important part in the lives of the Cox family; and when the Quaker City was given over to Lord Howe and his aides, Mrs. Cox and her daughters fled to a farm-house in its vicinity for safety. In some old letters of the period, written by the Cox family to friends, we obtain a glimpse of the hardships they endured while there and learn to appreciate better the bravery of the carefully-nurtured patriot women of the Revolution.

The lovely Mrs. Cox,* who has been described as "an angel of a woman" and a leader of the beau monde of Trenton and Philadelphia, was then forced to do up her hair with thorns in lieu of hair-pins, and her six daughters went about in home-made linsey-woolsey. Miss Rachel Cox was seen at Valley Forge by Tory friends, and rallied by them on her "homespun appearance," but they later took pity on her forlorn condition, and helped her to secure some "London trades" for a more fashionable wardrobe.

Perhaps it was at Batisto that the Cox family learned the wise lesson of simplicity of manners and costuming.

* Mrs. Cox before her marriage was Esther Bowes, the daughter of Sir Francis Bowes.

At a later period, when the fashionables of Trenton and Philadelphia were rioting in every extreme of foreign extravagance and luxury, the Cox girls in their muslins charmed the occupants of all the drawing-rooms they entered. Bloomsbury Court during the Cox *régime* was a republican Hôtel de Rambouillent in miniature. All that was best in the surrounding country came there. Old Trenton society crowded in its salons for the purpose of conversation. Often there was some air of Handel and Mozart played or sung by an eighteenth-century celebrity, or the reading of the latest poem by a well-known *littérateur*. Mrs. Cox herself had the volatile essence of gaiety and wit that characterized the women of the famous French salons, and her six daughters,—Catherine, Rachel, Sarah, Mary, Esther, and Elizabeth,—who inherited the quality with the additional fragrance of individuality, made a series of the most brilliant matches in the annals of old Philadelphia society.

General Washington and his lady enjoyed the hospitality of Bloomsbury Court, and the Marquis de Lafayette, Rochambeau, and other noted Frenchmen were entertained there. Many of the meals were served in the garden amid the roses of the Demoiselles Chevalier, and those stately ladies were always present conversing with their Gallic visitors in their native language. Sarah Cox, then a girl in her teens, used to relate in after years as Mrs. John Redman Coxe, the pleasure she took in seeing the family plate brought out for these occasions and the bustle and stir they brought to the family kitchen. "Those were Bloomsbury days," she used

to sigh, and, according to Cox traditions, "Bloomsbury days" were best.

One of the most welcome visitors at Bloomsbury Court, Bellville,* and other houses in the vicinity was a young Swedish aide-de-camp to Rochambeau, Count Jean de Ferson. This fascinating figure in our Revolutionary society has been described as a man of the pure blond type and beauty almost god-like. Marie Antoinette fell under the influence of his charm when he belonged to the revellers of the French court, and there is a story told that in disguise they often visited the streets of Paris together. It is said that his advent in America was due to his regard for her majesty's reputation, as the preference she showed for his society was noted in the tittle-tattle of the court. His character as well as his personality was much admired, and the Cox ladies were no doubt as sensible of his attractions as the unfortunate queen of France. Of all the famous men who walked among the Chevalier roses in the Cox garden his life was the most brilliantly adventurous, for he it was who, disguised as a coachman, drove Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette from Paris to Varennes on the occasion of their pitiful attempt to escape from the throne crumbling and falling about them.

At the time Trenton was being talked over as the probable capital of the United States many distinguished visitors were entertained at Bloomsbury Court, and the list would be a very long one if enumerated. When General Washington passed through the city on his

* Belville was the seat of Sir John Sinclair. It was occupied at different periods of the Revolution by the Stirlings and the Rutherfords.

way to New York in 1789, Mrs. Cox was among the matrons who received him, and all her daughters took part in the festivities. The two youngest daughters—Sarah Cox, who afterwards became the wife of Dr. John Redman Coxe, and Elizabeth the wife of Horace Binney—were flower-girls by the famous arch.

The Cox family disposed of Bloomsbury Court some time before the dawn of the nineteenth century. Among the families subsequently connected with its ownership and history are the Dickinsons, Redmans, Hewitts, Prices, Woods, and, last of all, the Stokes. Mr. James H. Redman erected the wooden addition while he occupied it as a residence, but the main house, built of bricks brought from England as ballast by the Trent and Penn merchantmen, is still in excellent condition. Its interior is very interesting. The old paper on the hall walls came from Alsace-Lorraine and is hand-painted with views of Eldorado scenery. On the walls of the rooms which listened to the voices of the gay Frenchmen of the court of Louis XVI., fate has placed paintings once owned by the Bonapartes. The famous old garden is still a riot of loveliness in the summer-time. To-day the old mansion is called Woodland, both fitting and appropriate. But when one pictures the old Demoiselles Chevalier among their roses, his mind reverts to the more poetic name of Bloomsbury bestowed upon it by the founder of Trenton.

THE HERMITAGE

TRENTON

WHERE PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS STOPPED DURING THE CHOLERA SCARE IN PHILADELPHIA

ANOTHER house in Trenton whose history in point of interest rivals that of Bloomsbury Court is the Hermitage, formerly the residence of Major-General Philemon Dickinson, still standing on the River Road. Philemon Dickinson was a member of a distinguished family and one of the most dauntless soldiers of the Revolution. His father, Samuel Dickinson, was a judge famous in Delaware's colonial history, and his brother, John Dickinson, became governor of Delaware and Pennsylvania.

The Dickinson mansion was erected by the Rutherford family some years previous to the Revolution. Like a rush-light gleaming on his character is the interesting fact that General Dickinson purchased it from them in the July between the Declaration of Independence and the battle of Trenton,—showing a supreme confidence in the future of his country, for at that time there was almost no market for property, owing to the uncertainty of the government.

General Dickinson was a man of great wealth for the period in which he lived. His father had left an estate of over ten thousand acres on his decease in 1760, and a large share of it fell to him. His wife, Mary Cadwalader, also brought him a considerable fortune, and as soon as the Hermitage came into their possession they commenced to improve it. We are told that it excelled most of the residences of Trenton in having a blue drawing-room with imported furniture, a great dining-room, a conservatory, and a whispering-room. The last quaintly-named room must have been a great delight to the young people of Trenton. Mrs. Dickinson's younger sisters, Rebecca and Elizabeth Cadwalader, and later her daughter, Mary Dickinson, were no doubt among the most envied of all the girls of the gay State capital.

Many famous people were entertained at the Hermitage. John Adams, a personal friend of the general, often stopped there in the perilous year of 1777, before the close proximity of the British drove Congress from Philadelphia. Later as President, during the cholera scare in that city in 1798, he spent with the Dickinson family much of the time passed in Trenton, although quartered with his secretary and domestics at the old Phœnix Hotel. This ancient building stood until some years after the Civil War at the corner of West Hanover and Warren Streets.

Little Adams must have enjoyed his jaunts to Trenton and its environs in the memorable spring of 1777 to meet Jersey friends and seek relaxation from state cares. In March of that year

he wrote in disgust from Philadelphia to his faithful Abigail:

"This city is a dull place in compared to what it was. More than one-half of the inhabitants have removed into the country, as it was their wisdom to do. The remainder are chiefly Quakers, as dull as beetles."

Trent's Town was wide enough awake at that time, and there he no doubt found plenty of relief from his drab-clothed and drab-souled Quakers. From his diary we learn that he breakfasted and supped with the Jacksons, Smiths, Spencers, and others. Now and then he stopped at the Sign of the Green Tree, the tavern that gained his attention when he first visited Trenton in 1774, owing to the four immense walnut-trees shading it. This old-time hostelry, conducted by the Williams family, attracted many travellers, notably the famous Marquis de Chastellux in 1780.

Although Adams enjoyed Trenton the town in 1777, it was a very different place from the brilliant city he found there twenty-one years later. The close of the eighteenth century was one of the notable periods in its history, especially its social history. Among the families then most prominent were the Howells, Brearleys, Furmans, Morrises, Clymers, Cadwaladers, Merediths, Covenhovens, Rutherfords, Dagworthys, Spencers, Bainbridges, Greens, Beattys, De Klyns, Wilcoxes, Erskines, and Reeds. In the fall of 1798, when the yellow-fever was most virulent in the capital near by, all the government's officials removed to Trenton with their families. The city soon became overcrowded, and it was almost impossible to obtain any kind of lodging. President

Adams arrived October 10, and was greeted on State Street with fireworks and cheers; and an old chronicler informs us that later a round of elegant and fashionable entertainments was planned in his honor.

October days of 1798 were bright ones for Trenton, and the rooms of the Hermitage were always taxed with large gatherings of the first company of the republic. Lucy Pintard, a member of the famous Pintard family of New York City and later of the Jerseys, spent that month and the preceding ones in Trenton. One of her letters written from London in the following year, and still preserved by her descendants, contains a pleasing reference to the fashionables of the former place. She writes:

"The sprigs of the Peerage I have met with so far at Mrs. Rives do not equal in their fineness of attire our own ladies and gentlemen of New Jersey, to be found in the capital city. Ours have the innocence of a new formed society and government. Gaming is all the rage here and they keep it up at every house. . . . 'Tis said a woman of quality has got herself into serious trouble by her gaming table and is threatened with the pillory."

One is glad to learn that Trenton society was "innocent" of some of the corruptions of English high life, for its members aped their English and French cousins as far as possible in their manners of living. When the London world was enjoying the rage for "picnicing-parties" in the late nineties, Trenton as well as Philadelphia gentry began repairing to the rural shades along the Delaware for like diversions. The Fish House, about eight miles above Camden, became the scene of

large gatherings. A portion of this old building, with modern additions, is in existence to-day. There the belles and beaux sipped the famous "Fish-House Punch," concocted of champagne, tea, sugar, Santa Cruz rum, and apple-whiskey; and if we can believe the tales of yesterday, its sparkling nectar helped loosen the tongue of many a backward swain. The well-to-do gallants of Trenton copied Prince Florizel, the fashion-plate of Europe, in their clothes. Modified editions of his wonderful coats and breeches were always to be found at the tailors in Philadelphia three months after they had startled Brookes or Riggetts or the inmates of the drawing-room. Poor Florizel was well on his walk over the bridge of years in 1799, and the adjective "fat" applied to him by pert little Beau Brummel was no misnomer. He still was the arbitrator of styles though, and introduced new fancies in raiment with all the ardor of his early Carlton Palace days.

English carriages became quite the rage in the city about this time, and the Hermitage stable possessed a beautiful and expensive example used by the second Mrs. Dickinson, pretty Rebecca Cadwalader, a sister of the general's first wife.

Strange as it may seem, Trenton in those days was not a city for dances. The dance-loving members of the elect had to take the Philadelphia coaches for the Assemblies when they wished to enjoy the pleasure of dancing in a large company. Many South Jersey names are on the subscription lists of those noted affairs, and most likely the inhabitants of Trenton often attended them.

The whispering-room of the Hermitage is one of the most famous rooms in the social history of New Jersey. There Madame Moreau, "the beautiful Parisian," displayed her wonderful pearls and played on the harp for select audiences. In its dim recesses Louis Philippe, a future king, paid graceful compliments to the ladies of the Dickinson household. When Alexander Hamilton journeyed to Philadelphia on government business, with his fair daughter Angelica for a companion, they stopped in Trenton and visited General Dickinson. Perhaps that fair girl's tender heart, so soon to be stilled forever, beat faster in the whispering-room, for there was a handsome young Joseph Dickinson by her side, and no doubt he was an adept in the art of whispering the sweet nothings of that sentimental age. Many a tale could most likely be told of the old room as fascinating as the romantic Trenton Tavern elopement of Frances Rutherford * and Colonel Fortesque of the British army, but its eighteenth-century frequenters are all sleeping,—a number of its most devoted ones in the Friends' Burying-Ground, about their genial host of the long ago.

A partial list of the celebrities entertained at the Hermitage was compiled some time ago by a member of the Dickinson family. It includes the names of Washington, Adams (John), Jefferson, Livingston, Franklin, Morris (Robert and Gouveneur), Clymer, Witherspoon, Rutledge, Pinckney, Middleton, Carroll,

* Frances Rutherford's father, Robert Rutherford, was the proprietor of "The Legonier or Black Horse," a noted Trenton tavern. Her elopement with Colonel Fortesque occurred during the Revolutionary period, and created a great stir in Trenton.

Lafayette, Steuben, Rochambeau, Greene, Putnam, Stirling, Wayne, Knox, Lincoln, and two kings, viz., Louis Philippe and Joseph Bonaparte. General Dickinson had two children,—Mary Dickinson, who became the wife of George Fox, Esq., of Champlast, and Samuel, who married a daughter of Samuel Meridith, first treasurer of the United States.

BOW HILL

TRENTON

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL QUAKERESS ANNETTE SAVAGE MADE HER REJECTED OVERTURES TO TRENTON SOCIETY

THREE-QUARTERS of a mile out of Trenton proper, on the Lalor Road, one comes to the famous De Klyn Lane, a good half-mile long, leading to Bow Hill. Mounting the little rise of land to the old white gateway guarding it, one seems to be surrounded by all the great factories of Trenton; but once in the lane itself, they are forgotten. Straight ahead in the distance the old red-brick house stands like some fading eighteenth-century picture shut away in a forgotten world. In its early days an isolated situation led Joseph Bonaparte to select it as a retreat for his beautiful Annette Savage, and after a hundred years it is still sequestered. The wanderer in the lane approaching it will never forget the picture, especially if the season in which he comes there is the spring. Hoary-headed pine-trees and acres of golden daffodils surround it. Robins and bluebirds twitter a welcome, and the murmuring Delaware in the distance and the wind among the pussy-

willows sigh one. The daffodils bend and sway like Wordsworth's merry crowd, and beckon one nearer, and the sad face of the old house itself seems to say, "Come and rest awhile, and I will tell you the stories that lie buried in the hushed chambers of my heart."

"Beau Hill" the wits of Trenton used to call it when Bonaparte took his uncrowned queen there in one of the first summers of the twenties, but Bow Hill was the rightful name given to it by its owner, Barnt De Klyn, shortly after its erection, a few years succeeding the Revolution. Barnt De Klyn, or D'Klyn, as the name used to be written, was a descendant of the Huguenot French nobility, and was born in the city of Boston. In his youth he enjoyed all the advantages of wealth and education, and on coming of age he married Mary Van Zant, a member of a prominent Knickerbocker family living in the vicinity of Pearl Street, New York City. During the Revolution he engaged in the cloth trade, and supplied large quantities of material to the army. So great was his success in this mercantile venture that in a few years he amassed an immense fortune, which enabled him to retire in a large measure from the business world.

Long before there was any talk of making Trenton the capital of the United States Barnt De Klyn purchased a large tract of land along the Delaware, and during the long discussion in the eighties, when all eyes were turned to Trenton as the most probable seat of the federal government, he added hundreds of acres in the vicinity to his estate. When the crushing year of 1790 came with its fateful tidings that a site on the Potomac

was the selected spot, he found himself miles away from the real field for speculators. Although crushed for a time, he still possessed an ample fortune, and soon decided to improve his large estate and his recently constructed mansion, then one of the finest dwellings in New Jersey.

Tradition says that this gentleman of yesterday lived in all the splendor of a liege lord of the soil. Surely no English or French nobleman of the period was ever waited on more faithfully by his retinue of foot-boys, flunkeys, and cup-bearers than Barnt De Klyn was by his slaves. Haughty of spirit, but kind withal, he lived with his wife and only daughter, Kitty De Klyn, in a little monarchy of his own, close by the world of Trenton. Kitty De Klyn was her father's idol, and he lavished every luxury an ample purse and whimsical fancy could procure for her. Her character was a curious mixture of a hoyden and a saint, and those who still remember her as an aged grandame living in state in Trenton speak of her as something akin to the latter. Her lengthy will, with its many bequests, has been called the most beautiful document among those of the same character ever devised by a woman of New Jersey. A few years before the close of the eighteenth century the petted daughter was sent to an elegant boarding-school near the City Hall, New York City, to complete her education and to fit herself for a brilliant future as mistress of Bow Hill. Then about fourteen years old, she was already a favorite in Trenton society. She had been one of the little flower-maidens who had taken part in the memorable welcome to General Washington when he passed

through the city on his way to his inauguration as President, and enjoyed great local fame for her dancing. Her love for this pastime seems never to have abated, for it is related of her that as an old lady of eighty-five years, on her last visit to Bow Hill, she alighted from the steps of her ancient carriage to trip the rollicking "Wild Irishman" adown the wide hall with a troop of merry children.

Kitty was truly a kittenish schoolgirl in more than name, for she soon grew tired of her boarding-school and ran off with a handsome young Irishman, whose fine eyes and melodious voice had made a deep impression on her susceptible heart. Her elopement was almost as romantic an affair as that of the famous Charlotte Temple. The young people had met first when the girls were out for a promenade with their teachers, and had fallen so in love with each other that after a few subsequent meetings at the Battery, or on Broadway, the maiden consented to leave her room by a ladder at night, climb a garden wall with her lover, and hurry off into the darkness to rouse some good parson to make them man and wife.

How the rooms of Bow Hill echoed to the storm of a father's rage when Barnt De Klyn learned that the darling of his heart had forgotten her high name and the plans made for her career, and had married a penniless Irishman. For a year he never spoke of her, and would not open her letters; but one day his heart melted, and Kitty and her handsome husband rode up the old lane to Bow Hill, and were received with open arms. Much more could be written of the fascinating Kitty, but we must on to the greatest romance in the

annals of the old house. The love of a king and a poor little descendant of the Quakers.

Some time after the Princess Zenaide and her husband left our shores for Italy, Joseph Bonaparte, so the story goes, induced his friend Barnt De Klyn to rent Bow Hill to him for a summer or two as a retreat for the fair Annette Savage. Many tales have been told of this American wife of King Joseph. Her mother and herself are said to have conducted a small dry-goods shop in Philadelphia at the time Bonaparte met them, and it is traditional gossip that the brother of Napoleon I. fell in love with the dark-eyed maiden as she sold him suspenders over her little counter. For a time he lived with her in the city of Philadelphia, and later installed her in a villa some distance below the city proper. The blue-blooded aristocracy of the Quaker City looked on the armour with horror, and the little Quakeress was made to feel all the cruel stings which spring from virtuous indignation. The count, who was very fond of society, looked in vain for the familiar equipages of friends in his driveway. When he gave parties, half the invited guests were sure to send regrets. Finally, becoming enraged at what he termed "insults," he decided to go back to Jersey. Wishing to secure a mansion that was beautiful as well as sequestered, he persuaded his friend Barnt De Klyn to rent him Bow Hill, and he in return for the privilege gave him the use of another villa he owned in Trenton. Little is known of Annette Savage's life at Bow Hill to-day, although the house is still in the possession of a descendant of Barnt De Klyn, Miss Caroline Lalor. Her love for her ancient abode amounts almost

to a worshipful veneration, but the subject of Bonaparte's stay there was always prohibited in family conversation by her father. A secret door in the wall of Annette Savage's room, through which Bonaparte used to enter, is still shown to interested visitors. On one of her window-panes facing the Delaware is the sentence "God is love," scratched with a diamond, and it is a family tradition that it was her work.

Eighty years ago it was very lonely at Bow Hill, for it is shut away from the world to-day. Then there were no houses of any pretension between it and Trenton. Very often the poor little Annette must have longed for her humble sphere when she heard of the parties and galas a few miles distant where she was never invited. Trenton society followed the lead of Philadelphia, and very few, if any, of the ladies of the city called on her. Even Barnt De Klyn, Bonaparte's friend, afterwards regretted that he had allowed his house to be stigmatized by an affair of the heart entailing so much scandal. Stung at the ostracization, she made several pitiful attempts to enter the charmed circle, but the only attentions paid her were from the wives of the followers of the Bonaparte fortunes. One comfort she had besides Joseph's love for her, and that was her baby daughter Charlotte. This child grew to a noble womanhood, and in after years her sweetness and charm led Napoleon III. to legalize her mother's union with his relative and present their daughter to the French court as his cousin.

A beautiful picture Annette Savage and her child must have made in the rustic walks then leading in all directions from the house. Jacob, Bonaparte's tall and mus-

cular Hungarian body-guard, was their devoted attendant, and he is said to have been a striking figure in his gay uniform. The mother, with his help, was the one who planted the multi-great-grandparents of the present field of daffodils which climb up the banks of the Delaware almost to the very windows of the front rooms. The fragrance and beauty of flowers at that time often pierced the heart of the little woman, for she had lost her first-born child, a daughter, through the fall of a flower-pot, which had instantly killed it.

The spring of the year 1822 is the time Bonaparte left Bow Hill. The seclusion no doubt palled upon him; and after a visit to his great mansion at Bordentown he started on a long journey to the wilds of Central New York. Several years before in France, when a pursued fugitive, he had purchased an immense estate in Jefferson County from a member of the De Chaumont family, and thither he was bound. In the town of Diana, which he named and founded, he built an imposing villa, called the White House, and there Annette Savage presided as mistress until the Revolution of 1830 called him back to France. Many distinguished Frenchmen sought the hills of the poetically-named Diana in those years. Among them were Marshal Brouchy, Count Peter Francis Beal, the Duc de Vincence, and many others. The White House, only recently destroyed, was the scene of much lavish hospitality during Bonaparte's stays there, and it is said that in its rooms many deep-laid plans were made for the rescue of "The Little Emperor" languishing at St. Helena,—but they were always frustrated by the malignant Fate then hovering over the Man of

Destiny. After Joseph Bonaparte's return to Europe and his ex-queen at Lake Geneva, Annette Savage married Joseph de la Foille, a young Frenchman of good family then at Diana. Joseph Bonaparte must have been forgetful of her love, and could not have left her much at the last, for she is said to have gone back to her old vocation and supported her family in Watertown by keeping a small store. Perhaps the happiest days of her life were those at beautiful Bow Hill, for she endured much sorrow in her latter career. The child Charlotte, the daughter of a king, who revelled in the rustic shades along the Delaware, lived a life fully as romantic and as sorrowful as her mother's. She died a few years ago at Richfield Springs, and there are many people yet living who love to repeat the wonderful tale of her origin, stranger than fiction.

Bow Hill to-day seems to remember Joseph Bonaparte and his little Quaker love. Elegant souvenirs of the Empire linger in the mouldy drawing-rooms. Even the aged striped curtains at some of the windows tell of the severe classicism of that period. Annette Savage is forgotten by the great world, but Bow Hill still whispers what is known of her story. So many generations have lived out their lives under its old roof it cannot remember much. Standing before it in the twilight, and saying good-bye, it looks like some aged grieving mother longing for the children who have left her. One almost hates to leave it alone with the gloomy night as he hurries down the De Klyn Lane out of which poor little Annette Savage rode so many years ago.

THE HOPKINSON MANSION

BORDENTOWN

WHERE FRANCIS HOPKINSON WROTE HIS FAMOUS DITTY "THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS"

VERLOOKING the quiet Delaware, where the river bends on its course to Philadelphia, is the old city of Bordentown. Like most of the cities, towns, and hamlets of Southern Jersey, it seems to be resting under some strange magic spell which renders it impervious to progress and content to live on with only its memories of the past. Walking along Main Street and gazing at stately mansions partly hidden by quaint and ofttimes neglected gardens, the first house sure to attract the stranger's attention and hold his interest is a large yellow-brick building, the home of the Hopkinson family. It was erected in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and there the illustrious Francis Hopkinson, known in Pennsylvania and the Jerseys as "the versatile Mr. Hopkinson," spent many years of his life.

Francis Hopkinson was the first student enrolled at

the College of Philadelphia, now the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated with honor before he took up the profession of law. Some time in the year 1768 he visited England, spending his time at Hartlebury Castle, the seat of his grand-uncle, and in London with Benjamin West and other artistic friends. While abroad he studied the arts of music and painting, and attained to a high degree of proficiency in both. Writing from Philadelphia, in 1776, John Adams expresses a hope that he shall see a portrait of "Miss Keys, a famous New Jersey beauty," which was "made by Mr. Hopkinson's own hand." A specimen of his work at a later period was mistaken for a painting by Copely, and when compared with a portrait by that great artist, was thought to equal it in tone and coloring. After a poetical courtship in 1768, young Hopkinson married Ann Borden, a daughter of the wealthiest man of the town, and the three resided together in the dwelling now always spoken of as the Hopkinson Mansion. The musical son-in-law is said to have charmed the other two members of the household with his performances on the spinet, and while he played for them the villagers, old and young, would congregate about the Mansion's windows to hear Hopkinson "tuning."

In the first years after his marriage Hopkinson devoted much of his time to his poetic muse; and we can imagine him seated at one of the broad back windows of his home on early mornings listening to the sound of the huntsman's horn and the cries of the chase as he pens one of his silvery hunting-songs. At that time, almost

half a century before the Bonapartes had linked their names so ineffably with Bordentown, it was known as quite a fashionable summering place for the old English society of Philadelphia. Among the families who frequented it were the McKeens, Shippens, Morrises, Chalkleys, Chews, and Norrises, and no doubt many others in the summer took their goods and chattels to the "crooked billet wharf" in the Quaker City for Borden's "water-flyer." After the year 1774 Francis Hopkinson occupied his Bordentown mansion permanently, not journeying to Philadelphia, as had been his wont, for the winter season. Of the many satirical essays and poems he wrote there the production which gave him the greatest degree of fame was his "harmonious ditty" describing the "Battle of the Kegs." The infernal machines for this affair, planned to destroy the British shipping at Philadelphia, were made at the Borden cooper-shop and towed down the Delaware by a plucky villager over night. The ships they were designed to destroy had been removed from their exposed positions in the river; but the killing of four men by the explosion of one of the kegs terrorized the British invaders, who imagined an American force had come on them unawares. From the ludicrous consternation they occasioned, Hopkinson secured the theme of his amusing poem. On the first appearance of the poem in print it caught the popular taste, and its jingle and easily-remembered metre made it one of the greatest poetical successes of the day.

A year after the fiasco of the kegs, some British troops then in the vicinity of Bordentown decided to revenge

themselves on the Bordens for their pronounced animosity to their king. Tradition says they were led to Joseph Borden's son's house by Polly Riché,* a beautiful Tory maiden who had been admired by Benedict Arnold before he married Miss Shippen. They immediately set fire to the building and its surrounding barns, waiting until they were sure its destruction would be complete. While Colonel Borden's mother-in-law sat in the middle of the street watching the cruel work, a British officer stepped up, and with apparent sympathy said, "Madam, I have a mother and can feel for you." "I thank you, sir," she replied; "but this is the happiest day of my life. I know now you have given up all hope of reconquering my country, or you would not thus wantonly devastate it."

The Hopkinson Mansion was also fired at the same time, but it escaped destruction owing to the curious fact that the officer in charge was a man of superior culture.† He is said to have become so engrossed in the mechanical and mathematical instruments it contained

* Polly Riché was one of the belles of the famous British Meschianza given in Philadelphia. At the time the British came to Bordentown her Tory proclivities had estranged her from nearly all her friends in the town, and she revenged herself by pointing out the homes of her enemies to the commander.

† Captain James Ewald, one of the best known Hessian officers engaged in the war. While his men were extinguishing the fire-brands which had been applied to the roof of the Hopkinson Mansion he was writing the following lines in a volume he picked up in the library: "This man is one of the greatest rebels; nevertheless, if we dare to conclude from the library and mechanical and mathematical instruments, he must be a very learned man."

and its immense library that he commanded the fire to be extinguished, forgetting the rebel in his recognition of the erudite.

After Francis Hopkinson's death, in 1791, his home came into the possession of his son Joseph, famous for having written "Hail Columbia." According to the story still repeated, Bordentown was its birthplace; but there is sufficient proof extant to show that it was written at Joseph Hopkinson's Philadelphia residence at the instigation of Mr. Fox, an actor friend, who was a favorite on the boards of the Chestnut Street Theatre.

Joseph Hopkinson could not have greatly resembled his father, of whom John Adams wrote that "his head was no larger than a good-sized apple," for he was renowned for his personal beauty. He and his wife were great favorites in the Quaker City social world, and no doubt many of their friends visited them in Bordentown. Thomas Moore, the sweet Irish poet, was a frequent visitor at their house in Philadelphia, and often during his residence in the little cottage on Judge Richard Peters's estate facing the Schuylkill's "flowery banks" journeyed to nearby Bordentown in their company to enjoy its lovely views, so justly renowned in the early nineteenth century. When leaving the former city he paid tribute to the charms of Mrs. Hopkinson—who used to sing his own songs to him at her harpsichord—in the following pleasing verses:

"Nor did she her enamoring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquished so long;
Like eyes he had loved was her eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh ! blest be the tear and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream.
Oh ! blest be that soft eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam !"

Many were the musical-parties given by Joseph Hopkinson and his wife at the old Bordentown homestead. One of the greatest frequenters of them was Joseph Bonaparte. He was very fond of "ze clevair Hopkinsons," as he called them, and in his will remembered his friend Joseph with a bust of Napoleon. An amusing anecdote is told of his having wept in the presence of a large company over Mrs. Hopkinson's plaintive rendition of "The Last Rose of Summer" when that old-time favorite was first introduced to Bordentown. It is with these musical-parties that the Hopkinson Mansion is particularly associated in the annals of Bordentown's social history. In its old parlors the Hopkinsons, father and son, have played and sung, Colonel Kirkbride has tuned his violin and jokingly implored his friend Tom Paine to give the ladies a tune, and the Misses Guest from over the river and Mrs. Hopkinson have aired their melodious voices.

The villagers of to-day have declared the house haunted; and if it is frequented by ghosts, they must be delightful ones. Sad to relate, though, no spook-hunting visitor has yet acknowledged he heard the faint tinkle of a spinet or the wail of a violin as he wandered about it in the moonlight searching for the spirits of the long ago.

BONAPARTE HOUSE

BORDENTOWN

WHERE JOSEPH BONAPARTE, EX-KING OF SPAIN AND NAPLES, REFUSED THE CROWN OF MEXICO

BONAPARTE HOUSE, the New Jersey mansion of a Bonaparte who once wielded the sceptre on the throne of Spain, is only a fading memory to the world at large. Years ago it was destroyed and its beautiful park and gardens laid waste by time and neglect, but it still lives on in Bordentown like the deathless palace of Alladin. In that city to-day there are a few old residents who still cherish every recollection of "Pointe Breeze" the magnificent and its regal owner who had played a part in the history of Europe.

It was some time during the year 1816 that a portly but graceful gentleman, with features closely resembling those of the great Napoleon, drove over from Trenton to Bordentown in company with his business-agent. The day was fair and the scenery beautiful, and at every milestone the occupants of the carriage became more and more enamoured with the country. On finally reaching Bordentown, the portly gentleman, who was none other than Joseph Bonaparte, then calling himself Comte de

Survilliers, had decided to purchase a home in its midst as a peaceful haven of refuge for his persecuted family.

Two years later we find him established in all his glory in a mansion on a slight eminence overlooking the Delaware, called Pointe Breeze. This romantic spot was a portion of an estate purchased for him from the Sayre family. Stephen Sayre, who occupied the mansion house with his wife and son until the late summer of the year Bonaparte drove to Bordentown with a view to purchasing an estate, was quite a noted figure in colonial history. When a young man he visited London, where he married a lady of rank possessed of a large fortune. He became a leader of fashion in the London world, and his popularity caused him to be chosen high-sheriff of the city in 1774. He early became interested in the independence of his native country, and secretly did all he could to promote the cause. In October of 1775 he was arrested on a charge of high-treason, made against him by a sergeant in the royal guards. This man, an American, charged him with being in a plot to seize the king on his way to Parliament and overthrow the government. His papers were seized, and at the instigation of Lord Rockford he was committed to the Tower. Subsequently he was tried and acquitted, but his confinement produced his ruin. Having lost fortune and friends, he became Dr. Franklin's private secretary, and was employed by him on many important missions.

After New Jersey had passed the law * for the count's benefit permitting an alien to own real estate, Bonaparte

* This law caused New Jersey to be nicknamed "New Spain" and "The Royal State."

immediately began remodelling the Sayre dwelling. Skilled workmen were brought from Philadelphia to decorate its interior and gardeners to plan a large park. Near the water-edge he erected the famous Belvedere, in which some writers have asserted a sentinel was always on guard to report any suspicious equipages winding down the Trenton Road. The first Bonaparte House, an oblong frame building with two side wings, was erected about 1790, and destroyed by fire three years after, while Bonaparte occupied it. In constructing a second residence, the Comte de Survilliers, we are told, used his new stables. These were some distance away from his house and near the Trenton Road. By many alterations and extensions he succeeded in converting them into a very handsome structure. It is described as long and rather low, with its most distinguishing feature a wide front door opening into a regal hall. This hall, with its sumptuous objects of art brought direct from Luxembourg and other places of renown abroad, was a wonderful sight, even in the eyes of the travelled first families of the Bordentown aristocracy. An old lady of Bordentown used to repeat a story of how when taken there as a girl she was so dazzled by its elegance that she mistook one of the count's black-garbed lackeys for himself, and made a profound curtsey to the astonished factotum.

The count's family living in "Bonaparte Park" consisted of Louis Mailliard, his confidential friend, and Adolph Mailliard, his son; France La Coste and his beautiful wife and boy, and William Thibaud and his daughter, besides many dependants and less important

followers. His eldest daughter, the Princess Zenaide Charlotte Julie, and her husband, Prince Charles de Canino and Musignano, lived at the nearby Lake Villa, which he erected for them. His youngest daughter, the Princess Charlotte, presided over Bonaparte House for many years. She was of a petite prettiness, and became a favorite in Bordentown and Philadelphia, owing to her merry temperament. When in 1824 she embarked for Italy to rejoin her mother, the famous Nicholas Biddle eulogized her in thirty-four lines written in her album on board the steamboat "Philadelphia." While in Italy, in 1827, she married her cousin, Napoleon Louis, Grand Duke of Cleves and Berg, eldest son of Louis Bonaparte by his queen Hortense Beauharnais, and brother of Napoleon III.

In "A Sketch of Joseph Bonaparte, by Helen Berkeley," which appeared in "Godey's Lady's Book" for April, 1845, that old-time author, in a description of a visit to Bonaparte House with her husband and nieces, has left us the most interesting and intimate picture extant of the count and his Bordentown residence. Treating of the first morning, she says:

"The tea-service removed, our host gave some private directions to the servants, which they obeyed by producing two handsomely-bound volumes, large enough to look (at the first glance) like a good-sized portfolio of engravings, rather than a book. One was placed upon a table, immediately under a chandelier, which threw upon it a perfect flood of light, and the other given to Mr. T. [William Thibaud, a member of his household] to dispose of as he chose. The count then arranged seats for Clara and myself at the table, and Mr. T. invited his daughter and Mr. Sindly to join him at another table. Our host opened the book, which was full of costly engravings, representations of Napoleon's

life and the different warlike acts he had performed. He paused at every picture, and grew enthusiastic as he recounted the different scenes which had been thus splendidly commemorated. His cheek flushed and his eyes grew brighter as he proudly and affectionately exclaimed, 'There never was but one Napoleon.' Frequently he would sigh, and place his hand over his heart, and say, in a tone which perhaps his broken English rendered more touching, 'I sigh for the death of my poor brother;' and at other times he would say, 'Oh, they did him great wrong; my brother had great wrongs, madame, and now he is dead.' The excitement was at times painful, and averted my mind so completely from the pictures that I could not do justice to their merit."

Of the next morning she says:

"We found the count as full of vivacity and amiability as ever. When we arose from the table, he asked us if we would like to see his private library and take a general tour of the house. Our answer was, as you may imagine, a joyful affirmative. Mr. T. ordered the key of the private library to be brought, and a servant preceded us up-stairs with the key in his hand. The door was opened, we entered, it closed again, and I heard the servant lock the door and walk away. I looked around. The apartment was filled, or rather lined, with elegant book-cases and handsomely-bound books, but there was no door visible, and I was sure we were locked in.

"It seemed rudeness to feel any uneasiness, yet it was unavoidable—the proceeding seemed so strange a one. At all events, I thought it some consolation to know we were all together. After we had walked around the room and examined the books and a few paintings that hung on the wall and many rich vases which had belonged to Napoleon, the count touched a secret spring, and several rows of skilfully painted book-cases flew back and displayed a set of drawers. These he opened, and drew out a number of caskets containing splendid jewels of all descriptions. Several clusters looked like jewelled handles of swords; others portions of crowns rudely broken off; others like lids of small boxes; many of them were ornaments entire. He showed us the crown and rings he wore when king of Spain, also the crown, robe, and jewels

in which Napoleon was crowned. When our eyes had been sufficiently dazzled by the glare of diamonds and emeralds to satisfy him, he touched another concealed spring, which gave to view another set of drawers and displayed to us many of Napoleon's valuable papers. His treaties and letters were carefully bound round by ribbons and fastened by jewelled clasps. Some of the papers he opened and read to us, then returned them to their places with a care which almost amounted to veneration. At length all the papers were returned, the robe and jewels safe in their *hiding*-places, and the count looked around the room, as much as to say he had nothing further to show us at present.

"While I was wondering how we were to make our exit, he approached a bookcase at the end of the room, pressed his finger on a particular place, and the whole case flew back, which showed a door, which opened with a lock, and we entered into the count's summer sleeping-apartment. It consisted of a chamber, dressing- and bathing-room, with a small studio, or rather boudoir. The curtains, canopy, and furniture were of light blue satin, trimmed with silver. Every room contained a mirror reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Over the bed hung a splendid mirror, and also one over the table. The walls were covered with oil-paintings, principally of young females, with less clothing about them than they or you would have found comfortable in our cold climate, and much less than we found agreeable when the count, without ceremony, led us before them, and enumerated the beauties of paintings with the air of an accomplished amateur. In every room of the house there were statues of Napoleon in some different position and of various sizes. There were also statues of his father and mother and all the family. To the statue of Pauline, in particular, the count called our attention, and asked us to admire it. He stood some time perfectly enraptured before it, pointing out to us what a beautiful head Pauline had, what hair, what eyes, nose, mouth, chin, what a throat, what a neck, what arms, what a magnificent bust, what a foot, enumerating all her charms, one after another, and demanding our opinion of them. Necessity made us philosophers, and we were obliged to show as much *sang-froid* on the subject as himself, for it was impossible to get him away without our prudery exciting more attention than would have been pleasant. When the count was satisfied with the eulogiums we

bestowed upon his fair sister, he led us on, remarking, as he turned away from the statue, 'Ah, she was very beautiful, very beautiful was Pauline, but too ambitious. Nothing could satisfy her ; she always felt as if my poor brother was robbing her of a kingdom, instead of bestowing one upon her ; but she was so beautiful.' . . . The count next conducted us to his winter suite of apartments. They were decorated much in the style of his summer ones, excepting the furniture was of crimson and gold."

In the grand hallway of Bonaparte House, it has been quite truthfully asserted, more Royalists have walked than in any other house in New Jersey. It was there Joseph Bonaparte received the deputation from Mexico which came to offer him the crown of that nation. Tired of unruly kingdoms, he wisely refused the honor, remarking, that he had "worn two crowns, and would not lift a finger to secure a third." Amid its grandeur Clauzel, Lafayette, Desmonettes, Napoleon III., Lallemand, Clay, Webster, Adams, Girard, Scott, and many other famous figures in history have waited to be greeted by America's one long-resident king.

Although Joseph Bonaparte had much of Napoleon's egotism, and was prone to lecture his guests and servants, and ofttimes scandalized the country with his escapades, he was sincerely loved for his open-heartedness and generous hospitality. During his residence in Bordentown he increased the prosperity of the place, and made it almost as famous as his brother did Saint Helena. When he left for Trenton on his way to set sail for England, in July, 1832, the very day of the Duc de Reichstad's death, there was great sadness among the townspeople. After he had gone, Bordentown seemed indeed deserted without its royal benefactor.

In after years he returned there but once, and that was in 1837, "to settle up his affairs," as he told his former neighbors. When he departed again, after this final farewell, many a household was richer by some souvenir of the Corsican family that had occupied half the thrones of Europe. He died a few years later in Italy, in 1844. By his will he left Bonaparte Park and most of his New Jersey property to his eldest grandson, Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon, son of Zenaide and Prince Charles, fondly believing that it would remain in the Bonaparte family forever. Prince Joseph, as he was popularly called, thought otherwise, and soon commenced disposing of the farms surrounding the park. In 1847 Bonaparte House and park were put up at auction and sold to a Mr. Richards. He disposed of them in a few years to Henry Beckett, Esq., a son of Sir John Beckett, of Somerley Park, Lincolnshire, England. This Mr. Beckett, who is known in Bordentown as "the destroyer," tore down the famous Bonaparte House and erected the hideously ugly dwelling which occupies the site to-day.

LAKE VILLA

BORDENTOWN

WHERE THE PRINCESS ZENAIDE TRANSLATED SCHILLER, AND PRINCE CHARLES WROTE ON AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY

ONNECTED with the former Bonaparte House by a one-time covered passage is a dwelling erected by the count for his daughter Zenaide and her husband Charles Lucien, Prince de Canino and Musignano, whom she married at Brussels in 1822. It is a long, low dwelling of plastered bricks, and is still standing on the borders of the dried up little lake from which it took the name of Lake Villa.

There behind its cool, wide green shutters, in the midst of the great park garden, with its hundreds of blooming trees and shrubs, the romantic flower-painting and poetic princess and her handsome prince spent the first summers of their happy married life. Many pleasing pictures of them have come down to us in the traditions of old Bordentown. Scores of little maids in the long ago, lured by the fragrance which crept through the princess's garden hedge, tore their frocks and pantalets and hurt their childish fingers in trying to obtain a peep of the

hidden world beyond it. The princess was very fond of children, and every wistful face she found there was always made happy by a present of some wonderful foreign sweetmeat or a spray of flowers. A pretty story is told of her loaning her first-born's christening-robes to be worn in a like service by the daughter of one of her father's humble female servitors. The poor woman, it is said, was so overwhelmed by the honor that she stopped at the doors of all her friends' homes on the night of the ceremony to tell of her child's luck, which she regarded as something miraculous.

One of the large upper-story rooms of Lake Villa was used by the princess as a studio, and in the adjoining room, her husband kept his cases and cabinets of insects and birds. The villagers took great delight in securing specimens for the latter room, as the prince when pleased was very liberal with his silver pieces. The princess spent many happy hours in her studio working with her brush over some bit of Bordentown landscape, or translating Schiller, of whose dramas she was very fond. In the afternoons, when wearied from his woodland rambles, the prince would join her with his literary work on American ornithology. While at Lake Villa he wrote several volumes on bird history from the knowledge he had obtained of the feathered inhabitants of old Bordentown. A very sumptuous edition of his "Natural History of the Birds of the United States," written with Alexander Wilson, was brought out in London about twenty-five years ago.

In the first summer of this noble couple's residence at Lake Villa they gave many garden-parties. A notable

one occurred in June of the year 1824, given as a farewell entertainment for the Countess Charlotte, the princess's younger sister. This maiden, who is said to have been the fairer of the two, set sail in the following month for Italy to visit her mother. The pretty and somewhat coquettish Charlotte was a favorite in American society. Old Dame Gossip has it that two prominent young men of the Quaker City once fought a duel with pistols over one of her disputed dances; and from the gushing lines inscribed to her by a gallant of the house of Biddle when she left our shores she must have been very popular indeed.

Many aristocratic assemblages met among the rose-bordered walks of Bonaparte Park on garden-party days while the birds sang and the gentle deer gazed at the company from behind green coverts. Surrounded by an attentive audience we see Commodore Stewart, with his blue eyes sparkling, telling one of his anecdotes. "Old Ironsides," as his neighbors lovingly referred to him after his death, was then living at beautiful Montpellier, up on the bluffs. This old house, now occupied as an industrial school for colored children, has a grewsome story connected with its early history,—the hot-tempered François Frederici, General of Surinam, according to local tradition, having there beaten one of his bound servants to death. The ghost of the poor unfortunate is still a terror to the superstitious persons who wander in the vicinity of the house at night.

Another notable who visited there was Joseph Hopkinson, a leader of the literati of Philadelphia. Among the many guests one might be sure of finding the Gren-

villes, Coxes, Redmans, and Dickinsons from Trenton; the Morrises, Binneys, Shippens, and Moreaus from nearby Morrisville; the Couverts, Bainbridges, and Greens from Maidenhead, and always a large contingent of Philadelphia aristocracy. Here the inevitable strawberries and shad, the usual garden-party menu of early Trenton and Philadelphia, was varied by fancy concoctions planned by the count's chef. His men servants acting as waiters, garbed in black civilian dress and wearing beards and mustachios, must have caused much comment. Another feature of entertainment was the sails in the swan-boats on the lake. These boats were made in Europe for Bonaparte, and added greatly to the embellishment of the Park.

Although life at Bonaparte House was conducted with a show of elegance dazzling to the eyes of Bordentown, there was always a republican simplicity exhibited in the princess's private mode of living at the Lake Villa. Her children were generally dressed in the simplest of fabrics, often procured by the princess at Trenton emporiums. She frequently drove over from Bordentown to that city and did her shopping, attended only by one woman servant. A prominent New Jersey antiquarian has in his collection of old chintzes taken from famous beds a portion of a patch-work quilt given to him by an old lady of Bordentown, interesting from having once been the coverlet of the little Prince de Musignano, Zenaide's oldest son, and the inheritor of Bonaparte House. It is of the cheapest cotton material, costing in those days half a shilling a yard, and yet it is said his highness reposed under it many winter nights.

LAKE VILLA

The Lake Villa, from being so near the highway, was generally the first stopping-place for visitors en route to visit the count. Of all the Bonaparte houses left in Bordentown it is the most interesting. There are five still standing in various states of neglect. The dilapidated lodge, now called the "Wash-House," facing directly opposite the nearby home of the count's physician, at present occupied by Mr. J. Turner Brakeley, the well-known naturalist and authority on mosquitoes; the home of the count's faithful secretary, Mailliard, now used as a military academy; and the Garden House, out on the Trenton Road. They all have their stories and tales clinging to them as fondly as the ivy does in reality, but none have been made famous by as charming a personality as the fairy-story-like princess of whom it could be written, as the famous Madame Junot said of the queen her mother, "She was an angel of goodness."

LINDEN HALL

BORDENTOWN

WHERE THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE QUEEN OF THE TWO SICILIES TAUGHT A BOARDING-SCHOOL

ANOTHER house in Bordentown connected with the Bonaparte dynasty is quaint Linden Hall, which looks like a row of little eighteenth-century houses. It was erected at the end of the eighteenth century by Major Fraser, of Charleston, South Carolina. This gentleman, a son of Scotland, had served in the British army with his friend Dr. Burns, of Bordentown, and it was while visiting him that he purchased the land for his future dwelling. For many years he came there every spring with his family, and staid until fall, and after his death his widow, Mrs. Anne Langton Fraser, occupied it permanently.

Francis Lucien Charles Murat, with whose name it will ever be most often associated, was the son of the brave and unfortunate Joachim Murat, the king of the two Sicilies, and Caroline Bonaparte, the sister of the Emperor Napoleon. "Prince Reckless" they still call him in Bordentown, for he will always be remembered as the most startling figure in its history. From the first day

JOHN RAE

he appeared at Bonaparte House, after an exciting early youth in Europe, he flared like a sky-rocket on the decorous town, and his subsequent career on the stage of Southern Jersey furnished more food for gossip in his day than the uneventful lives of many hundreds of old Bordentown residents now sleeping in the Christ Church graveyard.

Among his many acts which startled society, the most talked of was his romantic marriage to Miss Caroline Georgina Fraser, a lovely girl and a prominent belle, then admired for her beauty in the famous salons of the Beresford and Middleton families of Charleston, as she was in after years at the court of France. Prince Reckless and his fair Georgina were as true and dashing a pair of lovers as ever flew o'er the bonnie borders of Scotland to Gretna Green, and their elopement had much of the charm of those highly-colored ones of old-time Dumfriesshire days. It is true no swaying post-chaise occupied by an irate father followed them to their fate, but the bridegroom reckoned with the enormity of jilting a princess, and the bride the disapproval of both the interested families. When Joseph Bonaparte heard of their quiet drive over the Trenton Road, ending in a marriage at old St. Michael's, he was greatly incensed, and vowed the lady of Lucien's choice should have the full pleasure of supporting him.

"The inhabitants of Bordentown are noted for their intelligence," Isaac Wilkens, a gentleman of Westchester, New York, wrote one hundred and six years ago; and many heads there nodded in approval when they heard of the count's remark. It soon proved too true,

and Murat, who was indeed a prince in his lavish mode of spending money, made great inroads on his wife's and her sister's private fortunes. After a few years of extravagant living about the country, Linden Hall was enlarged, new equipages and furniture ordered from Philadelphia, costly scenic wall-papers procured in Paris, a large glass aviary with an artificial tree built in one of the rooms, and many other improvements made.

Before Murat's marriage he is said to have wasted nearly a hundred thousand dollars in a very princely manner of living on his farm at Columbus and in his Italian villa near Bordentown. Gambling was his greatest passion, and many tales are told of his games at the American House and at the White Horse Tavern. Like Henry Clay, he would sometimes stay shut in a room with his cronies, forgetting even old Father Time in the excitement of the stakes. When out of money and deserted by his first friends, he made companions of the shopmen and liverymen of the village. He never forgot that he was a prince though; and it is related of him that while once promenading Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, he was met by one of his rustic chums, who hailed him with "How are you, prince?" and extended his hand. "Who the devil are you? I don't know you here," was his indignant reply.

Soon every sou of the Fraser money had flown, and the prince, out of drafts from his relations abroad and failing to obtain any help from the count, was in despair. The outlook for the future of Linden Hall grew drearier every day, and to save their possessions from the bailiff

Madame Murat and her sisters Jane and Eliza decided they would start a boarding-school.

The boarding-school with a princess for chief instructress proved for many years a great success, although the prince at first scoffed at the idea and always cordially hated his wife's share in teaching the young idea how to shoot. According to the old ladies of Bordentown,—and no one has ever disputed them,—the women educated at Madame Murat's school were known the world over for their fine manners formed there. Like the famous Madame Campan * of Paris, who taught the daughters of Louis XV. and later the mother of Murat and her sisters, Madame Murat believed above all in instilling the love of *chez-soi* in the minds of her pupils. The arts of superintending a home, embroidering, lace-making, and other feminine accomplishments were always first in her curriculum. A daughter of Iturbide, the Mexican emperor, is said to have been one of her pupils; and those scholars (generally heiresses) from the West Indies and Cuba, which tradition has sent to every old boarding-school in such astounding numbers, fairly flocked to Madame Murat's. A lady who attended school at Linden Hall when a girl gave the following interesting glimpse of life there:

"Bordentown in the thirties was one of the most charming spots imaginable, and school-girl life at Madame Murat's was delightful. I remember very well the large square hallway where bevies of chattering girls were wont to congregate in the mornings to frolic and talk over the

* Madame Campan was the sister of Edmond Charles Genet de Charmantal, the famous "Citizen Genet," who married the daughter of Governor George Clinton, of New York.

latest whim of dear Miss Eliza. The drawing-room, or parlor as we called it, was very elegant, all the furniture was upholstered in red brocade with a garniture of green laurel leaves and came from the queen's palace in Sicily. In the hallway were many dark old pictures, sent to the prince by his mother I once heard.

"Madame Murat was a noble woman and a kind teacher, and we all liked the prince, for once a year he gave a party to the girls on the receipt of a legacy from abroad."

Many anecdotes have been told about the Prince Reckless of Bordentown. Perhaps the most interesting and amusing authentic one is the story of an assault and battery printed in a West Jersey newspaper about fifty years ago. It reads:

"The prince had employed a worthless fellow to groom his horses. One day he very civilly requested him, as was his constant custom (for he was very polite), to do something. The man flatly refused, and was so very insolent that Murat, with his awful boot, suddenly helped him to the middle of the barn-yard pool. As a matter of course, the fellow sued him for assault and battery, confidently anticipating a handsome sum for damages. The court-room was filled with a very select audience, including many ladies; for Murat was highly esteemed for his elegant manners and commanding person. It was understood that he was to plead his own case, and, as he was extremely acute and quite learned, great sport was anticipated. The fellow, too, was provided with killing evidence, as was supposed; and Murat, it seemed, had little to hope for. On examination, he was confident of having received as many as six kicks from Murat, and, in short, of being grievously afflicted and misused. Murat demanded that he should show the precise spot where the bodily injury was inflicted. He endeavored to evade the demand, but the prince insisted; he accordingly indicated the very lowest possible part of the spine, and again asserted that Murat had kicked him six times. There the defence rested, and the prosecuting attorney made a powerful appeal, filled with 'the sacred rights of the meanest citizen,' 'monarchial oppression,' 'star-spangled banner,' etc.,

etc.; but not a word of the vulgar insolence or dishonesty of the laborer, who always demanded his full pay, whether a thief or a liar, or as indolent as a sloth. Murat addressed the jury in the following conclusive style, which we cordially recommend to our doctors, lawyers, and jurymen, for its convincing use of anatomical knowledge and its humor. Bowing profoundly to the bench and jury-box, which happened both to be filled with excellent common sense:

"'My lord, de judge, and gentlemen of the jury, dere has been great efforts and much troubles to make everybody believe me a very bad man; but that is of no consequence. De man tells you I kick him six times! six times! so low as possible. I very sorry of the necessity to make him show how low it was, but I could not avoid it. Now, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, you see this part of the human skeleton (taking from the enormous pocket of his hunting-coat a human pelvis with the os coccygis complete and articulated with wires). Here are de bones. Dese little bones vat you see here (shaking them to the jury like the end of a rattlesnake's tail), dese leetle bones are de very place vere de tail of de animal shall grow; dat is to say, if de man who sue me were to be a veritable jack—vot you call it?—ah! jack-horse, and not only very much resemble dat animal, vy you see dese leetle bones, if dey were long enough, would be his tail!' The court was convulsed with laughter, and the prince, being extremely acute, and knowing he had the best of it, drew his speech to an end by stretching out his enormous leg, armed with his sporting-boot up to his knee, and clapping his hand on his massive thigh so that it resounded through the court-room, exclaimed, 'My lord and gentlemen, how absurd to say I could give him even von kick vid dat, and not to break all to pieces his leetle tail!'

"It was some time before the judge could gather enough dignity to sum up, when the fellow got six cents damages and the prince three cheers."

In the year 1848, when the French Revolution occurred, the prince obtained the loan of a sum of money and returned to Paris. There he quietly awaited the long-expected turn of the wheel of fortune, and as soon as he was assured that the star of the Bonaparte fortunes

had arisen he sent for his family. Madame Murat's boarding-school before that time had seen its period of prosperity, and while the prince was dreaming bright dreams in Paris his family was on the verge of starvation in Bordentown. When the welcome letter was received by them that they were to join him in France, Madame Murat was penniless, and the neighborhood, learning the true state of affairs, presented her with a purse sufficient to enable her sisters, her children, and herself to obtain the wished-for passages. Never was there such a snipping and snapping of scissors and ripping and sewing of silks and calicos in Linden Hall as occurred during the last week of the Murats' stay in Bordentown. Every woman of social prominence gladly took some article from her wardrobe and went to the gala sewing-bee to help prepare proper habiliments for the grandnieces * and grandnephews of Napoleon to appear in when they reached France. On their arrival there, tradition says, one of the grandnephews wore a made-over livery of a coachman, a Bordentown donation.

When the day of parting finally arrived and the town realized that the Murats were really leaving them to take up their rightful positions beyond the sea, all the first families of Bordentown came out to tearfully kiss them good-by, and the streets were filled with friends as their stage-coach rumbled off over the dusty road, bearing them away from their early home forever.

The cordial reception the imperial family gave the

* Joachim Murat, Achille Murat, and Lucien Murat, Caroline Murat and Anna Murat. Caroline later in life married the Baron de Chesseron, and Anna the Duke de Mouchy.

Princess Murat did not lessen her liking for her true friends of Bordentown, and she and her children corresponded with them for many years, asking questions about Linden Hall, their old nurses, the townspeople who had married,—sharing in a degree their joys and sorrows as they did in the days when they were poor and without high position in their midst.

In the year 1857 the Princess Murat's sister, Jane Fraser, wrote to her friend Mrs. Allen—whose old dwelling, Rose Cottage, faces Linden Hall—the following beautiful letter, which has never before been published:

"Paris, Nov. 22nd 1857.

"My dear Mrs. Allen—

"Among the many changes that have taken place in our dear old village it is probable that the memory of the old inhabitants may have passed away with other forgotten things—And yet, I venture to recall myself to your mind as one having inherited a claim on the friendship of your family. For some years my interest in your domestic circle was from time to time gratified by the frequent mention of your household in Bessie Harwood's letters, but she has for a long while given up writing and so entirely ignorant am I of all that passes in your part of the world that I dare not even make inquiry after those near and dear to you lest I should awaken some painful feeling that time may have soothed.

"Of us you are probably as little informed. We have been very mercifully dealt with during the last ten years. The little band that left Bordentown scarcely venturing to look forward to any settled resting place has taken firm root in a new land. The circle is unbroken and a new and precious link has been added in our little Louis, now nearly six years of age. Caroline as I suppose you know is married and Joachim is the father of two lovely children. My sister and I often talk of the old times at Bordentown and we shall always be pleased to see any one who can give us information of the friends we left there. I have been told that your present residence is just opposite to our house but that that last is so changed that we should not recognize our old habitation."

NEW BELLEVUE

BORDENTOWN

WHERE THOMAS PAINE THE REFORMER CONSTRUCTED THE MODEL OF HIS FAMOUS IRON BRIDGE

HIGH up on that portion of Main Street called "Hill-Top," where one can gaze over miles and miles of fertile Pennsylvania farmland, is the great old Kirkbride mansion, erected in the latter part of the eighteenth century by Colonel Josiah Kirkbride, known to history as the friend of Thomas Paine. New Bellevue, as the mansion used to be called, was much grander than the original Bellevue across the river, burned by the British soldiers during the Revolution to repay "the rebel Kirkbride" for the active part he took in the cause of freedom.

All through the dark building, with its mysterious passages, and about the old-world garden reminding one of some bit of a continental city, are the footprints of the immortal Paine. Thomas Paine, the dreamer and poet, the worshipped apostle of freedom, and the reviled and calumniated free-thinker, lives for us again as we view his familiar haunts. The venerable structure has been twice enlarged since his death, and has endured the vicissitudes of an inn and a girls' seminary, but the room

is still shown where Paine, with the help of his co-worker, John Hall, made the first model of his famous iron bridge erected in England in 1790. Years ago a strolling wag who occupied it drew on the wall a picture of Paine pursued by the Devil, now hidden from curious eyes by many paperings. In the days of the mansion's use as an inn, when the coaches drew up before its gate with loads of passengers every nightfall, the host was always sure to assign the most timorous of the party to this apartment, never forgetting to inform him that it was haunted. Any wearer of the cloth was sure to get it; and it is related of the girls of the old seminary that in trailing white night-robes they often played the ghost, accompanying their migrations with weird noises to further some good dominie's impressions of Thomas Paine.

It was while Paine was staying at New Bellevue, in the fall-time of 1783, watching the near completion of a little home of his own, that he received the letter from General Washington, then at Rocky Hill, which was the first joyful harbinger of recognition for his brilliant and now generally forgotten services to the cause of American independence. As Moncure Daniel Conway, his most faithful and loving biographer, says, "It is worthy to be engraved on the tombs of both." It reads:

"Rocky Hill, Sept. 10, 1783.

"Dear Sir,

"I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of the retirement or economy I know not. Be it either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come

to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you.

"Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best services with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself,

"Your sincere friend,

"G. WASHINGTON."

This was from the man who in after years was among the friends to forget him. But he had some reason for his course of conduct, for Paine's "Letter to George Washington" contained an attack on the laurel-strewed career of the hero which is said to have rankled in his breast until the day of his death.

Thomas Paine truly loved his adopted Bordentown, and in his affection for his friends there and abroad we obtain a glimpse of the character of the true Thomas Paine little known by the world. Who can read the opening verses of his charming lines addressed to Lady Smith,* who carried sunbeams into his prison in Paris, without obtaining a better understanding of a nature accused of every grossness and vice? In them we see Thomas Paine the lover of the beautiful and the apostle of the theology of happiness by right living. They make

*The letters of Lady Smith gave great consolation to Thomas Paine when he was confined in the prison of the Luxembourg at the time of the French Revolution. Lady Smith was the second wife of Sir Robert Smith, or Smythe, as the name is given in the Peerage List, a wealthy banker in Paris. The poem Paine wrote to her, entitled "The Castle in the Air to the Little Corner of the World," is one of the most charming and exquisite of any of his poetic effusions extant.

us think of his loyalty to his true friends, his generosity to his mother, and his childlike love of nature, and we wonder how the years could have heaped so much obloquy upon his grave. During the years Paine was away from America his mind was ever full of Bordentown. In a letter from London to Mrs. Few, *née* Kitty Nicholson, one of his Bordentown favorites, he wrote:

"Though I am in as elegant style of acquaintance here as any American that ever came over, my heart and myself are three thousand miles apart; and I had rather see my horse Button eating the grass of Bordentown, than all the pomp and show of Europe."

There was one friend in Bordentown, at least, who must have followed every step of Paine's career abroad, and that was Colonel Kirkbride. Josiah Kirkbride and Thomas Paine are names ineffably linked together in Bordentown annals, and theirs was one of those unusual friendships proof against absence and the opprobrium of the world. How that good Jerseyman rejoiced over Paine's triumphs in Paris and London, where he was hailed as a saviour of the people and fêted as a man of genius and sorrowed in his subsequent downfall.

In the first years of New Bellevue's existence Paine had been one of its most welcome inmates. He is recorded as spending many a bright morning in its garden, talking over with his friend "the whims and schemes" they were to pursue together at Bordentown's musical-parties, where Kirkbride always went with his violin. Paine sometimes joined in the choruses, and there are traditions that he was a great favorite with the young people, especially Colonel Kirkbride's daughter Polly.

In John Hall's diary we learn that much good company journeyed to Kirkbride's to visit Paine in the years 1785 and 1786. The list contains such names as Benjamin Franklin, Gouverneur Morris, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Tench Francis, Robert Morris, Rev. Dr. Logan, and many others equally as famous. There are numerous glimpses of Paine's life at Bordentown in that interesting work still preserved by the Steele family of Philadelphia, and given to the world by Mr. Conway. What a story for his defamers is his kindness to old Mrs. Read, a poor, bed-ridden woman, to whom he gave shelter. On one of the musty pages is the startling information that Paine gave points to John Fitch for his construction of the first steamboat when the little inventor came to seek him as a possible partner in furthering his enterprise. "He would fain have given it to Mr. Paine or me," the quaint chronicler writes, "but I, a stranger, refused, and Mr. Paine had enough hobbies of his own." So "The Saint," or first steamer, seems to have gone begging. There are also more intimate details of his life, and through Hall the world knows that poor Paine kept a body-servant, played chess, and was fond of repeating anecdotes of his fine acquaintance.

One of the last pictures we have of Thomas Paine in connection with Bordentown is his arrival there from abroad after his publication of "The Age of Reason." Everywhere he was greeted with the scoffs and jeers of the generality of the people. Bordentown he still regarded as his home, but few extended him any degree of welcome, from personal prejudice or fear of their more godly neighbors. Then it was that true hospitality

shone forth from the great door of New Bellevue, and Colonel Kirkbride braved the storm of public opinion by receiving his old friend with open arms. For this he received a full mead of vituperation, and felt the cruelest stings of righteous indignation. Used to the love and respect of his fellow-citizens, the sudden great unpopularity is said to have hastened an illness, bringing him death at the end of the year.

One who visits New Bellevue to-day, coming from Main Street, catches a view of the oldest part of the building first. This is the dwelling that Thomas Paine knew. Standing under its time-worn casements and gazing at the aged blooms in the garden, we obtain a glimpse of Paine, "the friend of his country," over the bridge of a hundred years, which makes us think very kindly of the misguided philosopher's memory. We see him handsome and stately, as Romney painted him, "The man with genius in his eyes," walking the old box-bordered paths, drinking in the blue of the sky, the song of the birds, and the hundred voices of Mother Nature. Josiah Kirkbride is with him,—always with him! Sharing his joys and his many sufferings. As we stand there musing and reminiscent, the panorama changes, and the blue of the sky darkens. Two great-coated figures open the garden gates, and hurry through the curious crowd to the chaise which is to carry them on that last wild ride together to New York. The crowd grows larger, and becomes a surging mob. After them it follows, hooting and calling, and now and again singing the doleful music of "The Rogue's March." In every city they reach it is the same,—an inquisition: "Down

with the vile perpetrator of 'The Age of Reason'!" Insults are heaped upon them, but still there is no fear in their hearts, for both are brave men and have the courage of their convictions. One has stood under the shadow of the guillotine and heard the awful rattle of those carts of death—the tumbrils—on the bloody streets of Paris, and still been unafraid, and the other feels for the man beside him a friendship which has withstood all the tests of this world and is stronger even than death. On they journey, as they will for centuries, long after New Bellevue has become a memory.

THE GIRARD HOUSE

MT. HOLLY

WHERE STEPHEN GIRARD, PHILADELPHIA'S PHILANTHROPIST, SOLD BUNS AND SWEETMEATS DURING THE REVOLUTION

SHADY Mill Street, very little changed since the voices of gay red-coated soldiers and the rumble and groan of their baggage-wagons disturbed the sweet Quaker quiet, bears the honor of retaining the miniature square house where Stephen Girard and his young wife lived for a part of the Revolution, and earned their living by selling buns, raisins, cock-a-nee-nee, and other sweetmeats to the British soldiery and the sombre-garbed Quaker children of the neighborhood.

Mill Street is almost the same, but many a sun has shone on Time's dial since those long-dead days. The British regiments with, tradition says, a future king among their number—youthful Prince William Henry—marched away six-score years ago, and the Mt. Holly children of such quaint names as Atlantis Gandy, Lucretia Peppit, Remembrance Eayres are asleep under the shadow of the Friends' Meeting-House, close

by the old-time walk and playground, Woodpecker Lane.*

During the Revolution Mt. Holly was considered a stragetic point, and was frequented by both armies. In the year 1772 it contained almost one thousand inhabitants and two hundred dwellings. Although not the county-seat, it was quite a market centre. Among the most important families of that time were the Coxes, Atkinsons, Whites, Chews, Burrs, Blacks, Newbolds, Brians, and Strattons. Many prominent Quakers, members of what has been termed the landed gentry of Southern Jersey, had ancestral estates and manor houses in the vicinity. On Branch Street, in the centre of the town, there stood at that time the deserted dwelling of John Woolman, the good Quaker preacher, then in England. In its little rooms he had lived his noble life and thought his beautiful thoughts. There, too, he must have worked on his famous journal and ethical essays, so beloved by Charles Lamb, and called by a more modern writer the sweetest and purest autobiography in the English language. On Brainard Street was the church of the noted John Brainard, where he upheld the principles of free government despite the threats of Tories and the risk of personal danger. The British burned his church when they left Mt. Holly, but the little school-house where he taught the children of the neighborhood is still standing.

Richard Cox Shreve has left us some interesting glimpses of the Mt. Holly of a little later date in his remembrances. He writes:

* Woodpecker Lane is now called Wood Lane.

"One of my earliest recollections is of the illumination in Mt. Holly in the winter of 1815 in celebration of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States after the War of 1812.

"I was seven years old at the time. My father, Charles Shreve, lived on Mill Street, in the house adjoining the one where I now live. My grandfather, Major Richard Cox, for whom I was named, lived in the house next to the Farmers' Bank. He had been an officer of the Revolutionary army. I remember riding about the streets of the town in a sleigh and seeing my grandfather's house brightly illuminated for the celebration. Pieces of boards with holes bored through them had been placed across the windows, and in the holes were thrust tallow dips. Major Cox was a middle-sized man, rather stout, and wore knee-breeches. John Watson, the author of 'Watson's Annals of Philadelphia,' said to me one day, at my house, that Major Cox was 'the man of the town.' Squire Samuel Clark once told me that he remembered Major Cox as the principal man of Mt. Holly, and as being pretty arbitrary. . . .

"When I was a boy there was a whipping-post standing at the eastern end of the market-house. The post was a little wider one way than the other, and the culprit's arms were tied around it and he was lashed on the bare back, though I never saw it done. Here at this end of the market-place when I was a child, before I had gone to Westtown Quaker school, a May-pole was erected every year, usually a tall pine about forty feet high with a green top. The little girls and boys of the town, dressed in their best, would join hands and dance around the May-pole. It was as regular a feature of the 1st of May as the Christmas-tree now is of the 25th of December. Here at the market-place also, when the stage from Philadelphia arrived with the mail, the people would gather around, and the stage-driver would call out the names of persons for whom he had newspapers. Two persons then often joined in taking one paper—one of the subscribers would read it on the evening of its arrival and pass it over to his neighbor on the next morning. . . .

"Before 1820, when we went to Philadelphia, we used to cross from Cooper's Ferry to the foot of Arch Street in the horse-boat. There were, I think, six horses, three on each side of the boat, and the tread of their feet caused the paddle-wheels to revolve. 'Old Billy'

Cooper, as everybody called him, owned all that part of Camden. His hotel at the landing was an old-fashioned frame structure, one story and a half high, and there was a long porch, and plenty of chairs on it. The market-men stopped there. He was wealthy, but saw to the starting of the boats himself, and that the passengers would get aboard in time. He would call out 'Over to Arch Street, all aboard, over to Arch Street!' At Arch Street on the other side the men would call out 'Over to Billy Cooper's, all aboard!'"

It was early in the year 1777, upon learning of Lord Howe's arrival near Philadelphia, that the one-eyed French pedler, then mockingly called "old Girard," although still in his twenties, packed his sack with foreign knick-knacks from recently-arrived merchantmen lying off Water Street. With his newly-acquired wife, Polly Lum, the ship-builder's daughter, he hurriedly fled from his Philadelphia home. Tradition has it that he peddled his way across the country to Mt. Holly, where upon his arrival he purchased a partly constructed house on Mill Street for the sum of five hundred dollars. There on that street of history, where many famous people have walked,—the stately William Penn, good John Woolman on his errands of mercy, young James Fenimore Cooper, the future novelist, in his gray wool stockings, and a host of others,—this odd couple started housekeeping and hung out a sign telling the townspeople they had gewgaws and sweetmeats to sell.

Historians have differed upon Mrs. Girard's personal appearance. Some have written that she was exceedingly pretty, and others that she was of a very plain appearance; but she will ever be thought of at Mt. Holly as the former, for there are tales that her male

customers, much to Girard's anger, found her so attractive that for the pleasure of gazing into her bright eyes and listening to her gay laughter many of them spent all their stray pennies for tobacco and lollipops, thereby helping to form the nucleus of her husband's great fortune. First there were blue-coated boys for customers, and who knows but what the great Governor Livingston when boarding at Atkinson's Tavern patronized the pretty Polly. Then came a time when the British marched into town with bugles blowing and banners flying, scaring most of the inhabitants, including Girard, who was of a very timorous nature. In the private dwellings of the richest families and the Friends' Meeting-House the redcoats were quartered. In the latter place one can see to-day the marks of the commissary's cleaver and meat-knife upon the ancient seats where many patient forms sat quietly during thousands of meetings waiting for inspiration. But the British did not come to Mt. Holly with the intention of harming the inhabitants, and soon Girard's little shop was better patronized than ever before, and Mrs. Girard, so tradition says, neglected most of her household duties to wait on the English dandies, who demanded all of her attention. The "scarlet fever," as admiration for the redcoats was termed in those days, owing to a Jersey woman's * clever bon-mot, was easily caught by the woman, who after a short period of married life had grown to loathe her morose and rather stern husband. It has been said that their marital troubles reached a culmination when Girard, entering his shop at an inopportune moment, saw a British officer snatch a

* Susannah Livingston.

kiss from the merry Polly across her counter. Frequent were the altercations which occurred in the little house after that date, and there may be truly said to have been enacted the first scenes of "The Ill-Assorted Marriage" which turned Girard into a hopeless cynic and drove his pretty, pleasure-loving wife to a mad-house.

A local historian, in an issue of *The New Jersey Mirror*, the old Burlington and Mt. Holly paper started by Nathan Palmer in 1818, has given an interesting anecdote of what is believed in some measure to have been the cause of Stephen Girard's removal from Mt. Holly.

"A farmer named Bill Clark, in coming into town, was required to pass by Stephen's shop, and his little dog 'Snyder' used to annoy 'Bill' by running out of the store and snapping at his heels. On one occasion the dog secured a good hold on 'Bill's' pants, and in trying to kick him loose he flung the little beast into the store. This enraged Stephen very much, and he hotly inquired of Clark, 'What for you kick my dog?'

"It happened that it was 'Bill's' day for being intoxicated, and he retorted that the next time he would shoot the d——d dog; and in a short time afterwards he carried out this threat.

"The little dog was Stephen's pet and companion, and he began a lawsuit to recover damages for his loss. The jury, however, found in favor of Clark. So he vowed he would not live among such ungrateful people. True to his word, he sold out, shut up shop, and went to Philadelphia."

The truth of the story of Girard and his dog is vouched for by many old residents of Mt. Holly, but we read in the record of his life that when he left there he did so thinking that Philadelphia was a better place for

him to have made a name for himself in the world than this little Jersey town, and such a knowledge must have had a powerful influence on a man of his character.

Whether Stephen Girard sold his house and shop on leaving for the first city of his adoption, which he so truly loved, is not known, but in 1812 it was purchased by William Rogers, who completed its unfinished rooms. It is now known as the residence of the Holman family, and has been little changed since the days pretty Polly sold sweetmeats to the soldiers, and Stephen Girard called his barking dog Snyder away from the passing chaise or pedestrian.

THE CREIGHTON HOUSE

HADDONFIELD

WHERE DOLLY PAYNE PREPARED FOR HER ENTRANCE INTO THE GREAT WORLD

N the old King's Highway, in the quiet Quaker town of Haddonfield, is the Creighton Tavern, —better known perhaps as the American House. The building has been very little changed since its erection by Timothy Malleck in 1750. In one of its quaint, unaltered rooms the State legislature and the Council of Safety met during the Revolution, and the ancient strap hinges on the door are the very ones which looked upon those bands of ardent souls in the long ago. The parlor, or best room, hall, and chambers where "Sweet Dorothy Payne," who became the famous Dolly Madison, sported with her good Uncle Creighton and the Creighton cousins, would surely be recognized by her if she could come back there and view them to-day.

Dolly Payne as the gracious and brilliant mistress of the White House has been so often written of that her Quaker girlhood is comparatively forgotten. That she once looked at the world, like all good Quaker maids of her time, as something apart from her own simple life

seems almost incredible when we gaze at her likeness by Gilbert Stuart. The elegant dame depicted there in shimmering silk and adorned with jewels is very far removed from the little Dolly of Haddonfield days, whose greatest delight was a fine lawn kerchief given to her by Uncle Creighton, and donned on the gala days she went riding with him in the chaise.

John Payne, Dolly Payne's father, was a strict member of the Society of Friends, and her youth passed in the family mansion at Scotchtown, in Hanover County, Virginia, and later in Philadelphia, knew many Quaker hardships, and self-denials. Deep in her heart the fascinating Dolly loved the vanities of life. Although her pious parents garbed her "soberly" and "without frivolity," they did not succeed in checking the sunshine of the maiden's soul. Often when her tired back ached in meeting, her eyes sought the windows where the swaying trees were beckoning and the birds calling, and a longing flooded her gay young heart to run out to the lane and off into the great unknown,—Chestnut Street, where it was never deemed proper for her to go unattended. There was the life she loved, and as a child could only obtain peeps of to dream over. Fair ladies and elegant gentlemen, golden chairs and chariots, and all the bustle of fashion. In after years she was given a generous share of it, and perhaps it was those starved childhood years that made her enjoy it with zest almost until the day of her death. One of her grandnieces in a memoir has left us a pleasing picture of her at that time. Equipped with a "white linen mask," to keep every ray of sunshine from her complexion, and a sun-bonnet

"sewed" on her head, she used to start off for school with her books under her arm, and some dear, wicked bauble, a bit of old-fashioned jewelry, or perhaps a ribbon, hugged to her heart under her plain dress.

The visits to Haddonfield were bright spots in Dolly Payne's early life. Hugh Creighton was not a strict Friend, and his wife Mary French was a woman of most lovable character, with a heart large enough to take in all the world's people who chanced to cross her quiet pathway. Tavern-keeping in the eighties of the eighteenth century, although an honorable and profitable occupation in Southern Jersey, was frowned upon by the generality of Friends, as their discipline did not permit them to look on it with favor. Life at her uncle's genial hearth was much broader than in her own home at Philadelphia. In the former place she obtained some of her first impressions of days untinctured by the gray shadows of the meeting-house. We can picture her to ourselves a replica of one of those quaint, simply-garbed ladies in Rosetti's famous picture of "The Ladies at the Mitre," and imagine her gazing at the chance fine madam or stray gallant as they gazed at the great Dr. Johnson.

As a girl of eighteen in the year 1786 she is described as being of slight figure, possessing a delicately oval face, a nose tilted like a flower, jet black hair, and blue eyes of wondrous sweetness. Those beautiful eyes, with their power to scintillate with playfulness or mellow with sympathy, wrought great havoc with the hearts of the Quaker lads of Haddonfield. Although many years have flown since she tripped through the quiet streets and lanes of the place, her memory is alive there. Elderly

people still repeat what their fathers and grandfathers once said of her, and from the glowing tributes paid to her youthful charms it is easy to imagine that many a good Quaker lad's love was laid at her shrine before stern John Payne ever bade her accept the hand of John Todd.

In those early Haddonfield days she often took frolicsome rides with her cousins in the mail-coaches that stopped twice daily at the tavern, driving a mile or two out on the highway and walking home. Then there was the rarer pleasure of a visit to Gray's Ferry, on the green banks of the Schuylkill, a veritable garden of delight to the youth of old Philadelphia and Southern New Jersey, with its flowering dells, mystical grottos, and winding walks made fairy-like by grotesque Chinese art. Commodore James P. Cooper, U. S. N., who died in the town in 1854, aged ninety-three years, was often her devoted attendant on these occasions and on berrying excursions, and in later life never tired of singing her praises. It is a well known fact that when James Madison was in power in after years a favorable recommendation from Commodore Cooper always received the most careful attention, and it was the little Dolly of Haddonfield who smiled on them for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

Many times during the year "Aunt Creighton" drove to Trenton to visit friends on Queen Street, generally taking the young people with her. Those trips with her kind aunt delighted the merry Quakeress, with her love of fine things, inherited no doubt from her courtly ancestors the Coles and the Flemings. Wandering through Queen Street and Pinkerton Alley shops and fingering the

"world's goods" she was as happy as any maiden of to-day out for the first time on a shopping-expedition.

Tradition says that in later years—some months before Dolly Payne's marriage to John Todd—she visited the Creightons and, helped by her cousins, prepared a part of her simple wedding trousseau for her entrance into the great world as a wife. The wedding was solemnized in the Friends' Meeting-House on Pine Street, Philadelphia, on the seventh day of First month, 1790. Through January snow the Creightons journeyed from Haddonfield to be present at the simple marriage ceremony, and there, in the bare, cold meeting-house, they heard their cousin Dolly whisper in a tremulous voice her response to John Todd, "I, Dorothea Payne, do take thee, John Todd, to be my wedded husband, and promise, through divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving wife until separated by death."

It is hard to associate the Creighton Tavern with Mrs. John Todd, as Dolly Madison's first married life was of such short duration. In later years, as the wife of James Madison, she never returned to Haddonfield, but on many occasions sent invitations to old friends asking them to visit her. Those who accepted them found her as "Queen Dolly," but with a nature still unchanged. Her manners were as simple and as sweet as in the days of comparative poverty. Although the gray little Quakeress of Haddonfield days was gone forever, and had given place to a comely, bejewelled dame in rustling brocade, the latter still possessed the heart of the merry child who used to make glad a happy Quaker hostelry on the King's Highway of Haddonfield.

THE BRADFORD MANSION

BURLINGTON

THE HOME OF THE LAST OF THE WASHINGTON CIRCLE—THE WIDOW OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL WILLIAM BRADFORD

ANOTHER large Quaker settlement in Southern Jersey is the old city of Burlington. Unlike Haddonfield, Burlington has not changed very much in the last hundred years, and still retains an eighteenth-century air. On its broad streets are many decaying mansions whose historic associations would fill a good-sized volume. There is the house occupied by Governor William Franklin during the happiest years of his governorship, and where he returned at the last a prisoner of the colonists. A short distance away is the dwelling where Captain James Lawrence, the naval hero, was born, and Jonathan Odell often came to sup during his pastorate in the city. There is another smaller house in the town where the former passed some of his early youth, and close by is a sister-house where his little playfellow James Fenimore Cooper lived. Buildings linked

with our early history greet us at every street corner. A few of the "fair and great brick houses" Gabriel Thomas saw in the Burlington of 1697 still remain, but they are now of very dilapidated and sad appearance. Overlooking the quiet Delaware is one of the most interesting of all the houses in the town, the Bradford Mansion, the one-time home of quaint Mrs. William Bradford, born Susan Vergerau Boudinot.

Mrs. Bradford, whose early associates were the Washingtons, the Hamiltons, and the Lafayettes, lived to be the last of that noble group of dames composing the famous Washington circle,—made up of such women as Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Pinckney, Mrs. Greene, and Mrs. Rush. Well into the nineteenth century Mrs. Bradford went to church or to take the air in her sedan chair, and on state occasions drove in the ancient family chariot. The latter rambling affair was of a bright yellow color, hung with crimson satin. Up to the time of her death her coachman and footmen wore half-mourning for the husband who had been sleeping over fifty years. Old-fashioned formality and the courtly etiquette of colony days lingered in her household long after it was but a memory in America. She was truly a lady of the old school, and her life was as sweet as the fragrance of sandalwood and the leaves of verbena. Richard Rush, her kinsman, and one of our earliest ministers to England, once wrote of her:

"From youth, from early boyhood, my recollections of her at her own house, at my uncle's, at my mother's, with whom she was reared in part as with a sister, are all of the most grateful kind. Attaching in her manners to all, because they sprang from many virtues and solid

excellence of her heart, their peculiar grace and kindness were ever especially winning to the young, and now as I call up these recollections, through back time associated with a thousand early pleasures, they come over me like delightful visions ; no, not visions, for at that time of life they are realities unmingled with anything to take from the happiness and joy they give ; their vivid impressions live forever, and, momentarily at least, renew in us the delight they once offered."

The Bradford Mansion was erected some time about the year 1798 by Mrs. Bradford's father, the famous Elias Boudinot. It is spacious and of a simple style of architecture, resembling Rose Hill, the Boudinot country-house near Philadelphia, destroyed by fire several years ago.

Generations of children loved and feared the great blue Chinese porcelain lions which guarded the well-kept lawn. They were a very original garden decoration and used to be one of the sights of old Burlington. The boys of the Friends' School delighted to romp on the lawn, for they were pretty sure of the excitement of a chase by Ambrose, the colored butler and the autocrat of the kitchen.

Life in that old-time dwelling was very different from that we know to-day. Miss Jane J. Boudinot, in her charming reminiscences of Mrs. Bradford, writes :

"The domestic grievance was not known in that household,—its ten or twelve servants accomplishing their work with a magical quiet and precision. The housekeeper made her daily round with the chamber-maid, to assist in arranging the large, old-fashioned, high-post bedsteads, with their gay and elaborate hangings in winter and white dimity festoons in summer. The hall was wide, and contained some beautiful statuary,—four groups of seventeenth-century work, the only known specimens of the kind in this country. The stairs, with very low steps,

led to a landing on which stood the old clock, a gift from Richard Stockton, the Signer, which had measured out the moments of those stormy times of the Revolution and had struck the knell of many a footsore, weary soldier on the banks of the Delaware. The house possessed also a well-stocked library, with many editions of the Bible, from Mrs. Bradford's father, the founder of the Bible Society in this country, and its first president."

There always was some visitor coming up the garden path to visit Mrs. Bradford in the old days. Among her constant callers were very antique, queer-looking people. Quaint ladies armed with gorgeous beaded reticules and snowy-haired gentlemen with snuff-boxes, looking as if they had escaped from old pictures and had left their eighteenth-century frames at home, were often seen fumbling with the Bradford knocker. In 1850 venerable ladies wearing stomachers of bits of lovely brocade of fading hues and gentlemen adorned with ruffled shirts might have created a sensation in most parts of the world, but Burlington was used to them, and they tottered in peace to visit the dearest of their few old friends left. Poverty had tortured many of their lives and taken their little treasures of better days from them one by one, and they missed them! But once inside the hospitable Bradford door they were happy. In the ghostly-lighted drawing-room they gazed at the mellow tints of portraits painted by Kneller's magic brush, viewed the opulent plate, the massive branches and single candlesticks which had held the tapers for many generations, and saw their wizened faces reflected in the unruffled depths of old mahogany, and so knew content.

A picturesque figure in Mrs. Bradford's household who should not be forgotten was the little governess. She was a French refugee from St. Domingo, and had come there first during Elias Boudinot's lifetime, as an amanuensis. The home offered her was a haven of refuge, and she lingered on long after her master, and grew old in the service of his grandnieces and grandnephews. Like all French refugees from the West Indies, she had a romance, her lover having been shot dead before her eyes. She was very kind to the children, and loved to give them sweetmeats and bonbons. Her English was very grotesque, and Miss Boudinot relates it was only outdone by that of Ambrose, the African butler. "He" with that worthy was always "she," and "she" "he." When announcing the daily visits of Bishop Doane to his aged parishioner, he would invariably say, "De bitchip man. Shall she walk up?"

Burlington before the War of 1812 was quite a summer resort for the fashionables of Philadelphia. The Binneys, Whartons, Shippens, Chaunceys, McIlvains, and many other noted families had country-seats there, and social intercourse was frequent. For a long period of years after her young husband's death, Mrs. Bradford seldom appeared in society. All through her long life she was ever faithful to his memory. Elias Boudinot, her father, was fond of entertaining the friends of his youth, and the Washingtons, Laurenses, Rutledges, Daytons, Bayards, and Ogdens are among the distinguished families sheltered at one time or another by its ancient roof. In the library of the Bradford Mansion this grand old man of America wrote his famous "Star of the

West." He was past seventy years of age then, but still looked as he did in his excellent portrait painted by Sully, the favorite artist of old Philadelphia society. All through her life Mrs. Bradford proudly displayed to admiring friends many historic keepsakes. One of these was a small cushion made from Mrs. Washington's brocade wedding-dress. Another was a pair of bracelets containing the hair of General Washington. At her death she left many of her treasures in her will to friends, but by far the greater number of them are now in the possession of Miss J. J. Boudinot, of New Jersey.

The Bradford Mansion of to-day is very different from the house Mrs. Bradford knew. Its wide rooms have been separated for two establishments, and it has been much desecrated. The sweeping lawn leading to it has been cut up, and time and the hand of man have felled some of the aged trees which guarded it like a corps of faithful sentinels. It is sad to think that it should have passed out of the possession of the family which made it celebrated, but that is the fate of most old houses. They are doomed to linger on in poverty and neglect long after their original owners are sleeping. In poverty, because they must starve in their old age for the sound of familiar voices they once knew and loved, and in neglect because new owners rarely come to them unless forced to. Each has its memories and traditions,—perhaps a few bright flowers grown among many, many tears.

The old Bradford Mansion should have fallen when its quaint little mistress died. They were of another period, but their pictures still live in the minds of many, —a lady in a sedan chair, and a home of the old *regime*.

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